

EMINENT PERSONS



EMINENT PERSONS

BIOGRAPHIES

REPRINTED FROM *THE TIMES*

VOLUME II

1876—1881

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK

AND *The Times* OFFICE, PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE

1893

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HARRIET MARTINEAU

OBITUARY NOTICE, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1876

WE regret to announce the death of Miss Martineau, who had just completed her seventy-fourth year. So far back as the year 1832, Miss Lucy Aikin wrote to Dr. Channing, "You must know that a great new light has arisen among Englishwomen"; and a still greater authority, Lord Brougham, remarked to a friend about the same time:—

"There is at Norwich a deaf girl who is doing more good than any man in the country. You may have seen the name and some of the productions of Harriet Martineau in the *Monthly Repository*; but what she is gaining glory by is a series of *Illustrations of Political Economy* in some tales published periodically, of which nine or ten have appeared. Last year she called on me several times, and I was struck with marks of such an energy and resolution in her as, I thought, must command success in some line or other of life, though it did not then appear in what direction. She has a vast store of knowledge on many deep and difficult subjects—a wonderful store for a person scarcely thirty years old; and her observation of common things must have been extraordinarily correct as well as rapid. I dined yesterday in the company of Mr. Malthus and Miss Martineau, who are great allies. She pursues her course steadily, and I hear much praise of her new tale on the Poor Laws. I fear, however, that it is the character of her mind to adopt extreme opinions upon most subjects, and without much examination. She has now had a

full season of London 'lionising,' and, as far as one can judge, it has done her nothing but good. She loves her neighbours the better for their good opinion of her; and, I believe, she thinks the more humbly of herself for what she has seen of other persons of talent and merit."

Harriet Martineau was born at Norwich on the 12th of June 1802. In her biography of Mrs. Opie she gives us a picture of life in this eastern cathedral city in the early part of the nineteenth century, when its bishop was the liberal and enlightened Dr. Bathurst; and she tells us how the proclivities of the city, alike towards clerical exclusiveness and to intellectual stagnation, were largely corrected by the social gatherings of one or two highly-cultivated families, and by a large infusion of French and Flemish manufacturing industry, the result of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Martineaus were among the families whom that measure drove to our shores; and at Norwich they had flourished for the best part of a century, part of the family devoting itself to silk-weaving on a large scale, while other members were in practice as surgeons, enjoying a high reputation in the city of their adoption. Not much is known of Harriet's father, who died early, except that he had eight children, of whom she was the youngest. Her education was conducted under the supervision of her uncle, one of the most eminent surgeons in the east of England, who took every means to give his nephews and nieces the best instruction Norwich could afford. Like most persons of a high order of intellect, however, young Harriet Martineau at an early age resolved to walk alone, and not in educational leading-strings, and practically taught herself history and politics while her brothers and sisters were reading their Goldsmith and Mrs. Markham. Not that she had any lack of teachers or instructors; but from a child she resolved to practise the virtue of self-reliance and to fit herself for life in earnest by such literary exertions as sooner or later, she felt, would at least make her independent.

She was barely of age when she appeared before the public as an author. Her first work, however, was not one which gave any great scope to literary talents, and must be regarded rather as a proof of her internal piety, on the model of the Unitarian school in which she had been brought up, than as a criterion of her intellectual ability. It was entitled *Devotional*

Exercises for the Use of Young Persons, and was published in 1823. It was, however, the harbinger of a long series of far more important works which were destined to appear thenceforth in rapid succession. In 1824 and the following year Miss Martineau came before the public as the authoress of two tales, entitled *Christmas Day*, and a sequel to it, *The Friend*; these she followed up with several other stories all more or less dealing with social subjects, and more especially illustrating by argument and by example the rights and interests of the working classes. The best known of these are *Principle and Practice*, *The Rioters*, *The Turn Out*, *Mary Campbell*, and *My Servant Rachel*. It is needless to add that in these the work of helping the weaker and poorer members of society is not only enforced upon the wealthier classes as a duty, but shown to be no less the common interest of both the one and the other. These publications carry down the story of the life of our author to about the year 1830 or 1831.

With this period we come to a new era in the literary career of Miss Martineau. This is shown by her choice of more elevated subjects, and possibly a more elevated tone is to be discovered in her treatment of them also. Her first publication after that date was a charming collection of the *Traditions of Palestine*, and her next, if we remember right, her *Five Years of Youth*. About the same time also she made her name known far more widely than before by gaining three prizes for as many separate essays on subjects proposed by the Unitarian Association. The subjects were independent of each other, though mutually connected in their plan; and on opening the sealed envelopes containing the names of the writers, it was found that on each of the three subjects the successful competitor was a young lady, just thirty years of age, named Harriet Martineau. The three subjects were respectively: "The Faith as Unfolded by many Prophets"; "Providence, as manifested through the dealings of God with Israel"; and "The Essential Faith of the Universal Church." These essays were published, and thoroughly established the writer's claim to the credit of being a profound thinker and reasoner upon religious as well as on social questions.

The next subject to which she applied her fertile and versatile pen was a series of *Illustrations of Political Economy*, in which she attempted to popularise, by familiar and practical

illustrations and examples, the principles which—speaking generally—Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and Romilly, and other men of original minds, had laid down in an abstract and strictly philosophical manner. These *Illustrations* extended to above twenty numbers; they were afterwards republished in a collective form, and, having since been translated into French and German, have helped perhaps more than any other work of modern times to spread abroad, in other countries as well as in our own, a knowledge of that science which till our own day had been so little known and studied. These she followed up by two similar series, on cognate subjects—*Illustrations of Taxation* and *Illustrations of Poor Laws and Paupers*.

In the year 1834 Harriet Martineau paid a visit to the United States, whither she found that the fame of her social writings had travelled before her. There she met with a most cordial reception from the leaders of thought and action on the other side of the Atlantic; and on her return to Europe she published her comments on the social, political, and religious institutions in the United States, under the title of *Society in America*, and her observations on the natural aspects of the Western World and its leading personages, under that of *A Retrospect of Western Travel*. On returning to England she found awaiting her plenty of offers of literary engagements from the leading publishers; but she chose to throw in her lot mainly with Mr. Charles Knight, who was then in the zenith of his high and well-earned reputation, as the publisher of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, under the auspices of such men as Lord Brougham, Grote, Thirlwall, and Lord John Russell. To Charles Knight's series of cheap and popular publications she contributed a most useful little manual called *How to Observe*, which she followed up by others respectively intended as guides for the housemaid, the maid-of-all-work, the ladies'-maid, and the dressmaker. With the object of lightening her literary labours by variety, she next employed her pen on a series of tales for children, which she gave to the world under the title of *The Playfellow*. Of these graphic tales the most popular were, "The Crofton Boys," "The Settlers at Home," "The Peasant and the Prince," and "Feats on the Fiord." At the same time she addressed to children of a larger growth two novels of a very marked and distinctive character,

called *Deerbrook* and *The Hour and the Man*, the latter of which works passed through several editions.

About this time her health, which was never of the strongest, appears to have suffered so much from the continual strain of her literary exertions, that she was obliged to lay aside her pen, and Lord Melbourne offered and, we believe, even pressed upon her acceptance a literary pension. But she was either too proud or too independent to accept it; and possibly also even a higher motive came into play; at all events, in declining it she was largely influenced by a feeling that "she could not conscientiously share in the proceeds of a system of taxation which she had reprobated in her published works." Her illness lasted several years; but she found means to turn even sickness to account by writing and publishing her *Life in a Sickroom*—a book suggested by her own experiences of suffering, and, therefore, appealing powerfully to the sympathies of many of her readers.

In 1844, soon after her restoration to health and strength, we find Miss Martineau once more at work upon her favourite themes—social subjects—and publishing three volumes of tales and sketches, illustrative of the evil effects of our Forest and Game Laws, which she followed up with a more fanciful work, *The Billow and the Rock*. In 1846 she varied the monotony of her quiet and laborious life by a visit to the East; and she recorded her impressions of the scenes and countries through which she travelled in a book which was published in 1848, and which is still most justly popular, namely, *Eastern Life: its Past and Present*.

In 1850 or 1851 appeared a work by Miss Martineau of a totally different character from all its predecessors, namely, a volume of *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development*, which had passed between herself and a philosophic friend named Atkinson; and it was this work which first gave the public a hint that when she had reached something more than middle life she was inclined to adopt the teachings of the "Positive" school of philosophy, founded by Auguste Comte. Two or three years later she still more thoroughly identified herself with this school of thought and faith by giving to the world a condensed version of Comte's *Positive Philosophy*. But while thus employed in the study of scientific and semi-religious subjects, she found time to devote to her *History of England*

during the *Thirty Years' Peace*, a book which is to be admired for its singular clearness and the studied impartiality of its views.

We next find the indefatigable pen of Miss Martineau employed in contributing to the *People's Journal*, and her essays in that periodical soon came to be so widely in demand that they were subsequently republished under the title of *Household Education*. About the same time she employed her leisure hours in compiling a work of less pretension—we mean her *Complete Guide to the Lakes*, which appeared in 1854, and for which her long residence at the pretty cottage near Ambleside, which she made her home during her declining years, eminently qualified her. From and after this date it was mainly as a contributor of leading articles and of biographical and other literary papers to the *Daily News*, and as a writer of social articles, “historiettes,” and graphic personal reminiscences of the celebrities of the present century, in the early volumes of *Once a Week*, that we must look mainly for evidence of Miss Martineau's literary activity; but the weight of increasing years began to tell heavily upon her, and after a long illness in or about the year 1865 she almost entirely withdrew from those engagements. Her biographical contributions to the *Daily News* and *Once a Week* were republished in a collected form in the early part of 1869.

In this brief sketch we have had no space to mention the other works, mostly of a more or less ephemeral character, which are identified with the name of Harriet Martineau. Of these the best known, perhaps, are her *Essay on British India* (1851); *The Factory Controversy, a Warning against Meddling Legislation* (1855); *Corporate Tradition and National Rights and Local Dues on Shipping* (1857); *Endowed Schools in Ireland* (1859); *England and her Soldiers*—a work on the vexed question of Army Reform (1859); *Health, Husbandry, and Handicraft*, a collection of stray papers contributed to some of the leading serials of the day.

At her charming home near Ambleside, so long as health and strength remained to her, Miss Martineau rejoiced to entertain a circle of attached literary and political friends, and to receive the visits of such strangers, both English and foreign, as cared to travel in order to gratify some higher interests than those of mere pleasure. To mere pleasure, apart from the

business of life, and to mere pleasure-seekers and idlers and triflers, she had an unconquerable aversion ; but if any one sought to benefit his fellow-creatures, high or low, rich or poor, and to lead a useful life as a social being, and a member of the busy hive of English labour, or, indeed, of humanity at large, to him or to her the doors of Miss Martineau's house and of her heart were at once open. To the last, in spite of a painful chronic illness, she took the greatest interest in every movement which had for its object the social, physical, and moral improvement of the world in which her lot was cast, and she corresponded largely with the various leaders of such movements, who seldom sought in vain for her counsel and advice. If any lady of the nineteenth century, in England or abroad, may be allowed to put in a claim for the credit of not having lived in vain, that woman, we honestly believe, was Harriet Martineau.

DUC DE SALDANHA

OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1876

THE Duc de Saldanha was born so long ago that, when he was recently stated to be ill, many well-informed people may have been startled to find that he was still alive, and now that he has passed away he almost seems to have belonged to another age. He was at one time the most prominent of Portuguese statesmen, and his career was so eventful as to be worthy of a place beside that of Espartero. Saldanha was, in truth, the Espartero of Portugal; but he played his part on a more provincial stage. Wretched as the political contests of Spain have been for half a century, they have, on the whole, been somewhat less contemptible than those civil wars of Portugal in which Dom Miguel stands for Don Carlos. Saldanha was once, however, the chief figure on the side of the reigning family. Now a victorious general, now a Prime Minister, now an exile, and then a dictator in all but the name, he went through such a circle of vicissitudes as we can find only in the politics of the Peninsula. His career is as remarkable for the space it covers as for the events it includes. It is rather startling to remember that he was old enough to have served in the army during the French occupation, that he gave a great deal of trouble to Canning, that he was the hero of the famous expedition to Terceira, that he was an exile in England nearly fifty years ago, and yet that he has now died as Portuguese Minister in this country. A considerable interest is given to his story by the fact that so much of it has been connected with England.

Saldanha was born on the 15th of November, about the year 1790; but the exact date does not seem to be above dispute.

His family was noble ; and, being the grandson of a man famous in Portuguese history, the Marquis de Pombal, he had an easy introduction to public life. But in his youth Portugal gave slender chance of a public career for anybody. First came the French occupation, and then the presence of the English army. After the restoration of peace, Lord Beresford and a party of English officers virtually disposed of the military forces, and were believed to be also the masters of the Government.

King John VI. had gone to Brazil, leaving the supreme power to a regency, which did not consult the national will. There was a revolution, and a somewhat slavish copy was made of the Democratic Constitution with which the Spaniards had tried to replace despotic rule. The return of the King, a counter-revolution, and the virtual declaration of independence by Brazil are events which fill the next few years with weary strife. The King himself was a well-meaning but feeble creature, ready to obey any constitution that the Cortes might frame, but too afraid of his wife and his second son to be master of his own actions.

Queen Charlotte was a woman of violent and despotic temper. She allowed herself to be banished from the kingdom, or at least from the capital, rather than sign a constitution which took away much of the royal power. Her second son, Dom Miguel, was like herself in temper and beneath her in the brutality of his nature. The worthy pair made some astonishing efforts to get the royal power into their own hands. They once shut up the King in his palace, pretending that his life was in danger, and he was rescued only by a deputation of ambassadors, headed by the Papal Nuncio. The scene was one of the most astonishing pictures even of Portuguese story. Soon afterwards he had to take refuge on board an English ship of war.

The Court of Lisbon was a small Pandemonium in those days. When the King died, the regency fell to his daughter, Princess Isabella Maria, pending the decision of his eldest son, Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. The Constitution of Brazil required that prince to choose between Brazil and Portugal. He chose the American throne, and gave the European one to his young daughter, Donna Maria, but he provided that she should marry her uncle, Dom Miguel. Meanwhile Portugal was plunging into fresh troubles. A new Constitution had been passing

through the Cortes, and the Queen and Dom Miguel had been actively conspiring to seize the throne.

Now begins the prominent part of Saldanha's career. He had remained in Portugal after the approach of the French soldiers had made the King abandon his subjects in a cowardly fashion and take refuge in Brazil. Saldanha, however, submitted to the invaders, like most other Portuguese, and it is recorded that in 1810 he fell into the hands of Wellington, who caused him to be sent to England. Passing to Brazil, he served in the army, and he did not come back to his native country until the King had returned to accept the position of a Constitutional Monarch. Saldanha's rise then became rapid. In 1825 he was Minister of Foreign Affairs, and after the death of John VI. he was made Governor of Oporto. His position gave him great power in 1826, when, as we have already said, the Miguelites were conspiring to overthrow the Constitutional party and keep Dom Pedro's daughter off the throne. Saldanha did much to put down the friends of Dom Miguel, and he was naturally made Minister of War.

The year 1826 was one of the most stormy in his whole life. The new Constitution of Portugal being too Liberal to suit the tastes of the Spanish Court, the Miguelites found powerful friends there, and the Minister of War had soon to take the field against them in person. He found little or no opposition in the field, but when he came back to Lisbon he was seized with a violent illness, which was supposed to prove that he had reason to dread more subtle enemies than open foes. It was believed that he had been poisoned, and suspicion fell on some clerical allies of Dom Miguel and Queen Charlotte. He recovered only to find that the Miguelites had thrown off all disguise and were in open rebellion.

But at this stage came the intervention of England. The English Ministry contended that our treaty with Portugal bound us to protect her against foreign foes, and that, as Dom Miguel was covertly aided by Spain, we must protect the independence of the country. An expedition being hastily sent off to Lisbon, the Spanish Court drew back, and the Miguelites soon dispersed. Meanwhile, the illness of Saldanha had forced him to withdraw from the Ministry, but a mutiny among the soldiers at Elvas brought calls for the return of so resolute and energetic a spirit to power, and, obeying the summons, he showed that he was

worthy of it by the vigour with which he suppressed the revolt and brought the culprits to trial. But his ministerial colleagues were jealous of his power and popularity. They complained that he acted as if he alone were the Government, and they hinted that he designed to supplant the Regent. They also complained that a love of notoriety and a want of dignity had made him run to the theatre with the news of the victory over the mutinous troops and read the despatch aloud to the audience.

But Saldanha was not to be put down by such a protest, and, telling the Princess Regent she must choose between him and his colleagues, he managed to get rid of them. His triumph, however, was short-lived. Dom Miguel continued to plot, and he had won over to his side some high officials. Saldanha was certain that the chief of the traitors was Bastos, the Intendant of Police, and he urged the Regent to dismiss him. But the Regent had begun to fear the power of her Prime Minister, and instead of instantly signing the decree of dismissal, she carried it to her country house for consideration. Hurrying to her presence, Bastos and his friends accused Saldanha of revolutionary ambition, declaring that he was an agent of the Jacobins and the secret societies. Hence the Princess dismissed her best friend, and he instantly sought refuge in England. Lisbon was not a safe place of residence for a fallen Minister. The press was gagged lest it should speak well of him.

Then followed a weary season of misrule. Dom Pedro being so ill advised as to confer the regency on Dom Miguel, the supreme power passed into the hands of Queen Charlotte; the new Regent evaded the duty of swearing to observe the Constitution; and then there began a period of usurpation, Dom Miguel openly taking the title of King. The violence of his temper led to an extraordinary scene between him and his sister. Believing that she had sent her jewels to England in order to put them beyond his reach, he rushed to her chamber in a fit of mad passion and menaced her with a loaded pistol. She flung him off in the struggle, and his chamberlain rushed to defend her. Dom Miguel stabbed him in the arm, and, in the madness of his fury, fired at the Princess. She escaped, but the ball killed a servant by her side. Such was Dom Miguel, and such were the incidents of his Court. Meanwhile, in ignorance of his treachery, the real heir of the throne, Donna

Maria of Brazil, was on her way to Portugal ; but when she learnt the conduct of the man who was to have been her husband she went to England.

At this stage Saldanha is the chief figure in a chapter of our naval and political history which Englishmen would wish to forget. Fitting out a warlike expedition he and other military refugees in England sailed from Portsmouth, giving out that they were bound for Brazil ; but in reality they sailed for Terceira, a place which had never accepted the rule of Dom Miguel. Thus the English Ministry believed they had committed a breach of neutrality, and our fleet was ordered to prevent them from landing. Hence the ship "Ranger" fired at Saldanha's vessel, killing one man and wounding another. He made an indignant protest against the aid thus given to the Miguelites ; the conduct of the Tory Ministry was held up to reprobation in France and in all the countries which had any sympathy with Liberal ideas ; and the explosion of anger in our own Parliament was quickened by the official declaration of Dom Miguel himself that the conduct of England had been above all praise.

The English Government displayed no such activity when Dom Pedro—who had resigned the throne of Brazil in favour of his son, and had come to Europe to restore the rights of his daughter—sailed from Liverpool for Belleisle at the head of a second military expedition. Saldanha did not go with him, but, when Dom Pedro had gained possession of Oporto, he distinguished himself in the defence of that town against the Miguelites. Dom Pedro was able to enlist English sailors in his service, and one of them, Admiral Napier, destroyed the opposing fleet. Another displayed an equally English characteristic by resenting Dom Pedro's haughty airs and keeping the fleet in pawn until the officers and men should be paid.

During the weary months of the war Saldanha gained, on the whole, more distinction than any other soldier. It was he who, in concert with the Duke of Terceira, forced Dom Miguel to submit and to sign a convention of surrender on the 26th of May 1834. Scarcely a month afterwards the usurper formally declared the compact to be null and void ; but by that time the rights of the young Queen were secure. Saldanha, who had become a Duke and a Marshal, was made Prime Minister. A fresh set of troubles, however, was brought to the country by new and bitter quarrels about the Constitution, and by the

jealousy with which the governing classes regarded the power that the Queen had given to her second husband, Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg. He insisted on the fulfilment of the pledge in the marriage treaty that he should be made commander-in-chief of the army. He insisted all the more, perhaps, because the same condition had been exacted by her first husband. The Cortes violently protested against such a surrender of power into the hands of a foreigner, but the Ministers yielded to the importunities of the Court, and the Prince signified his right to the army in a proclamation marked by unwise haughtiness. The knot was cut by the dissolution of the Cortes.

Fresh battles about the Constitution, a military revolution, and the surrender of the Queen disturbed the year 1836. Saldanha, who had left office in the previous year because he had no sufficient majority in the Chambers, was again pushed to the front by his restless spirit. In 1837 he supported a rebellion which was secretly favoured by the Queen, and the object of which was to replace the existing Constitution by the less democratic charter which Dom Pedro had granted in 1826. Thus he fell under the ban of the Liberals, and hence he had to undergo another long exile in England. In 1846 he again, however, suddenly became the first man in Portugal. Sent for by the Queen and made Minister of War, he distinguished himself by the vigour with which he opposed another insurrection.

The next year was also a most stormy one in his life. The Miguelites joined their forces to the other discontented subjects of Queen Maria, and Saldanha himself took the field. Although he gained a considerable success at Torres Vedras, the struggle was so threatening to Portugal as again to demand, in the opinion of the English ministry, foreign intervention. When the Quadruple Alliance restored peace, Saldanha obtained a new lease of power. But he owed much of it to the tactics of his rival, then the first of Portuguese statesmen, Costa-Cabral, the Comte de Thomar. Costa-Cabral had been received with great favour by his countrymen on coming back from exile in 1847, and the elections had, perhaps, given him a majority in the Cortes; yet for a time he was content to support Saldanha. The Marshal, however, rapidly lost favour by the vacillation of his opinions, his inability to manage the details of public business, and the helpless way in which he allowed the financial business to fall into confusion. He therefore resigned in 1849, and Costa-Cabral

took his place. For a couple of years he was content to revenge himself on his rival by the bitterness of his attacks.

Thus he lost the favour of the Queen, and even his political friends fell away from him. But in 1851 another turn of the revolutionary wheel again made him supreme. In a letter publicly addressed to his old companion-in-arms, the Duke of Terceira, he accused Costa-Cabral of "prevarications, peculations, and continued infractions of the Constitution." The proclamation was almost frantic in the violence of its appeals to the Duke to save the State by forcibly driving Costa-Cabral from power. The Duke did not respond, and for a time nobody seemed inclined to support Saldanha. His prospects were so dark that he had to hide himself to escape an arrest which might have been very embarrassing. But the people of Oporto stood by their old governor, and in a moment they made another marvellous change in his fortunes. Taking his side, they helped to turn the tide of popular feeling; the soldiery declared themselves in favour of their former chief, and the excitement was so menacing that Costa-Cabral had to fly. Making the best of the situation, the Queen telegraphed to Oporto for Saldanha, urging him to come to Lisbon immediately, as "the good of the State" required his presence.

Thus did he once more become Prime Minister. He held office until 1856, when he was again dismissed on account of differences of opinion between him and the new monarch, Pedro II. As the leader of the Opposition in the Cortes, he became as restless as ever. In 1861 a dangerous illness checked his activity, and little more was heard of him beyond the confines of Portugal until 1869, when he went to Paris as Minister. But he resigned a post which kept him away from the intrigues of Lisbon, and he has had a hand in all the subsequent half-military, half-political changes of the Court. He headed a successful military demonstration in 1870, and once more became Prime Minister; but he resigned the office in February 1871, and came as Minister to England, where he has died. Most of his struggles were for petty or personal objects, and all his restless activity was expended in a very confined sphere. Nevertheless, his life possesses considerable interest as that of a man who for fifty years was a central figure in the civil wars and political agitations of Portugal.

SIR TITUS SALT

OBITUARY NOTICE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876

SIR TITUS SALT was born on the 20th of September 1803 at the old Manor House, Morley. His father, who was a wool-stapler, moved with his family from Morley to Crofton, near Wakefield, and at Heath Grammar School, near that town, his son received his education. It was just at the time when the worsted manufacture was beginning to rise from a domestic operation to a factory institution; and as the change was distasteful to the older stuff manufacturers in the district around Wakefield, the trade shifted its quarters and settled at Bradford. Among those who moved with it were Daniel Salt and his family. The father continued to confine himself to the purchase and sale of wool. The more ambitious son determined to attempt the manufacture of stuffs, and gave the first intimation of his speciality in the utilising of raw materials heretofore unappreciated.

The wool called "Donskoi," from the south-eastern parts of Russia, grown on the banks of the river Dor, was a coarse and tangled material, then considered unavailable for purposes of manufacture. How to overcome the difficulties of spinning and weaving this article was the first problem Mr. Titus Salt set himself to solve. For this purpose he set up his machinery in what was known as Thompson's Mill, Silsbridge Lane, Bradford. Successful in this enterprise, he extended his operations in this and other branches of the worsted manufacture, and added a large factory in Union Street. His trade grew rapidly under his hands, and in a few years he was carrying on his works not only in the two places just named, but also at Hollings' Mill, Silsbridge Lane, at Brick Lane Mill, and in Fawcett Court.

It was in the year 1836 that he achieved his greatest success, in becoming for practical purposes the discoverer of the wool or hair now known in almost all parts of the civilised world as alpaca. The existence of the animal called the paca, or alpaca, had indeed been known nearly three hundred years before, and its long fleeces were boasted of by the Spanish Governors of Peru in the sixteenth century. But no one in England had operated upon the article with much success, and it was shown to Mr. Salt by a Liverpool broker as a novelty in 1836.

While thus founding his private fortunes, he was not unmindful of his more public obligations. He was elected Mayor of Bradford in 1848, and discharged the duties of that office with punctuality and efficiency. Meanwhile his reputation as a manufacturer was advancing, and the increased demand for his goods rendered necessary improved facilities for their production. Accordingly, in 1851, the year of the "Great Exhibition," the works at Saltaire were commenced. They were opened on the 20th of September 1853, the fiftieth anniversary of their owner's birthday, on which occasion he gave in one of the vast rooms of the factory a banquet, at which he entertained 2500 workpeople. The works, started with such *éclat*, received subsequently various additions and improvements, and furnished employment to a very large number of persons, for whose accommodation he erected the dwellings now grown into the town of Saltaire. These comprised, at the last census taken, 820 houses, occupied by 4389 persons.

In 1859 he erected the Congregational Church at Saltaire. In 1863, by erecting buildings for baths and wash-houses, he provided for the cleanliness and consequent self-respect of his workpeople. He had before this furnished them with facilities for the education of their children by building a large school-room; but as, with the extension of his works and the increase in the numbers of his workpeople, this provision had in his judgment become inadequate, he built a fresh range of school-rooms in 1868, with accommodation for 750 scholars. During the past summer a new Sunday school was built by Sir Titus in connection with the Saltaire Congregational Church, costing, with site, nearly £10,000. It may be mentioned, also, that he contributed in a munificent manner towards the cost of the handsome Congregational Church at Lightcliffe, and has very recently offered a site for a Board School at Saltaire.

A hospital and infirmary have also been added to his erections, so that the needs of the sick might be relieved; while for the widows and aged he provided forty-five alms-houses, with a lawn and shrubbery in front, all so neatly kept as to be models of cleanliness and comfort. The married couples receive 10s. per week, the unmarried inmates 7s. 6d. In 1871 a beautiful park, fourteen acres in extent, on the banks of the river Aire, and within an easy distance of the factory and the town, was given by Sir Titus Salt for the use of the public; and in November of the following year a large and handsome building was provided by him to serve as a Club and Institute, where a large library is to be found, evening classes assemble, lectures on science and literature are delivered, and the games of chess and billiards may be played.

In the year 1859 he was elected Member of Parliament for the borough of Bradford. So long as he filled this post he attended regularly the sittings of the House of Commons, but the post was somewhat of an irksome one to him, and he resigned his office in 1861 and came back to his admiring followers and friends. Previous to entering Parliament, however, he had filled a number of important public offices. Besides being a magistrate for the borough of Bradford, he was appointed on the Commission of the Peace for the West Riding, and was also made a deputy-lieutenant of the Riding. In 1857 he filled the office of President of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce. In September 1869 the Queen conferred a baronetcy upon him—an act which was universally recognised as a well-merited bestowal of the royal favour.

During the last few years he has lived in retirement at Crow Nest, although never relinquishing his connection with the works at Saltaire. During the twenty-three years over which the history of Saltaire now extends there have been many public manifestations of the high esteem in which Sir Titus Salt was held both by his own workpeople and the public generally. On the 20th of September 1856 a marble bust of Sir Titus, executed by Mr. T. Milnes, was presented to him by the people of Saltaire. In July 1869 the residents of the alms-houses presented him with a pair of gold spectacles and a silver-mounted staff. In September 1870 two silver-plated corner dishes were given to him by the children of Saltaire. An oil portrait of himself, painted by Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A.,

was subscribed for in 1871, and on the 26th of August in that year was presented to him in the Bradford Mechanics' Institute, along with an address expressing in flattering terms the affection and esteem of the subscribers. In 1829 Sir Titus married Caroline, daughter of Mr. George Whitlam, of Grimsby, by whom he had a family of eleven children.

Sir Titus Salt's public donations during the last quarter of a century have amounted to many hundred thousand pounds. The estimate of a man's charitableness of nature is not, of course, to be formed merely from the money value of his gifts. But those who were best acquainted with Sir Titus Salt knew that he felt genuine compassion for distress, however much it might be unconsciously veiled by an outward appearance of impassiveness and reserve. Though unable, from advancing years and physical infirmity, to take a prominent part in public matters, his influence and his purse were ever at the disposal of patriotism and benevolence. He remained true to the Liberal political opinions he had formed in his youth. He had been a Radical reformer ever since he attained to manhood, and he was not a person to give up convictions that had become part of his character. A conscientious Dissenter when comparatively poor, he would not throw aside his religion when he got rich. And, having always sympathised with the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, his practical manifestations of the feeling increased with his power of exhibiting them.

SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON

OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1877

SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON, whose death we record to-day, was born at Prestonpans, in East Lothian, on the 20th of March 1808, so that he had not quite completed his sixty-ninth year. He was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and passed from the School into the University, with the intention of ultimately practising the law; but he soon abandoned this intention in favour of the more congenial pursuit of surgery, in which he was destined to become pre-eminently distinguished. Even as a pupil, Fergusson displayed the manual dexterity for which he was so remarkable in after life; and this quality attracted the attention of his great teacher, Robert Knox, who sought and secured his services as Demonstrator of Anatomy.

Those were the days before the passing of Warburton's Anatomy Act, when teachers were dependent upon the so-called "resurrection-men" for a supply of subjects; and soon after the commencement of Fergusson's career as a demonstrator the storm caused by the discovery of the murders perpetrated by Burke and Hare burst upon the Edinburgh school. Knox was compelled to fly for his life; but his more fortunate assistant succeeded in passing through the trouble of the time unscathed. He taught anatomy with great earnestness for many years, and devoted much of his spare time to the preparation of dissections, which are still preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh as examples of his skill; but he constantly looked forward to surgery as his eventual calling, and as early as 1831 he began to deliver surgical lectures as one of those extra-academical teachers from among whom the

list of Edinburgh Professors is usually recruited. He was appointed Surgeon to the Royal Public Dispensary, where he soon became noted for his skill and dexterity as an operator; and upon the removal of Mr. Liston to London, in 1835, he was left with no rival in his own department, excepting Mr. Syme.

In 1836 he became Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary, and in 1840, when King's College Hospital was established in London, the then Professor of Surgery in King's College, Mr. Arnott, decided to relinquish the chair rather than to quit the Middlesex Hospital; and it became necessary to find a successor. The rival institution, University College Hospital, had so largely profited by the accession of Mr. Liston, and by his fame as an operator, that the Council of King's College not unnaturally turned their eyes northward and made proposals to Fergusson. After some negotiation he accepted the post of surgeon to the hospital and the Professorship, and settled in Dover Street. Having at first no professional following, and with the expenses of a family pressing upon him, he, like others, found the road to success a steep and difficult one, and it was only the possession of some private fortune through his wife which enabled him to hold his ground. Before long, however, medical practitioners began to flock to King's College Hospital in order to witness the performance of operations with a dexterity equal to that of Liston, and with a certain finish and carefulness which Liston had never displayed. In 1842 Fergusson published the first edition of his work on *Practical Surgery*, which has since been the text-book of many generations of students, and which exerted well-deserving influence upon his success as a consulting surgeon. The medical school of King's College was also a constant source of practice, for its numerous pupils carried the name of their teacher to every part of the world.

Fergusson was in many respects much aided by fortune. Sir Astley Cooper died, full of years and honours, in 1842; Liston was cut off in his prime in 1847; and Aston Key, the most brilliant operator of the day, fell a victim to cholera in 1849. Sir Benjamin Brodie, who had never been remarkable as an operator, was glad in his later days to commit many cases which required the use of the knife to the hands of younger surgeons, and thus Fergusson soon found himself almost without a rival in London in his own department of the profession.

He was fully equal to the position in which he was placed, and rose rapidly in the estimation of the public. His fine, handsome person and winning manners were passports to the confidence of his patients, and his unhesitating adoption of ether and chloroform, as soon as these agents were introduced into practice, not only enabled him to accomplish more than had been possible to his predecessors, but to do this without the infliction of pain. His powerful hand rendered him especially fitted to deal with large and formidable tumours in a way which had never before been attempted, and, at the same time, his refinement of touch gave him great advantages in the performance of more delicate operations, among which those for the cure of deformities of the mouth, such as hare lip and cleft palate, were particularly remarkable for the improvements which he introduced and for the increased success which attended them. His greatest surgical work, however, was in the treatment of diseased joints, and generally in the treatment which he called by the apt name of "conservative surgery." To him is almost entirely due the modern practice of removing the actual disease of a joint only, in cases which, before his time, would have been treated by amputation of the whole of the affected limb.

In 1843 Fergusson was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and soon afterwards a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1849 he was chosen to succeed Mr. Aston Key as surgeon to the Prince Consort; in 1855 he was appointed Surgeon-Extraordinary, and in 1867 Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen. In 1865 Her Majesty was pleased to elevate him to a baronetcy, the offer being conveyed in very flattering terms by the then Prime Minister, Earl Russell. Sir William was President of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1870; and previously, but for a few years only, had held office as an Examiner, the duties of which post were not congenial to him. In 1863-64 he was Professor of Human Anatomy and Surgery to the College, when he delivered two valuable courses of lectures on the progress of surgery, which were afterwards published; and in 1871 he was Hunterian orator.

As a surgeon, Sir William Fergusson was both enterprising and cautious. Fully reliant upon himself, he could often venture to perform operations which others had declined to undertake; and his perfect self-possession in the most trying emergencies has more than once converted into a surgical triumph

what might in other hands have been a catastrophe. Deliberate in his movements, he yet completed his work more rapidly than more showy operators; since no action of his hand was thrown away, and no step had ever to be retraced. Thoroughly painstaking in his attention to details whenever such attention was likely to contribute to success, he despised the fussiness of complicated instruments and apparatus, and employed the simplest means for the accomplishment of the ends which he had in view. With an apparently intuitive knowledge of what ought to be done in a given case, he was not fond of long explanations or elaborate statements either to patients or to their friends; and his favourite phrase that he would "do a little something" was often applied to some of the most formidable proceedings in surgery. This reticence rendered his teaching a matter rather of example than of precept.

Though not without a certain native eloquence on subjects which deeply interested him, he lacked clearness as a lecturer, and his speeches on public occasions hardly carried the weight to which they were entitled by the position of the speaker. Kind of heart, and ready to help all who were in need, he was endeared to his many pupils and friends; and, fond of society, he acted the host both in George Street and at his Scottish home in Peeblesshire with geniality and genuine hospitality. His death leaves a blank in his profession which will not be easily filled, even though the event has now for some months been expected and foreseen. The immediate cause of his death was renal disease, from which he had long suffered, insomuch that his recovery was almost despaired of in the spring of 1876. He so far rallied, however, as to spend some months in Scotland, and within the last few weeks he has been able to see a few of his old patients who wished for his advice. The symptoms then returned in great severity, and he died at his house in George Street on Saturday evening at six o'clock.

M. THIERS

OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1877

VERY few men have played so conspicuous a part in the great arena of European politics as the statesman whose death we profoundly regret to have to record to-day.

M. Thiers was born, if we may believe the statements often made while he was alive to contradict them, the son of either a small locksmith or a poor dock labourer at Marseilles. Be this, however, true or false, it is certain that his parents were descended from a stock belonging to the plebeian part of the community, the village *bourgeoisie*. Marseilles was the place of his birth; and its date was the 16th of April 1797. He was baptized by the names of Louis Adolphe. His education he owed (according to Vapereau's *Dictionnaire des Contemporains*) ' ' a "bourse" or exhibition, which took him when young to the Lycée of his native city. This help he gained, it is said, through the influence of his mother, who was a member of the well-known family of Chénier. He was brought up in the Protestant faith, to which it is said his parents before him belonged; but little respecting the early struggles of his life has transpired, except that on leaving his Lycée, at eighteen years of age, he studied law, with more or less success, at Aix, and two years later "passed as an *avocat*."

M. Thiers now engaged in the contests of political controversy, and became a member of the circle who assembled in the well-known political *salons* of the banker, Lafitte. Such was his position when, in 1829, the Bourbon dynasty, in its last phase, under Charles X., with Polignac as his Minister, blundered into their fatal conflict with the defenders of "the

Charter." M. Thiers joined Armand Carrel and his old friend Mignet in founding and editing the *National*, in which he wielded his pen most effectively in the cause of "Constitutional liberty." It was at this period that M. Thiers invented, or, at all events, put into currency, the well-known phrase, *Le Roi règne et ne gouverne pas*—a phrase which cannot be well surpassed in neatness and precision, as expressing the creed of citizens living under a Constitutional Monarchy of our English type and pattern. But Charles X. and his advisers did not understand or appreciate it in the nineteenth century any more than our own King Charles I. had understood it two centuries before.

M. Thiers did his part, along with other men of still greater standing than himself, to carry on that contest against the royal prerogative which brought about the "Revolution of July." But he endeavoured at that time to dissuade the people from actual insurrection, thinking that, whatever course was abstractedly true and right, they had not then the strength to ensure success. The people, however, showed that they knew their own "strength" better than M. Thiers; they raised the standard of the tricolour and flew to the barricades, and found their cause crowned with success. It should be mentioned here that on the day of the promulgation of the famous "Ordinances" (26th July) it was M. Thiers who was commissioned by the Liberal deputies and journalists of Paris to draw up a formal protest against them. It was he, too, who, on the abdication of Charles, proposed the nomination of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, to fill the vacant throne. It was he, too, who went to Neuilly along with the painter, Ary Scheffer, the personal friend of the Duchess of Orleans, to convey the offer of the crown to her husband, who happened at the moment to be away from home.

At first, however, under the new *régime*, being returned as Deputy for Aix, he showed no ambition for any high office, but contented himself with the very subordinate post of Assistant-Secretary of State for the Finance Department, the head of which was his friend Laffitte the wealthy banker, the Baring, Rothschild, or Overstone of Paris at that date. Under him, and supported by him, however, he soon made his presence and his power felt, and entered heart and soul upon the task of reforming the whole French system of finance. He now acquired a high degree of Parliamentary influence and import-

ance, as being acknowledged on all sides to be one of the ablest debaters in the Legislative Assembly. "Gifted by nature with a small figure and a weak voice," wrote one who knew him at this time, "M. Thiers's power is not that of a physical, but of an intellectual presence. With a mind wonderfully swift, sharp, clear, and acute within a certain range of thought, adroit in logical discussion, in rhetorical insinuation, in the statement of a case for effect, he pays attention to every subject of political or administrative interest as it arises in France, and makes the most of it, turning it always to account in some way or other." This was especially true of his career for the first ten years of Louis Philippe's reign, when his amazing activity was shown in the long list of political measures with which he was concerned, either as deviser, promoter, or opponent, whether in or out of office, proving himself the most versatile of the statesmen of his time.

With the fall of the Laffitte Ministry, M. Thiers resigned office, and, somewhat to the surprise of his political friends, now figured in the Chamber as a fervent opponent of the programme of his successor, speaking in favour of a hereditary peerage, and supporting various measures of repression directed against the ultra-Revolutionary party. In October 1832 he succeeded M. Casimir-Périer as Minister of the Interior (in which capacity it fell to his lot to arrest the Duchesse de Berri in La Vendée), but exchanged that post within a few months for the Ministry of Commerce and of Public Works. In consequence, however, of the growing activity of the ultra-Revolutionary party, M. Thiers soon returned to the Ministry of the Interior, and had the satisfaction of putting down an insurrection at Lyons and another in Paris without any great effusion of blood. He held this position — his unpopularity with the pronounced Republicans being augmented by the zeal with which he enforced the "Laws of September" against the press, which were enacted after the dastardly attempt of Fieschi and his "infernal machine" against the life of the Citizen King — until the commencement of 1836, when he gained the summit of his ambition, being appointed President of the Council, together with the portfolio of foreign affairs. But Louis Philippe chose not only to "reign," but to "govern" as well; and, as M. Thiers could not persuade the King to second his own ambitious schemes of intervention in Spain, he resigned.

At the end of this decade M. Thiers was authorised by the

King—upon whom he had been forced by the flowing tide of circumstances—to form a new Ministry ; and as he had a very large majority of supporters in the Chamber, he might have long maintained his position as the “foremost man in France,” if it had not been for his proclivity to embroil himself in contacts with foreign powers. His lease of place and power, consequently, on this occasion was brief. Thinking fit to flatter the national vanity, or to conciliate the Bonapartist party, he arranged (with the consent of England) to fetch the body of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, where it was re-interred with great pomp and magnificence in the Hospital of Les Invalides. One immediate consequence of this act was the landing of Louis Napoleon in the August of the same year with his “Eagle” and his proclamation of “the Empire,” an effort which had no more immediate success than the abortive effort of the Prince at Strasburg four years before. But a further natural effect of it was to be seen in the excitement in France of an ignorant wish to avenge upon England the real or fancied wrongs suffered by the fallen Emperor upon that rock in the Atlantic where we had kept him imprisoned. As Lord Palmerston was in office here when M. Thiers became War Minister at Paris, it was at one time probable that a pretext for raising a war-cry would soon be at hand. This pretext arose in the occupation of Egypt and Syria by Mohammed Ali Pasha, whom M. Thiers chose as his assistant in an effort to wrest those dominions from the hands of the Sultan of Turkey.

But events were unpropitious, and, accordingly, M. Thiers resigned in October 1840, and gave place to M. Guizot, retiring into private life, and devoting himself to the labour of collecting materials for his intended *History of the Consulate and the Empire*, to which he looked forward as the *magnum opus* of his life. Thenceforth peace between France and Europe was tolerably safe under Louis Philippe, although the scheme of fortifying Paris, which M. Thiers had announced as necessary, could not well be abandoned, and, in fact, was fully developed in 1841 by a Committee which was presided over by M. Thiers though out of office. From this date down to the year 1848 M. Thiers continued to act as leader of the “Centre Left Opposition” in the Chamber, advocating a “Liberal domestic policy,” together with a restless interference and defiance of England and Austria in foreign affairs.

The Revolution of February found him dressed in the uniform of a National Guard—in spite of his diminutive stature—and carrying a musket in the streets of Paris. He was invited, along with M. Odillon-Barrot, to make an effort “to save the Monarchy,” but the invitation came too late for him to respond to its call. At that crisis his chief efforts in the cause of order, in antagonism to the Communists and Socialists, were the publication of his treatise, *Du Droit de Propriété*, and in the following year of another of a kindred nature, entitled *Du Communisme*. Elected to the Assembly for the Department of the Lower Seine in the June following the Revolution, he attached himself to the Moderate party, and opposed the Socialist principles of the day with all his eloquence. It is worthy of note that, in spite of having up to that time opposed Prince Louis Napoleon’s pretensions to the Presidency of the Republic, he now gave his vote in his favour. But this he probably did because, though never a Republican at heart, he accepted the Republic and desired to give it a Conservative turn and tendency. With the same strong Conservative feeling working within him, he supported the French intervention at Rome, and, though not a Catholic, he upheld against all Radicals, Republicans, and other enemies the temporal power of the Pope as a matter of policy necessary in order to ensure the peace of Europe.

In 1850, with the aid of the Conservative majority, he helped to carry the restriction of universal suffrage, in order to prevent, if possible, the re-election of the Prince-President. At this time Louis Napoleon had become obnoxious to that party, who suspected him of a secret design to seize upon absolute power; while he, on the other hand, suspected them of an intention to restore the Orleans Monarchy, if they could see a chance of doing so. Such being the case, M. Thiers, in spite of his vote the year before, had become by the force of circumstances one of the Prince’s chief antagonists; and, consequently, when the *coup d’état* of December 1851 was struck, M. Thiers was one of those leading statesmen whose arrest was ordered and carried into effect. He was seized and forcibly taken out of his bed at an early hour of the morning, and, by the Prince’s order, confined for some days in the prison of Mazas. He was, however, soon released, sent off to Strasburg by railway under guard, and set free on the other side of the

Rhine. He now sought a refuge and a home at Frankfort, where he wisely made the most of his time by paying visits, for the purposes of his history, to the chief battlefields of the Empire.

In August 1852, however, he availed himself of Louis Napoleon's permission to return to Paris; but it was not until after the appearance of the Imperial decree of 24th November 1860 that he was able, with any appearance of self-respect, to resume his place in the arena of politics. Entering the Corps Législatif, after the adoption of a more Liberal Constitution for the Empire, he attached himself to the Opposition, and made many effective speeches, particularly in opposition to every approach to Free Trade, consistently and strenuously advocating a Protectionist commercial policy. He denounced the financial extravagance of the Imperial Government, and censured its wars in Italy and Mexico as political blunders, and also its abstinence from hostility towards Prussia in 1866, and incessantly protested against ignoring the movements made by the Italians and the Germans towards the completion of their national unity respectively. It cannot, therefore, be denied that M. Thiers was as much responsible as any of his countrymen for evoking the feelings of irritation which gave rise to the war against Prussia in 1870; and though he disapproved its actual declaration, it was not that he censured the war *per se*, but only because he thought the opportunity ill chosen, since France was not adequately prepared.

When the Empire fell at Sedan and the German generals pushed on to invest Paris, M. Thiers came again to the front, and was returned to the Assembly which professed to represent France, for a time at least, by more than twenty different departments, the aggregate number of votes recorded in his favour being upwards of a million. He now became, almost without seeking it, the foremost man in France. He was one of the few distinguished persons who had never held office under the late Emperor, and, such being the case, the nation saw at least one reason for accepting him as the *Deus ex machina* who should solve their difficulties and rid them of the invader. Were not the forts round Paris M. Thiers's work forty years ago? And would he not be the saviour of the nation now? And during the war, when in his seventy-fifth year, did not the brave and courageous old man make the tour of all Europe in the winter, visiting London, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and

Florence, in the hope—vain and idle as it proved—of persuading the neutral courts to intervene with Germany on behalf of his fallen and defeated countrymen? Did he not, with the same object in view, hold parley with Count Bismarck in the Prussian camp before Paris? Thus the virtual dictatorship of France passed into his hands. He was declared President of the existing Executive Government, having the responsibility of selecting the members of his administration.

He soon found, however, that it was not only the Germans with whom, as President of the Republic of France, he had to contend. Establishing his headquarters at Versailles immediately after the evacuation of that fair city by the Prussian forces, he prepared to set to work without delay at the task of "reorganising" France, her army, and her institutions, when he suddenly found himself confronted by the Communists, who had seized upon Paris as soon as the backs of the Prussians were turned. Aided by Marshal MacMahon, but only after a delay which enabled the Commune to burn down half the public buildings of Paris, and to murder her archbishop and a number of helpless and unoffending priests and nuns, he was able to retake Paris, and in the end to restore order, though not until his own hotel in the Place de St. Georges had been razed to the ground.

In spite, however, of all this discouragement, the brave old man never lost heart, and though, as soon as "order" and the forms of judicial trial could be observed, the Communists were brought to justice, we never heard it said that M. Thiers insisted on bringing any special vengeance down upon the heads of the ringleaders in that special act of *trahison*. In spite, it may be added, of a civil outbreak worse than foreign war, in spite of streets which had been made to run red with blood, M. Thiers contrived, as President of the Republic, to pay when due the first instalment of 20 millions which, on behalf of and in the name of the French people he had agreed to pay towards the war indemnity demanded by the German conquerors. It is to his credit, considering his Conservative tendencies and personal convictions, that, in spite of all temptation to adopt a reactionary policy, upon receiving at the hands of the Assembly a two-years' lease of power, M. Thiers should have adhered strictly and loyally to the "Republic" of which he was the head, and should have neither worked in the interest of the Orleans dynasty nor have selfishly sought in any way to create himself

a dictator in name, though he really possessed a more absolute and irresponsible power than any sovereign of France had done since the reign of Louis XIV.

Occasionally during those two years rumours were spread to the effect that old age, or illness, or dissatisfaction with his colleagues was about to tempt him to resign; but he adhered with a steady and persistent vigour, like a far younger man, to the rôle which he had undertaken to play; and it was not until in May 1873, just as that lease was about to expire, and not long before seeing his last instalment of the crushing war indemnity paid, that he found himself threatened with being left in a minority, and, after months of anxious endeavours to work on in alliance with the Right and to rule above all party or parties, was driven from office. After his final retirement from the Presidency the voice of M. Thiers was not often heard in public; but though he spent his leisure in the pursuit of those literary studies to which he had been devoted as a young man and in middle life, he was not the less regarded as the chief and centre of French Constitutionalism.

Whatever estimate we may form of the political capacity of M. Thiers as exemplified in the two years during which he practically held the dictatorship of France, it is certain that Marshal MacMahon spoke only the truth when, on proroguing the French Assembly in July 1873, he ascribed to his predecessor in the Presidential chair the credit of having brought about the "great event" of ridding the French soil of the last of its German invaders. All classes of Frenchmen, from the highest to the lowest, as the Marshal then said, had contributed to this end, but the guiding spirit was M. Thiers himself. Nor, indeed, is this the extent of the debt of France to the ex-dictator; for it was he who "reorganised" that army on which Marshal MacMahon relied so confidently, next to God, for the restoration of order; and he also established that public credit which enabled the country, in spite of its Communists, to pay the last shilling of the German ransom.

It was M. Thiers's boast to the last that he had striven during his tenure of power, and had striven not wholly without success, for the establishment of a "Conservative Republic." In a letter which he addressed to a friend, an inhabitant of the town of Nancy, a few days after the election of Marshal MacMahon, he said:—

"I have retired from public life because I have a strong conviction that party government in a country which is so sadly divided as ours was a mistake, and could but add to the existing divisions. A government acting energetically against all disorder, and moderately, amicably, and peaceably towards all parties which are not factious, is the only government capable of appeasing political passions and of restoring to France a certain amount of union and wellbeing. Consequently, I have preferred to retire rather than pursue a policy which was not my own, and which, in siding with the Right, was far from siding with the majority of the country. I turn to the repose of my books and to my friends, desiring nothing but the restoration of France."

But repose amid books and retirement from public life were conventional phrases, hardly, perhaps, meant to be taken very seriously. It was certain that when France again had need of M. Thiers he would be at her call. Thus, when all eyes turned to him after the dissolution of the Chamber, the veteran statesman appeared to be quite ready to take the lead in opposing reaction, and his moderate speeches in the departments helped greatly to calm public feeling. During the last few weeks there has been overwhelming evidence to show that, in the opinion of the majority of his countrymen, the continuance of Republican institutions now offers the best guarantee for good order and good government in France. It was to him chiefly that this conviction was due, and it was on him also that the *bourgeoisie* chiefly relied for prudent counsel and wise forbearance in the moment of victory. To the Republican cause, therefore, his sudden death on the eve of the elections is a great blow. Other chiefs the Republicans have, but these have not proved their moderation and self-control in high office, and are not sufficiently identified in the public mind with a policy which is Conservative as well as Republican. It depends on M. Gambetta's demeanour during the present crisis whether or not the death we to-day deplore of the one Republican statesman of European fame gives to the Marshal-President and his advisers the very opportunity they would have vainly sought during the life of M. Thiers, of standing before the French constituencies as the only present source of stability and safety for the government of France.

LEADING ARTICLE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1877

The death of M. Thiers has come upon France and upon Europe with a sense of suddenness which demonstrates the magnitude of the loss. A statesman who had passed his eightieth year, and who had taken a prominent part in public affairs for more than half a century, could not, in the natural course of things, look forward to the prolongation of his career. Yet so difficult was it to frame any theory of French politics without taking account of M. Thiers, that Frenchmen for the most part abandoned the attempt, and accepted his influence in every estimate of political probabilities. His position in this aspect was unique, but in many other respects it was scarcely less extraordinary. To his antagonists as well as to his followers and allies he was indispensable; no policy, Conservative or Republican, could be devised without reference to his peculiar claims. The Bonapartists, even when they affected to talk contemptuously of his services, showed by their restless animosity that they were enraged because they could not set aside his authority as obsolete or null. The Orleanists never forgave his desertion, as they chose to consider it, of the Constitutional Monarchy patronised by the Duc de Broglie, and they pursued him for this offence with a persistent malice that was the highest tribute to his power. With the Legitimists, as with the *ancien régime* which they represent, his quarrel was irreconcilable, for M. Thiers was emphatically a child of the Revolution of 1789, and, in spite of his Roman policy, the champions of divine right in Church and State could never pardon his practical and sceptical spirit. All these enmities were among the commonplaces of political discussion in France, and it is difficult to conceive how public questions will now be argued without reference to them. The respectful homage which M. Thiers attracted during the last four years from Republicans of every shade was, in its way, an equally remarkable testimony to his character. It was strange to see Radicals like M. Gambetta willingly accepting the leadership of the author of the Laws of September, the chief of the reactionary Opposition in the Legislative Assembly of 1849, and the stern chastiser of the Communalist insurrection.

But M. Thiers was not only the centre towards which all the

hopes and fears of French politicians converged; he was also the connecting link between many chapters of history in France which have been separated from one another by revolutionary catastrophes. In the Assembly at Versailles there was no one who like him had not only witnessed but borne a part in the strifes of the Restoration, the July Monarchy, the Republic of 1848, and the Second Empire. He had amassed a wealth of experience, he had attained to a plenitude of power and renown, such as none of his contemporaries had equalled. In spite of the burden of his eighty years, life, it seemed, was fresh in him as ever. Energy, subtlety, dexterity of management, brilliancy of intellectual display, were gifts as conspicuous in his age as in his youth. His ambition was not quenched, nor was his patriotism cooled. Fortune, indeed, appeared to open to him a new career of gratification to his generous vanity—he was too genuine a Frenchman not to be a little vain—and of service to his country. At this moment, when all men's eyes were turned upon him and the political destinies of France were dependent upon his authority with the nation, death has laid him low.

There is a character of immaturity in this ending, which is now perhaps felt more acutely than it would have been twelve months ago. Then it was believed that Marshal MacMahon would be content to work with Republican advisers and would gradually liberalise his policy. There was no immediate suggestion in the aspect of affairs that it might be necessary to bring back M. Thiers to the helm. Yet even at that time Frenchmen rested in the unspoken but firmly-held conviction that in case of need the country could rely upon the tried capacity, the long experience, the moderation, the prudence, and the political watchfulness of the statesman who had raised France from her abasement after the peace of 1871. Europe shared this confidence.

The character of M. Thiers was an element of stability in the shifting politics of France, upon which foreign statesmen habitually reckoned. A loss such as this is nothing less than irreparable. So, indeed, it is felt to be in France, where the Government, with creditable promptitude, have decided to honour the memory of the illustrious dead with a State funeral, to be solemnised under the gilt dome of the Invalides, consecrated to those traditions of military glory of which M. Thiers

was the most passionate devotee and the most eloquent rhapsodist. We cannot doubt that France will respond, as Paris has already responded, to this invitation to honour the most remarkable Frenchman the present generation has known. His country cannot forget the services that M. Thiers willingly rendered during the conflict with Germany and the years of depression which followed. Nor are Frenchmen unmindful of his earlier career, which is in truth an epitome of the history of France for more than half a century.

Born upwards of eighty years ago, when the passions of the French Revolution were cooling, M. Thiers grew up from childhood to manhood under the iron rule of Napoleon. He was a lad of eighteen when Waterloo overthrew his Imperial hero. The return of the Bourbons was distasteful to him; his humble birth, his literary devotion to Voltaire and the great *libres penseurs* of the eighteenth century, his independence of character and sharpness of wit threw him soon into opposition, literary as well as political. His historical works, no less than his journalism, were aimed at the Bourbons, and his opportune boldness in protesting against the ill-fated *Ordonnances* of Charles X. gave him quick ministerial promotion under the Orleans dynasty. He was only thirty-five when he became Minister of the Interior. Both in home and foreign affairs a certain restlessness allied with his sprightly intelligence made him rather a dangerous adviser, and he was never a favourite with the Citizen King. But by the time he finally retired from office in 1840 he had established a reputation as a Parliamentary leader unsurpassed by that of any contemporary.

As chief of the Opposition during M. Guizot's administration, M. Thiers's fame as an orator increased, while at the same time his *History of the Consulate and the Empire*—the Napoleonic superstition—procured him an immense literary popularity. Under the Second Republic his credit waned, and it was only in part redeemed by his arrest on the night of the 2nd of December 1851. For twelve years he, like other distinguished Frenchmen, held aloof from public affairs, which had passed into the hands of the Persignys and the Mornys. But in 1863, when some small measure of freedom had been given back to France, M. Thiers reappeared as the champion of Parliamentary liberties in the Corps Législatif, and, though even then advanced in years, his perseverance, his skill in logical fence, his incisive

wit, his mastery of phrases, and his imperturbable temper were the admiration of Europe. The Empire knew how dangerous an enemy he was, and hated him in proportion.

At last the day of retribution came. M. Thiers, though unfortunately he had fanned the flame of Chauvinist jealousy in France, had protested against the declaration of war, and the subsequent collapse of the French arms struck him with anguish, but not astonishment. Then opened the most glorious chapter in his life. Refusing a place in the Government of the National Defence, the indomitable old man accepted the thankless and weary task of seeking to find an ally for his country among the European Powers. But the tortuous policy of Napoleon III. had too hopelessly entangled the web of diplomacy, and M. Thiers returned to France. He attempted to negotiate an armistice with the Germans in October 1870, and had nearly succeeded when the insurrection broke out in Paris and defeated his plans. He was more successful in the following January, when, after the final ruin of French hopes, the Germans consented to suspend hostilities while the Bordeaux Assembly decided upon the question of peace or war.

M. Thiers was elected to the Assembly by twenty-six departments. His popularity was amazing. The majority named him Chief of the Executive Power, with full authority to conclude peace. In the negotiations with Germany he laboured hard to secure concessions for France, and it is to his persistence that the retention of Belfort was due. His next task was more arduous. It was to deliver the soil of France as quickly as possible from the presence of the German army of occupation by paying off the enormous indemnity. To this work M. Thiers devoted all his powers. He strove to maintain a truce between contending parties in the State, so that credit might revive and trade flourish again; and after the suppression of the Communalist insurrection he found this for a while comparatively easy. The confidence which his administration inspired, and the energy with which he appealed to the public spirit of his countrymen, enabled him to achieve his most magnificent success, the loan of three milliards, which was subscribed for fourteen times over. With this assistance the Germans were paid out of the country much more rapidly than any one had supposed it possible, and very little to the satisfaction of Prince Bismarck.

This gigantic financial operation was almost finished when in May 1873 M. Thiers was overthrown by a coalition of the Monarchical parties in the Assembly. The reason was obvious. In his Presidential Message of November 1872 M. Thiers had declared in favour of the Republic as a definitive form of government for France, and the Monarchists perceived that unless they made haste the country might extend its confidence in M. Thiers to the government he approved. His defeat did not disturb M. Thiers's equanimity. He took up a dignified position out of office, and, though his counsels were ever since of great weight with the Republican coalition, he abstained from interference in the ordinary conflicts of the political arena. No doubt this sagacious and scrupulous conduct brought him increased public confidence. Every blunder that was made by the advisers of Marshal MacMahon, by the Duc de Broglie, M. Buffet, and M. de Fourtou, redounded to M. Thiers's advantage and to the profit of the party with which he had become more and more thoroughly identified. It is too early to speculate on the fortunes of the Republican party now that they have to stand alone without the guidance of M. Thiers's sagacity or the shelter of his reputation. But to the Republicans his loss is terrible. It is not a light matter that Republican policy, instead of being represented by M. Thiers's mature wisdom, should be dependent upon the eager temper of M. Gambetta, who is now without a serious rival. And even if, as we hope and believe, the growing moderation of the leader of the Left should be developed still further by a new sense of responsibility, it will be long before the mass of the French people can be brought to bestow on the *fou furieux* of days not very distant the trustful affection with which bourgeois and peasant regarded "the liberator of the territory," the aged statesman whose death they are lamenting to-day.

M. CANARIS

LEADING ARTICLE, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1877

ONE veteran succeeds another in going to his rest. France had looked to M. Thiers to assume once more the direction of the national government, and to reconcile the jarring factions of the State under his supremacy ; but before the moment for taking up the work had arrived, the body was worn out, and the statesman's task was left for another to accomplish. In a situation of equal perplexity all the statesmen and politicians of Greece turned, three months since, to the aged Canaris to save the nation from anarchy by consenting to accept, for the fourth or fifth time, the office of Prime Minister, and the old man yielded to the unanimous prayer of his fellow-citizens. But on Friday last Canaris was summoned away as suddenly as Thiers, and on Sunday his body was committed to its grave amid mourning as profound and national as that which accompanied the funeral progress from the Place St. Georges to Père-Lachaise. Nor was the mourning less deserved. Each of these old men, now passed from us, had lived through revolutions that may almost be deemed innumerable ; each had been foremost in crisis after crisis in endeavouring to bring order out of disorder and to reduce anarchy and lawlessness to law and peace ; and each has died at a time when his countrymen were filled with uncertainty at the prospect of the immediate future, and sought guidance out of difficulties that seemed almost inextricable. Their careers were, indeed, unlike ; but so also are the circumstances which at this hour weigh down France and Greece with an intolerable burden of anxiety.

The great enemy with which M. Thiers contended throughout

his life was the spirit of national disunion, threatening the peace of the community now from Red Republican, and now from reactionary sources; and the need of France at this moment is that this spirit, so rashly evoked by the Ministers of Marshal MacMahon on the 16th of May, should be once again laid. The heroic years of the life of Canaris were spent in freeing Greece from Turkish tyranny, and he was called to the councils of the King in the crisis of the present year because it seemed that the time had come when Greek provinces still unfreed might be rescued from the Porte and added to the kingdom of Hellas. The sailor-volunteer who distinguished himself by deeds of heroic daring more than half a century ago might not repeat in his old age the exploits of his youth, but his experience invested him with an authority no one else could exercise for the prevention of premature demonstrations.

The early years of the life of Canaris were thronged with adventures such as rarely allow the man who passes through them to see old age. Even if he does not perish in some wild deed, the bodily tenement is often prematurely fretted away by the unmeasured energy of the spirit which occupies it. At one time the commissioned officer of some provisional government, at another a privateer, and then, again, acting with an authority that would probably defy the definitions of international law, Canaris was the Garibaldi of the Insurrectionary War of Greece. He had the same faith and the same power. He was nothing but the simple captain of a small trading vessel plying between Constantinople and Odessa when the insurrection broke out, and it was not until after the massacre of Chios that the wondrous career began which wrought such havoc on the Turkish navy. He took his fireships right into the midst of the enemy's squadrons, and not until he had completed the work of destruction did he save himself for further efforts of similar daring.

In exploits like these Canaris recalled something of the memory of our own Elizabethan mariners, and the comparison may be extended from the fearlessness of his courage to the unconscious simplicity of his patriotism. It may probably be said of him also, as of his forerunners, that he was more distinguished in isolated attacks than in the planning of campaigns or in the organisation of an extended squadron. He was an old sea-dog in his valour and his modesty, and when

at length the war was over, and the internal dissensions of the new State seemed to be appeased, he retired to his cottage, to spend, as it has been expressed, "the autumn of his life in gardening, carpentering, and the feeding of chickens." He was called out again and again to join Ministries or to form Ministries; but after a very few weeks he invariably returned to the more congenial pleasures of country life. It is not surprising that the Greeks should have turned to him three months since. The Greeks themselves have never been unconscious of the importance of the Hellenic element in the Eastern Question, and the moment the war began they put themselves in readiness for whatever contingency might happen. Some of them have been more, and some of them less, eager, but they have all the same hopes and pursue the same ends. No nation similarly situated has ever denied itself, or could deny itself, the determination to seize the earliest opportunity to recover what it believed to be its own.

The native Ipsara of Canaris has remained to this day under the Turks, and we may be sure that he could not consider his work done until its liberation was accomplished. When, at the beginning of June, he was entreated to quit his cottage for the Presidency of the Greek Cabinet, he did not remember his ninety years, and came at once to the call. Under his leadership factions could be appeased and jealousies reconciled. For three months he had remained at the head of affairs, not plunging his country into war, but not ceasing to make the nation more and more ready for war should the moment for war arrive. The announcement of the death of Canaris followed immediately upon the publication of M. Negroponte's letter to us, and a certain light is thrown upon that letter by the publication, in our Athens intelligence of yesterday, of a despatch from the Greek Government in reply to a despatch from Lord Derby. The wild statement that Mr. Gladstone had written to a Greek merchant at Constantinople to incite the Greeks to make war upon Turkey, so eagerly made and eagerly believed three weeks since, turns out to be an absolutely false perversion of an innocent fact, no knowledge of which could have been made public without a breach of honour. M. Negroponte wrote to Mr. Gladstone, and the latter replied in a letter not having any such meaning as that imputed to it; but the fact that any letter existed seems to have been enough for the accuser—"a person of

consequence," who got at the knowledge of its existence in an unsatisfactory manner. The circulation of such foolish tales—to call them by no worse name—would be impossible if men would endeavour to realise the relation of Greece to the Eastern Question.

We fear we must add that, if the same comparatively easy feat of the imagination had been accomplished, the note Lord Derby addressed to the Greek Government would never have been written. The Foreign Secretary asked whether the Greek Government would authorise him to assure the Porte that Greece will neither go to war with Turkey nor encourage an insurrection in the neighbouring provinces. What can be the use of asking a question like this? The only reply it has received is that the Greek Government must reserve their entire liberty of action, and no other answer could have been reasonably expected. Lord Derby cannot doubt that if the moment comes when the Greeks shall see a reasonable chance of adding to their country such a province, for instance, as Thessaly, they will seize it. The Pashas at Constantinople are as conscious of this as the Ministers at Athens, and preparations on one side can be matched by preparations on the other. The Porte may be disposed to take time by the forelock in commencing the attack, and the Foreign Office despatch may, perhaps, be explained by the feeling that if this should be threatened it would be our duty to protest against it; but if this was Lord Derby's motive, he should have made a confidential communication to the Turkish Government, instead of addressing to the Government at Athens an inquiry to which no reply could be given.

M. LE VERRIER

OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1877

THE death of Urban Jean Joseph Le Verrier, as our Paris correspondent of this morning shows, happened yesterday morning. On many occasions during the last few years M. Le Verrier's failing health has been a cause of anxiety to his friends, and the need of rest has been repeatedly urged upon him. It was his own wish, however, to die at his post, and that wish has now been realised. No astronomer has left such an amount of completed work. The range of his work was nothing less than the recomputation of the tabular places of all the planets on the basis of the analysis of Laplace, and the comparison of these theoretical places with actual observation. This practically amounted to a rediscussion of the theories and a re-examination of the observations made of the solar system, and involving incidentally the reduction of the right ascension of thirty-six fundamental stars which had been diligently observed during the century. As his friend and fellow-worker rather than rival, Professor Adams, last year said :

"That any one man should have had the power and perseverance required thus to traverse the entire solar system with a firm step, and to determine with the utmost accuracy the mutual disturbances of the primary planets which appear to have any sensible influence on each other's motions, might well have appeared incredible if we had not seen it actually accomplished."

If on no other than selfish grounds, England, as a maritime country, cannot fail to pay a tribute of respect to a man whose work has been of the utmost practical importance in the

construction of tables used in guiding ships across the seas. Nor has England been, in fact, niggardly in rendering him honour. On four occasions living words of respect and friendship from England have been addressed to M. Le Verrier by Presidents of the Royal Society and the Royal Astronomical Society when presenting medals, which are by tradition regarded as the highest tribute the societies can offer of their appreciation of the value of work done. In 1846 the Royal Society, under the presidency of Lord Northampton, presented to him the Copley Medal. In 1848 the Royal Astronomical Society, under the presidency of Sir John Herschel, awarded a testimonial; in 1868, under the presidency of the Savilian Professor, the gold medal; and again in 1876, under the presidency of Professor Adams, M. Le Verrier's "rival" in the discovery of Neptune, a second gold medal. Two years ago the University of Cambridge, at the suggestion of Professor Adams, conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. Perhaps the most valued, because most practical, recognition that could be offered was the fact that for years past his tables have been employed in our Nautical Almanac, superseding all others for the computation of the places of the planets.

M. Le Verrier, who was born at St. Lô 11th March 1811, commenced his career as an astronomer forty years ago, when he attempted the calculation of the secular inequalities which occur in planetary movements. The first paper he published, four years after leaving the École Polytechnique, and while he held a post under the Administration des Tabacs, was a chemical one, but mathematics in connection with astronomy soon absorbed his attention, and though he latterly expended considerable energy in organising systematic weather reports by telegraph, and took an influential part in the arrangements of higher education in France, his life-work and that with which his name will ever live was the study of the movements of the planets. In 1839 he contributed to the Academy two papers, in which he discussed the limits of the eccentricities and inclination of the orbits of the planets; and one result of the attention these papers aroused was that he was requested by Arago to calculate afresh the perturbations of Mercury with reference to the attraction of other bodies. The way in which he was able to correct the tables for Mercury was so successful that he was induced to attempt those of Uranus, and in doing this he had

to take into consideration the disturbing effects of Saturn and Jupiter. It is well known how in the course of this work he was led to infer the existence of an unknown planet which also produced disturbing effects, and how, almost coincidently with our own Adams, he announced where the new planet—Neptune—was to be found. In 1846 he was elected a member of the Academy, and shortly afterwards a chair of Astronomy was established for him by the Faculty of Sciences of Paris.

During 1848 political movements attracted his attention. He was then thirty-seven, and the year following he was elected to the Legislative Assembly for his native department of La Manche. His work in the Chamber principally concerned subjects of public education and laws having reference to scientific discoveries. His influence on scientific instruction in public education and in the organisation of the École Polytechnique has been great.

These occupations, however, did not draw him away from his astronomical work, and between 1849 and 1853 he laid before the Academy several papers on the motions of the planets. On the death of Arago, in October 1853, M. Le Verrier was appointed his successor as Director of the Imperial Observatory. He found it in a condition of lamentable deficiency, and his earliest work was to see to the improvement of instruments. He then commenced his great work, the records of which he has left in those astounding volumes, the *Annales de l'Observatoire*, and his communications to the Academy.

The first volume of the *Annales* contains the preliminary work of the re-investigation of the whole theory of planetary motion on the basis of the method pursued by Laplace. He has left the general theory in such a state of advanced development that its practical application to the case of any particular planet is very much simplified. The second, third, and fourth volumes are also occupied with preliminary work. The preliminary calculations being disposed of, M. Le Verrier proceeded to their application in the construction of tables for the positions of the Sun, Mercury, Venus, and Mars, the movements of Mercury being published in 1859 (vol. v.), and of Venus and of Mars in 1861 (vol. vi.). From 1863 till 1874 no more of M. Le Verrier's work appeared in the *Annales*, and from 1870 to 1873, on the ground that his rule was too despotic, he was

displaced from the directorate of the Observatory. On his being reinstated, his papers in the *Annales* were continued. In 1874 the tables for Jupiter appeared, and in 1876 the secular variations of the orbits of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. It was in the February of last year that for the second time the Royal Astronomical Society awarded the gold medal to M. Le Verrier "for his theories of the four great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, and for his tables of Jupiter and Saturn founded thereon." The work involved in these was spoken of by the President as "appalling."

One prominent feature in M. Le Verrier's character was his readiness to help others in astronomical work. Any visitor of any nationality was welcomed to work at the Observatory, in so far as the routine work was not interfered with. The arrangements for M. Janssen's Observatory, so far from arousing feelings of jealousy, only afforded an opportunity for generous assistance. The kindly way in which he placed instruments at the disposal of M. Flammarion, so that while he wrote "popular" books he might have practical experience, will not be forgotten by those who are familiar with the circumstances.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL

LEADING ARTICLE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1878

By the death of King Victor Emmanuel, at the age of fifty-eight, one of the most memorable and dramatic careers of modern times is prematurely closed. It is closed, moreover, at the very moment when its full satisfaction seemed on the point of being achieved. A week ago no one would have supposed that the spiritual Monarch of Rome would have outlived the temporal. To all appearance the Pope was gradually fading away, and in a short time Victor Emmanuel might have hoped to enter into relations with the Papacy which would not have been embarrassed and prejudiced by the immense personal authority of Pius IX. He had seen everything else in old Italy pass away like a dream, and Pius IX. alone remained as the embodiment and the relic of that former world. Had the Pope died first, Victor Emmanuel would have been freed from his only remaining opponent, and the last word would have been spoken in the great drama of his reign. But it is the Pope, after all, who is destined to see the world of his early manhood pass away, and he now remains in the Vatican the sole survivor of thirty years of revolution.

There is something striking and pathetic in the fate which brought so near together on what are, after all, two deathbeds, the representatives of the spiritual and the temporal power; and the fact that their last communications were those of goodwill ought to be a presage and a symbol of future relations. The King has long lain under excommunication on account of his usurpations of Papal authority and Church property; but in his last hours these censures were waived. Two Papal chamberlains

were sent from the Vatican to the Quirinal with the Papal benediction, and the King received the last sacraments. The Pope is even said to have exclaimed that were it not for his own malady he would have gone to the King and given him the last sacraments himself. It is a pity that so gracious an act of conciliation was unavoidably hindered by physical infirmities, but the will cannot fail to be taken for the deed. It is worthy of two men who, whatever their faults, have been both great in their way thus to close their stormy careers in mutual forgiveness ; and the incident eminently bespeaks that real harmony of Italian feeling which has been too strong in the past, and will prove too strong in the future, for the artificial barriers of a priesthood.

But what revolution has been witnessed in Europe, even in this momentous century, which can be compared in its strange destiny with that which has brought Victor Emmanuel to die in Rome as King of Italy with the benediction of the Pope ? We are carried back in imagination to that scene at the commencement of Pius IX.'s reign when, as the Pope of revived and reformed Italy, he pronounced a solemn benediction on the banners of the Roman volunteers who were setting out to join the war of the Italian independence in Lombardy. Had Pius IX. adhered to the spirit which prompted that act, he might have shared, if he had not wholly commanded, the allegiance of the Italians. But in a few weeks the fatal genius of the Papacy resumed its sway. The Pope irrevocably identified himself with civil reaction and priestly rule, and amid disaster and confusion a new leader arose for the Italian nation. The only remaining hope of the national movement appeared to be crushed in the battle of Novara. Piedmont had gallantly led the revolt against foreign rule, but she scarcely escaped with independence, and her gallant monarch, Charles Albert, was forced to abdicate. No one surmised that in the young man in whose favour that abdication was made would be found a centre of union powerful enough to baffle at once internal and external foes.

Victor Emmanuel II. was then only twenty-eight. He was known as a bold sportsman and a gallant soldier. He combined that half-Teutonic, half-Southern nature which marks the inhabitants of his sub-alpine kingdom ; and the whole of his subsequent career, like the career of the statesmen who

surrounded him, is characterised by the same combination. From the very first he displayed the character which afterwards distinguished him, and to which his great success was mainly due. The Austrians and the Papal party spared no efforts after 1848 to put down the constitutional movement which had asserted itself in Italy at that time; and the greatest pressure was brought to bear upon Victor Emmanuel to induce him to abrogate the privileges and rights which Charles Albert had guaranteed to his subjects. But he boldly refused, and remained resolutely faithful to the oath that he had sworn to the Constitution and to the charter which his father had established. He thus at the outset laid the foundation of the character with which he became afterwards identified—that of *Il Re Galantuomo*. By this conduct he provided, so to speak, an intrenchment behind which the two most essential conditions for the peaceful consolidation of Italy—faith in her rulers and the practice and habits of constitutional life—could be matured.

The main talent of all distinguished kings has been that of choosing good ministers and adhering to them, and Victor Emmanuel at once displayed his possession of this royal art. He gathered round him such men as D'Azeglio, Della Marmora, and, above all, Cavour, and he steadfastly supported them in developing Parliamentary government and carrying into effect a series of thorough reforms in the kingdom. Cavour gradually organised Piedmont upon the model of a free constitutional kingdom, and destroyed the dominance of the priesthood. He could not, probably, have achieved this perilous task had Piedmont been contiguous to the Austrian instead of the French dominions, and his great art was to utilise the French alliance without being subservient to it. Immense patience, sturdiness, and honesty were essential to the triumph of such a policy, no less than art and even craft. All were combined in the King, and in the statesmen who surrounded him; but the King afforded, perhaps, above all the rest the rugged solidity upon which alone the great edifice could be gradually erected. Again and again in his anxious career, when events seemed to conspire against him, subtle and persistent attempts were made to shake his adherence to the course he had chosen.

More than once he was struck by severe illness, as well as by domestic afflictions, and in every such moment the emissaries of the priesthood were at hand to work upon those religious

apprehensions to which he was by no means insensible. But the King never wavered, and no spiritual terrors could affect his resolution to be true to his oath, to the Constitution of his kingdom, and to his people. Gradually, around this central pillar of the State, were the fortunes of Piedmont built up. Patient economy and good administration enabled the King to send 17,000 good troops to join the Anglo-French forces before Sebastopol, and to assert for his country an independent place among the European Powers.

The reputation thus laboriously achieved rendered Victor Emmanuel and his country the natural and obvious centre of the national aspirations when the Emperor Napoleon forcibly overthrew Austrian predominance in the Peninsula. It had been made plain that there was a King in Italy who could be trusted, and who commanded the service of statesmen who could be followed. It was no usurpation in the ordinary sense of that word which made Victor Emmanuel King of all Italy after 1860. It was simply the recognition of a fact. Every other kingdom, every other civil and military authority, had vanished like a phantom. Victor Emmanuel, with his trustworthy character, his proved administrative and military power, stood alone erect amid fallen thrones, disbanded armies, and general disorganisation. He seized the reins of government because they had fallen from all other hands, and the people allowed him to take them because he had proved that he could be trusted.

It is this which will always remain the grand achievement of Victor Emmanuel's career. Very powerful influences were, through the greater part of his reign, at work in Italy which were hostile to Monarchy. A very religion of Republicanism was preached by ardent enthusiasts, and the most powerful of these anti-monarchical leaders had rendered incalculable services, both by the pen and by the sword, to the cause of Italian unity. That which saved the Monarchy and founded a stable organisation for the new kingdom was that Victor Emmanuel was the most trusted man in Italy. The people were not ignorant of his private faults, and they did not attribute to him the genius of his great public servants. His hold over them was sustained by no imaginative glamour. It was based upon a full knowledge of him, and upon the assurance, which that knowledge gave, that he would at all costs be true to Italy. In times of

revolution these are the characters around which nations rally and to which almost everything is forgiven. It is this, again, which is tacitly acknowledged by the homage paid him in his last moments by his great adversary the Pope. He was born to a duty and a commission, and he was faithful to them to the last. On the continuance of the same qualities among the leading men of Italy must mainly depend her future progress in the career which Victor Emmanuel has given her. He will be always remembered, and deserves to be remembered, as the founder of his country in a sense in which few kings have ever been; and the grief which the Italians now suffer at his loss is founded on a just appreciation of his great merits.

POPE PIUS IX.

OBITUARY NOTICE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1878

THE long sufferings of the Pope, Pius IX., are at last at an end. We have outlived the longest and one of the most eventful Pontificates on record. The name of Pius IX. will probably be the last in the roll of the Pope-Kings, but it will be added to the number of the Pope-Saints—a high compensation, for the canonisation of Roman Pontiffs has been an extremely unfrequent occurrence during the long lapse of centuries since Peter's successors added to the bishop's mitre a monarch's diadem. Pius IX. will take his place among the Pope-Martyrs by the side of the many of his predecessors who underwent persecution, waged home and foreign wars, were the victims of conspiracy and rebellion, made experience of dethronement, restoration, exile, and captivity, of the various vicissitudes to which earthly sovereignty is liable—all calamities partly owing to the storms of the transitional period in which it was his lot to live, but partly, also, the consequences of the rashness and waywardness of his own physical and moral temperament, and of his attempts at unpractical and dangerous innovation. He lived "to see the years of Peter," an unprecedented distinction, and hailed as miraculous, violating a rule to which time had given almost the consistency of a destiny, and portending a change which marked the close of an exploded system and laid open the prospect of a new order of things. It was only as head of a Church, not as ruler of an ecclesiastical State, that Pius IX. exceeded his allotted span of twenty-five years, and thus broke the spell of that fatal tradition. It was no longer a temporal sovereignty that he, in compliance with the solemn oath taken at his acces-

sion, was able to hand down "intact" to his successor, but merely a spiritual dominion, to which he endeavoured to give a world-wide extension, and which he exposed to contests the issue of which will long be doubtful.

A failure as a prince, Pius IX. aspired to achieve transcendent success as a priest. With a mind of no breadth and a character of no real firmness, he flattered himself that he could crown the edifice of which the genius of Hildebrand had laid the foundation. It was only when the sceptre broke in his hand and the royal mantle fell from his shoulders that he put forth his claims to the authority of a king of kings. His ambition rose in the same measure as his territory dwindled; his pretensions expanded in proportion as his sphere of activity was limited.

Pius IX. was born at Sinigaglia, in the Marches, a province in the States of the Church, on the 13th of May 1792, or, according to other accounts, two years earlier. His name was Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, and his family, of Lombard extraction, belonged to that provincial nobility, ancient but impoverished, the number of which is prodigiously great in Italy, and especially in the Roman and Neapolitan districts. His brothers, whose number was considerable, and among whom longevity seemed to be the rule, were destined to a military career; and some of them achieved distinction in their youth in those wars of the First Napoleon in which the Italians had to take part now with one, now with the other, of their foreign invaders. Giovanni, as one of the cadets, is also said to have served either under French or Austrian colours, or perhaps both; but this could only be for a short time, and the real particulars of his life at this period are involved in some rather unaccountable obscurity. For such education as he received he was indebted to the Ecclesiastical College of Volterra, not a very renowned institution, where it seems he spent five or six years, and which he quitted in 1810. On the restoration of Pius VII., five years later, he entered the Guardia Nobile of the Vatican, but probably the limited fortunes of his family and the impression wrought upon him by an epileptic fit, apparently the first attack of a complaint which became chronic, induced him to make choice of the ecclesiastical profession; he was ordained, said his first mass, and lived in Rome for a few years as a chaplain or spiritual director of some hospitals, and was generally employed in deeds of charity, thereby winning, as it

is stated, the goodwill of Pius VII., though filling no post at his Court.

In 1823 he went out in the suite of Monsignor Muzi, who was appointed Apostolic Vicar in Chili, and travelled over a considerable extent of South America. He came back not long after the death of Pius VII., and found equal favour with the new Pontiff, Leo XII., who appointed him a prelate in his household, gave him a canonry in Santa Maria di Via Lata, and seconded the inclination of young Mastai to deeds of charity by naming him President of St. Michael's Hospital in Via Grande.

In 1827 Monsignor Mastai-Ferretti was created Archbishop of Spoleto, and five years later was transferred to the see of Imola. In the interval Leo XII. had died (1829) and had been followed by Pius VIII., after whose death, in February 1831, Gregory XVI. came to the throne. Those were years of great political commotion in France and throughout Europe, and especially in Italy and in the Roman States, where the successors of Pius VII., needing the support of Austria, had departed from the mild and wise rule introduced at that Pope's restoration by Cardinal Consalvi, and hardened their hearts against their subjects, aggravating temporal misrule by the reckless exercise of spiritual tyranny. The accession of Gregory XVI., whose election was well known to have been favoured by Austrian influence, was the signal for an outbreak in Central Italy, where the insurrection, triumphant at Parma, Modena, and Bologna, overran the Papal territory as far as Otricoli and up to the very walls of the Pontifical stronghold of Civita Castellana. Mastai-Ferretti, who, in his diocese of Spoleto, had to stand the brunt of this overwhelming movement, had no little trouble in assuaging the violent passions which raged around him, and was greatly aided in this arduous task by the reputation he had established as a man of liberal and benevolent opinions. "On one occasion," his biographer says, "he harangued the rebels in circumstances of personal risk, and peaceably disarmed them."

The revolutionary attempt of 1831, which had been secretly stirred up by French intrigue, was crushed by the Austrians in the month of March in the same year, but broke out again in the following spring of 1832 upon the withdrawal of the foreign bayonets, determining a new enterprise of Austria, which was in this instance seconded—under pretence of opposing it—by

a French expedition to the Adriatic and the occupation of Ancona, much to the astonishment of the world and to the utter disappointment and discouragement of the Italian patriots.

It was at the end of these turmoils that Mastai-Ferretti was made to pass from the see of Spoleto to that of Imola, a strange promotion from an archbishopric to a bishopric, which clerical writers, after the event, described as "a first step towards the Papacy," as Imola had already given two Popes—Alexander VII., in 1667, and Pius VII., in 1800—to the Church. It is by no means unlikely that this falling-off in the episcopal dignity was owing to displeasure given to Pope Gregory by Mastai-Ferretti's humane and enlightened views of the duties of a Pontifical Government; and these views, whether sincerely entertained or merely imposed by the exigencies of his perilous position, could hardly fail to be confirmed by the sense of his undeserved punishment, and by the atmosphere, as it were, of his new diocese, where about half a century before another bishop, Chiaramonti, afterwards Pope Pius VII., had edified his flock by homilies which Botta quotes as specimens of Catholic democratic eloquence, and which won the prelate of Imola the appellation of the Ecclesiastical Jacobin.

At Imola Mastai-Ferretti is said to have remained true to his Liberal convictions, to have shone as a reformer of abuses, to have encouraged the development of a more extensive knowledge in his diocesan seminary, and to have founded an *Accademia Biblica* somewhat on the plan of the Protestant Bible Societies, aiming at the diffusion of Hebrew history and the discussion of Scriptural subjects. He had also the credit of founding an orphan asylum and one for discharged convicts, bestowing some of his own money on these and similar institutions. As a reward he enjoyed a high popularity among his flock, who hailed him as "the Good Bishop," and held him up as a model, for the edification of other prelates. He was during this period sent on a temporary mission to Naples, where his Nunziatura coincided with the year of the cholera, "when, in a spirit worthy of San Carlo Borromeo, he disposed of his plate, furniture, and equipage, employing the produce of the sale for the relief of the poor sufferers, observing that 'when God's poor were dropping down from sickness in the streets, His ministers ought not to be going about in their carriages.'"

At last, whatever might be the disposition of mind of Pope

Gregory and of his Secretary of State, Cardinal Lambruschini, towards Mastai-Ferretti, they deemed it expedient to give in to popular opinion by raising the Bishop of Imola to the Cardinalate in December 1840, when he assumed the title of St. Peter and St. Marcellinus. He, however, continued to reside in his diocese till the year 1846, when, upon the death of Gregory XVI. on the 1st of June, he repaired to Rome to attend the Conclave.

Nothing could be more deplorable than the condition of the Ecclesiastical States at this juncture. Pope Gregory, who, after the removal of the French garrison from Ancona, relied for existence on Austrian support, and made himself a passive tool of Imperial policy, was seconded in his blind reactionary work by his State Secretary, Cardinal Lambruschini, a truculent, narrow-minded, avaricious Genoese monk, whose influence was irresistible both in Church and State, and was but feebly counteracted by Pellegrino Rossi, an Italian exile, formerly a Professor at Bologna, then filling at Rome the place of French Ambassador to the Holy See, and by the Diplomatic Agent of Charles Albert of Sardinia, who was then won over to the views of the Piedmontese Liberals and bent on resisting the pressure of Austria by appealing to the national aspirations of the people throughout the Italian Peninsula. The Cardinals, in Conclave assembled, felt that the deceased Pope had not only, by his despotic rule, diminished the ascendancy, but also, by his indulgence in ignoble pleasures and by his subjection to unworthy favourites, compromised the dignity of the Holy See; they had become aware of the necessity of rehabilitating a declining and, indeed, rapidly sinking institution by the election of a Pontiff who should correctly interpret the spirit of the age, and take the lead in the way of thorough political reforms.

The party displaying the most earnest zeal in this movement was called the Roman party, and was headed by Cardinal Gizzi, an accomplished Churchman and a thorough man of the world, who would have secured in his favour a sufficient majority of suffrages had it not been for his pursuit of gallant adventures. The votes of this portion of the Sacred College eventually centred, therefore, on the Bishop of Imola, against whose elevation no other obstacle was apprehended than the well-known and uncompromising enmity of Austria. The

party among the Cardinals bent on resistance to all innovation, and disposed to cling to the old system in all its repulsiveness, mustered under the leadership of Cardinal Lambruschini, the Secretary of State (from whom it took the name of the Genoese party), and looked upon him as their own candidate for the Tiara.

The Conclave was opened on the 14th of June, and only lasted fifty hours. Cardinal Lambruschini, who, with all his aptitude for intrigue, was too violent and impetuous to wait for the arrival of some of his partisans then on their way to Rome, attempted to carry his election by a *coup de main*, by which he determined the prompt action of his Liberal opponents, and alienated the support of Cardinal Franzoni, and of a considerable knot of his Conservative colleagues. The result was the return of Mastai-Ferretti by a majority of thirty-six votes out of the fifty electors present; thus more than fulfilling the exigencies of the rule followed in all Conclaves, which requires a candidate to have secured at least two-thirds of the suffrages. On the following day, the 17th, the expected Cardinals arrived, and among them Cardinal Gaysruck, Archbishop of Milan, who was the bearer of the secret instructions of the Court of Vienna to veto the elevation of the Bishop of Imola. Gaysruck came in too late by twelve hours, the election of Mastai-Ferretti having already been publicly announced on the previous night at midnight. Had the Milanese prelate been more expeditious in his movements, or had post-horses served him better, Mastai-Ferretti would have lost his chance, and the course of Roman, Italian, and, indeed, of the world's history would probably have been something very different from what has now to be written.

The election of Mastai-Ferretti, who took the name of Pius IX. in honour of his early benefactor, Pius VII., was decided on the 16th of June 1846. His coronation followed on the 21st. The intelligence of his exaltation took Rome and the world by surprise, because the common expectation was that the choice of the Conclave would fall upon Cardinal Gizzi, and because the name of the Bishop of Imola, though revered and beloved in his diocese, was obscure beyond its limits, and almost utterly unknown even to many of the members of the Sacred College. But it was soon understood that Mastai-Ferretti was the candidate of the Gizzi party, and his many

virtues, as well as his Liberal politics, were easily taken on credit.

It is an old maxim in Rome that a new Pope should usher in his reign by undoing whatever has been done by the old Pope ; and in this case there was a general conviction that a continuation of the system on which the Government had been carried on under the last three Pontiffs would be fraught with inevitable ruin both to Church and State. Pius IX. was advised that it behoved him to strike out an untrodden path ; and to begin he threw open the prisons into which his predecessors had crowded as many as 2000 political offenders. The decree, bearing date the 18th of July, was a *bond-fide* general amnesty, releasing all prisoners, recalling all exiles, and restoring them to their civil rights on the sole condition of their signing a simple declaration of allegiance. It took away the world's breath. The deed of mercy was interpreted as an act of retributive justice. The vanquished, it was understood, were henceforth to have their *revanche* ; the prisoners on their deliverance were expected to become the rulers ; and they were numerous, and almost strong enough to impose themselves upon the Pope, to haunt and beset him as a legion of monsters of his own creation, and to hurry him into a headlong career of reform — to plunge him into deep waters, neither himself nor any one knowing whether he would sink or swim. The Holy See was actually taken by storm. The Bishop of Imola had attempted improvements ; the new Pope should try reforms. The Bishop had founded academies ; the Pontiff should inaugurate Constitutions. The clamour of the multitudes was deafening and bewildering ; it electrified Rome ; it crazed all Italy ; it spread throughout Europe.

Never had there been so universal or so genuine a commotion in the Catholic, or even in the Protestant world. There was no limit to political aspirations ; none to religious expectations. The millennium was at hand. Not only were Rome and Italy to be free and independent ; not only was a new era to begin for all suffering nations, but there was to be a reconciliation of all creeds, a healing of all schisms, a recantation of all heresies, a Church of true, universal Christian charity, a regenerated world, with a "benevolent Pope" for its soul. No man of the present generation can imagine what frenzy seized the generation of thirty-one years ago ; no one could believe

how powerful, how wonder-working a talisman there was in those three words, "*Viva Pio Nono!*" The new Pope's portraits, his plaster casts, his tin medals, became household gods in huts and palaces; libertines and infidels were seen at masses and benedictions; the *Te Deum* was sung in all churches, in all chapels; even ranting radicals began to think that their business was over—that a priest would take the bread out of their mouths. Mazzini apostrophised the Liberal Pope with those words, "*Abbate fede, Santo Padre, siate credente*"; and Carlyle, the hero-worshipper, acknowledged that "the Old Chimera was rejuvenised."

Pius IX. was, indeed, "benevolent," but he was weak and vain; he had many of the virtues and some of the faults which are supposed to be peculiar to a feminine character. He had been modest, somewhat timid, as a prelate. The world's acclamation naturally inspired him with faith in himself. Greatness was thrust upon him; he was determined to achieve greatness. He made up his mind that his Pontificate should be memorable; that it should be an epoch of epochs in the annals of the Church and of the world. In all that admirable accord of cheering voices, however, the Pope, or the well-meaning advisers he had at first by his side, soon detected a jarring note. The Austrian Ambassador wore an ominous frown at all that pageant of Roman festivities. The French envoy, that same Pellegrino Rossi who had been recommending reforms to Pope Gregory, shook his head and looked grave as he heard of the intended reforms of Pope Pius. These were the last years of Louis Philippe, who, when asked by Charles Albert of Sardinia, in 1831, whether, in the event of his granting a constitution to his subjects and thereby incurring Austria's displeasure, he could always rely on French support, answered that "he, the Citizen King, was too sorely plagued with his own constitution to trouble his head about those of other people." In obedience to the same views Rossi was now instructed to give the Pope to understand that if His Holiness ventured beyond mere milk-and-water reforms, why, he would have to take the consequences.

France was not encouraging, but Austria was hectoring and bullying. She stood on her rights to keep her garrisons at Ferrara and Comacchio, which she had occupied during the disturbances of Romagna, in 1845, really upon the *J'y suis, et j'y reste* principle, but nominally on the ground of the Treaty of

Paris of 1815, which empowered her to take possession of those strongholds whenever it might be needful. But the new Pope protested that this occupation could only be at the request of the Court of Rome, and for its benefit; and that, as the new Pontificate had now no occasion for foreign aid, it had a right to demand the immediate evacuation of its territory and the removal of the obnoxious garrisons. It was a pretty quarrel, and the Pontiff was wellnigh expected to make good his words by deeds, and, as a new Julius II., to don Scipio's helmet, ride at the head of his Guardia Nobile, and reduce the citadels of Ferrara and Comacchio by siege or storm. Austria showed at that juncture the best part of valour—she withdrew across the Po, but the impression remained that in the event of a collision between Italian patriotism and foreign domination, Pius IX. and the flag of the Cross Keys would not fail to take their place at the head of the national ranks.

Events, meanwhile, were maturing. Charles Albert of Sardinia, wounded in his pride by Austrian ill-treatment, and bent on recovering a popularity which the early years of his reign had grievously compromised, made his peace with his subjects by concessions which greatly exceeded whatever had been hitherto attempted in Rome, and assumed towards Austria a dignified attitude, which, backed as it was by a valiant and tolerably well-disciplined army, was entitled to more serious consideration than a mere unarmed Papal protest. In Naples and Sicily at this same period King Ferdinand tried all that fire and sword could do to quell the rebellious spirit of his subjects, and, though successful on the mainland, he met with repeated failures in the island. The eventful 1848 now dawned. The throne of Louis Philippe was overthrown in February. German monarchs strove to prop their own by free charters, and Constitutionalism was now the word throughout Italy. The first movement was made by King Ferdinand in Naples; it was followed in self-defence by Charles Albert in Turin; by Leopold II. in Tuscany; and the Pope, who had vainly endeavoured to keep his ground in his people's affections by an abortive *Consulta*, summoned a lay Ministry about him, and directed them to draw up a scheme of representative Government with two Chambers, a free press, a national guard, and all the trappings with which people wished to be harnessed in those days.

Constitutions, however, were not all the Italians wanted ; they were by no means what they most particularly wanted. Their wish was to drive out the Austrians, to be masters in their own houses, to rule the destinies of their country, establish its independence, and give it some bond of union or unity. The first interpreters of these national aspirations were the Milanese, who overpowered Radetzky within their own walls after the fight of their five ever-memorable March days. Next followed Charles Albert, who led his victorious Piedmontese to the Mincio, thereby determining the success of the revolution throughout the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. With him the youth of all Italy came up to the rescue, and in their rear, and not without reluctance, the royal army and fleet of the Neapolitan Bourbon. Pius IX. was a Liberal, he was a patriot, he was all that his subjects wished him to be ; but he was a sovereign, he was a priest, he was a man. As a sovereign he considered that his gain in any military enterprise could never be as large as that of the Piedmontese king, who already showed a decided inclination to secure the lion's share for himself. As a priest, he found out that his sacred ministry forbade him to shed blood and to wage war against any Christian nation, a theory which did not prevent his using a neighbour's armies to go to war with his own subjects. He seemed also to have been startled by some pointed warnings from Vienna that, if he persevered in his national crusade, Austria would also, for her part, nationalise her own Church and withdraw her bishops from all spiritual allegiance to Rome. As a man, besides, and a vain man, the Holy Father was hurt by the visible turn the tide of public opinion had taken in Italy, where the shouts of "*Viva Carlo Alberto !*" were rapidly out-crowding the now hated cry of "*Viva Pio Nono !*"

The benevolent Pontiff yielded to a fit of petty feminine spite. He sent an order to Durando, who, with 12,000 Pontifical troops and volunteers, had already joined Charles Albert, to recross the border instantly—an order to which his general, of course, could not and would not attend, and he issued that fatal Encyclic of 23rd April, the moral of which was that his office as a Pontiff was not compatible with his duty as an Italian.

The sequel was sorrowful. Charles Albert, forsaken by Naples, harassed by Mazzini, and clogged by his own military

incapacity, was overpowered in Lombardy. Freedom in Naples, in Tuscany, in Parma, in Modena, was stifled in blood with or without Austrian aid, and Pius IX. found himself face to face with his subjects, bound by his own rash engagements to an impracticable, impossible Constitution, thoroughly disgusted with his own work, and fully determined to undo it, if skill and opportunity could be of any avail. He built up one Ministry after another, and at last made choice of Rossi, who, after the fall of Louis Philippe, had remained at Rome in a private capacity, and who, as a *doctrinaire* of the Guizot school, was paradoxical enough, after all recent experience, to conceive that he could reconcile the theory and practice of Constitutional freedom with the pretensions and privileges of the Roman Catholic Church. But he fell the victim of a cowardly assassination at the door of the Parliament he was going to open on the 15th of November, and after his death all the fiends of anarchy ran riot in the streets of Rome, and the Pope, threatened by the mob at his own palace at the Quirinal, where his secretary was shot by his side on the balcony from which the Pope attempted to address the multitude, saw no way of safety except in flight, which he effected by the help of the Bavarian Minister, or his wife, the Countess Spaur, who smuggled him away in her carriage disguised as a domestic or as a common priest, and conveyed him safely across the frontier on the 24th of November 1848. Some of the Pope's biographers give the credit of saving him at this crisis to the French Ambassador, D'Harcourt.

Matters did not mend in Rome in the Pope's absence. The Mamiani Ministry, which he had left behind him, broke down at once. Men of extreme views and of no scruple came into power, and a Roman Republic was proclaimed in February 1849, of which Mazzini was invited to take the direction as one of the Triumvirate on the 30th of March. This did not suit the Government and Assembly of the sister Republic of France, whose President, Louis Napoleon, making himself the interpreter of the national will, organised an expedition to Rome under Oudinot, by whom, after a first repulse, the Italian patriots, who fought with heroism under Garibaldi, were overpowered. The city was compelled to surrender on 3rd July, and everything was made ready for the restoration of the Papal Government and for a return of the Pontiff, who, however, put off his entrance into his capital till the beginning of April 1850.

The choice of Naples—Gaeta at the beginning, and Portici towards the close of his exile—as a land of refuge, in preference to France, Austria, or English Malta, which were equally open to him, was an earnest of the frame of mind in which the Pope quitted Rome and returned to it. He brought back the spirit of his host, the Bourbon king. Those who gave him credit for “benevolence,” for the mildness and clemency befitting the name of Pius, by which he chose to go down to posterity, merely judged from the set smile on his dimpled face, from the pleasing gentleness of his voice and address, and from a habitual jocularly which was not always good-natured or amiable. But the truth is that he was, or became, at least at this period of his life, both obstinate and vindictive. He had been subjected to ill-treatment and outrage by some of his subjects, it is true, and the punishment of the assassins of Rossi and of Monsignor Palma, as well as of the other authors of the November movement, would have been just, however severe.

But the Pope did not seem to consider that upon his departure his people were scarcely any longer responsible for their doings—that their allegiance had passed from him to the Government which, whatever might be thought of its origin or of its constitution, upheld that national principle which the Pope had first proclaimed and then abjured, and stood up in defence of their country's territory against an invader who made religion a pretext for political party manœuvre. The Pope drew no distinction between the innocent and the guilty among his people. He betrayed an indecent joy at the defeat of his adversaries, and applauded Prince Doria, who raised the monument to the memory of Frenchmen who had come to slay Italians without provocation and without good cause for a quarrel on their own part. Those who were by the side of Pius IX. at his return, those who saw and heard him even in what should have been his guarded moments, never allowed him the merit of that meek and forgiving temper which ought to be the badge of every Christian, and ought especially to become the head of Christianity. The fact is he never forgave himself for having once said, “*Benedite o Sommo Iddio all' Italia!*” Repentance of that short whim, or *vellètà*, of patriotism and liberalism sank deep in his heart, and he seemed determined that the penance should fall on his subjects,

and that his Government should be like that of King Domba—that of a sovereign at war with his subjects.

It must be said, also, by way of exculpation, that his rule had, on his return, lost much of its personal character, and the responsibility of the worst acts of his Government weighs in a great measure on the men, or man, to whom, in his estrangement from temporal interests, he entrusted the management of public affairs. The Cardinals upon whom, out of gratitude for their support at the Conclave, Pius IX. had at first bestowed the highest offices in the State—such as Bernetti and Gizzi—had fallen away from him in their alarm at the subversive policy into which their sovereign was being urged by his longing for popularity.

Among the members of the Sacred College who showed the greatest readiness to share his adverse fortune, no one made himself so conspicuous as Antonelli, a man who had already risen to influence in the councils of Gregory XVI., and whom Pius himself had raised to the Cardinalate, and to a place in the Ministry in June 1847. Antonelli was the inseparable companion and sole adviser of his master at Gaëta and Portici, and enjoyed his unlimited confidence on his return, even before he was raised to the supreme dignity of Secretary of State in September 1850. The Secretary was from first to last rather feared than loved by his master, who was nevertheless only too happy to leave him all the odium of the reactionary policy upon which there was perfect agreement between them. To all the solicitations of his subjects, to the remonstrances of his wiser and more humane counsellors, and to the incessant warnings, and even threats, of the Emperor Napoleon, who had to answer at Paris for the misrule of his *protégé* at Rome, the invariable answer of the Pope was a reference to his Prime Minister; and this man, whose ability was unquestionable, but who was restrained by no scruple, was at no loss for plausible arguments by which he could justify as necessary the conduct to which the stubborn will of his sovereign never failed to give a tacit approval.

The ascendancy of Antonelli in all State matters outweighed all the joint efforts of those disinterested friends who had crowded the Pope's ante-chambers in the early stage of his career, and whom now death, or disgust, or intrigue removed from his side, and who were gradually superseded by Court

minions, whose business was complaisance to the master and subserviency to the useful servant. Only in one instance was Pius IX. advised to perform the part of a personal temporal ruler, and this was in 1857, when he made the tour of his dominions "for the purpose of seeing with his own eyes, and hearing with his own ears, what were the wants of his people;" but the result, as might be expected, was only to add to the irritation of the Pontiff and to widen the breach between him and his subjects. The tour only added to the public dissatisfaction, and extinguished such sparks of the Pope's popularity as might still linger in those provinces in which Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti's "good intentions" were still a matter of innocent belief.

In his heart of hearts, and in spite of the suggestions of pernicious flatterers, Pius IX. felt that his political career on the throne had been a failure; but no disappointment could cure him of the fond conceit that his Pontificate was destined to eclipse the glory of his most renowned predecessors. Full of this ambition, and impelled by the restlessness of his nervous temperament, he now turned to the Church that attention which before his flight and banishment he had almost exclusively bestowed on the State. He summoned Jesuit theologians to his side; he recalled and reconstituted their discomfited and scattered order; he canonised saints, lavished indulgences, countenanced miracles, attempted and enforced conversions, marked out new dioceses in Protestant communities, and at last ventured on subtle polemic discussions and daring definitions of new dogmas. An absolute ruler by all his instincts, he liked to surround himself with all the pageant of a large retinue, and, not satisfied with his ordinary Court, he sought every opportunity of calling together a full array of his hierarchy. It was now for the hallowing of the Japanese martyrs, now for the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, now for the 1800th anniversary of the death of St. Peter, that the bishops of all Christendom were invited to assemble round the tomb of the Apostles; and it was from this series of great solemnities, from the gratification which the homage of so many prelates ministered to his overweening vanity, that the idea of an Ecumenic Council, vague at first and undefined, but irrepressible, sprang up and grew and absorbed all the Pope's faculties.

A Council, he well knew, was a Church Parliament. Its

institution had become an anachronism since, at its last meeting at Trent in the sixteenth century, a packed majority of Latin, chiefly of Italian prelates, had made over all the powers of the hierarchy to its supreme head, and virtually abolished the Constitution of the Church, submitting it to a close, absolute, Pontifical government. The Vatican Council of 1869 was originally intended as a mere pageantry, like all the other previous festivities. There was no programme for this great priestly gathering; no notion of discussion, or of any opposition to such order of the day as it might please the *Curia*, the knot of Roman Monsignors, to propose. The dogma of Papal Infallibility was an afterthought, a subtle cavil and quibble of some of the Pope's Jesuits, a Passaglia or a Curci, who thought on these subjects as Italians, and held that, as the infallibility of the Church was universally accepted by all Catholics, this divine gift, which resided in the whole establishment or in its Councils so long as the Church was a free or representative community, had become vested in the Pontiff since, by the act of the Synod of Trent, the Holy Father had been empowered to say, "*l'Église c'est moi.*"

The Jesuitic cabal at Rome and its uncompromising partisans abroad had, indeed, good reason to be surprised and alarmed at the storm which the first announcement of these arrogant designs of the Papacy raised beyond the Alps, and especially in the German and Austrian dioceses. But they were reassured when they saw that, trusting in the justice of their cause and in the soundness of their arguments, the prelates of the Opposition consented to travel to Rome and to take their seats in the Sacred Assembly, and that, waiving for the sake of union and harmony the fundamental question, they limited their objections to matters of expediency, such as the opportuneness of the discussion at this crisis, the unfriendly disposition of their flocks, and the displeasure of the lay potentates, whose presence at such gatherings had been an almost invariable rule, and who had hardly ever suffered them to be held without their approval.

The Pope and his advisers, however, relied on the enormous majority of the Latin, and especially of the Italian, Episcopate. They had not the best of the argument, but they carried everything by their overwhelming vote, and reduced their opponents to a loud but unavailing protest, which they were soon com-

pelled to repent and abjure ; and in July 1870 Pius IX. had the consolation of proclaiming that "the Roman Pontiff, when he speaks *ex cathedra*—i.e. when in discharge of the office of pastor and teacher of all nations he defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the universal Church—is, by the Divine assistance promised to him in the person of the blessed Peter, possessed of that infallibility with which the Divine Redcemer willed that His Church should be endowed in defining doctrines regarding faith or morals, and that, therefore, such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are of themselves, and not from the consent of the Church, irreformable."

It was a great achievement, and its magnitude will, perhaps, be better understood, its importance better tested, and its consequences, good or bad, better developed under some of the successors of Pius IX. The result, in so far as that Pontiff himself was concerned, was considerably affected by the political vicissitudes in which his reign was involved only two months later.

The restorer of the Papal throne in 1849 had ample leisure to appreciate the effect of his own work in subsequent years. Beset by the cares of his precarious position, bewildered by the maze of his wavering, tentative policy, the Emperor Napoleon looked upon his occupation of Rome as an incubus of which he vainly wished to rid himself on any terms. His suggestions to the Pope's Ministers of measures by which they should remove the scandal of the ecclesiastical rule were met in every instance by Antonelli with his inexorable *Non possumus*. It became evident to Napoleon III. that the Pope either must remain the same as he had always been or must cease to be. The time came when, for the difficulties by which the Emperor was hampered at home, no other remedy suggested itself than some *coup de tête* of an adventurous enterprise abroad. *Il lui fallut déborder* ; and Italy was chosen as the field of his compulsory activity.

The victories of Magenta and Solferino determined the occupation of the Papal Legations, which were not allowed to return to their allegiance at the peace of Villafranca and Zurich in 1859. In the following year France, won over by the cession of Savoy and Nice, countenanced the further spoliation of the Marches and Umbria and their annexation to the Italian Kingdom, which soon extended its sway over Naples and Sicily, including the Papal enclaves of Benevento and Pontecorvo.

The Pope's dominions were now reduced to the city of Rome and its province, together with St. Peter's patrimony, Viterbo, and the district of Velletri. Farther than this the Pope's patron did not mean that Italian encroachment should extend. In his anxiety to wash his hands of the Pope and to withdraw from Rome his protecting garrison, the successor of Pepin and Charlemagne extorted from the feeble Italian Government the Convention of September 1866, implying a removal of the Italian capital to Florence, and a more or less openly acknowledged renunciation of the claim to Rome. The French tricolour was thus let down from the castle of St. Angelo, and the Pope was left to the protection of his own Zouaves. Rattazzi's intrigues and Garibaldi's rashness broke through that Convention, and the hands of adventurers which had overthrown the Bourbons in the Two Sicilies pressed forward into the shrunken Papal territory till they were in sight of St. Peter's dome.

Here, however, the French emperor again interposed ; the tide of invasion was forced back by De Failly's chassecapots at Mentana, on the 3rd of November 1867, and M. Rouher pronounced that emphatic "*Jamais !*" which was meant to assure the Pope from all future molestation. Less than three years later Napoleon surrendered his sword at Sedan ; the French Imperial Zouaves again filed off at Porta Pancrazio, and, presently, on the 20th of September 1870, the *Bersaglieri* of General Cadorna burst in at Porta Pia.

Thus ended the temporal power and the actual reign of Pius IX., in the third month of its twenty-fourth year. The Pontificate outlasted the years of St. Peter, even reckoning the time of his government of the Church at Antioch. The Pope was left in possession of the Vatican, and his independent position was ensured by the Law of Guarantees, establishing the inviolability of his person as well as of his attendants, and of his postal and telegraphic correspondence, with a free diplomatic intercourse, and all the honours and privileges becoming a sovereign rank, with a competent Civil List of £200,000 yearly. Pius IX. ignored the guarantees, declined the assignment, and maintained a sullen, hostile attitude, allowing his partisans to declare that he was under restraint, and considered himself a prisoner in the Vatican. To that palace and its garden he, in fact, confined himself with great determination year after year.

The incessant bickerings between the apostolic reclusé and those whom he designated as his sacrilegious persecutors, the endless complaints of the Pontifical retinue, and the petty gossip and scandal of the rival diplomatic establishments which France and, after her example, if not at her instigation, the other Catholic Powers accredited to the two hostile Courts of the Vatican and the Quirinal, kept up a ferment in Rome which would have been repeatedly attended by violent collision had it not been for the marvellous discretion and long-suffering of the Italian authorities on the one side, and, on the other, for the timely intervention of the soundest party among the Pope's advisers, and especially of the wary and worldly-wise Antonelli during his lifetime. It was by the crafty and temporising astuteness of the latter that the Pope was at first dissuaded from venturing on so desperate a course as a second flight from Rome would have been, a resolution from which His Holiness, whatever might be his inclination, was in later days debarred by advancing age and infirmity, which put any thought of his again setting out on his travels altogether out of the question.

Advised, or compelled, to stay where he was, the Pope was determined to make the most of his position, and to turn his alleged captivity to the best account. He filled the world with his grievances, and vented his withering displeasure in those endless jeremiads of his allocutions and encyclicals, which, freely printed in every newspaper in Italy and abroad, made a display of his scribe's eloquence, and won him a reputation which was not acquired without some detriment to his dignity. His complaints found, however, very ready sympathy throughout the Roman Catholic world, and especially among the Ultramontane party, which studied everything that could enliven the Pontiff's solitude and soothe his weariness and chagrin by incessant visits, by pilgrimages, and by the tender of pecuniary subventions, which made both himself and his vast *entourage* independent of Italian bounties, and heaped treasures at the Vatican which strangely contrasted with the destitute condition of the Italian national exchequer.

Through all these years of hope deferred and disappointment, the faith of the sanguine old man never deserted him. To the very last he cherished the expectation that something would turn up; that Providence would interfere on behalf of a cause which, in his opinion, was the cause of heaven. In his deep

conviction that the independence of the Church was bound up with the existence of the temporal power, he looked for friends among all those nations which he fancied inimical to Italian interests, and shaped his ecclesiastical policy by the dictates of his worldly views. Thus it happened that he almost invariably found himself committed to the losing cause, and gave his countenance to the party against which fortune, or, as he called it, Providence, gave sentence; and this so constantly, so perseveringly, that he was at last suspected by the vulgar multitude in Rome of having the "evil eye," and bringing misfortune to all those upon whom his favour rested. It is thus that Francis Joseph of Austria, Napoleon III. of France, Queen Isabella of Spain, Don Carlos, the Sultan, MacMahon, and many others came to ill-fortune as soon as they were known to rely on the Pope's support and to have secured his blessings.

Not satisfied with the open war he was waging against Italy, he brought upon himself a variety of other quarrels, chiefly arising from the pretensions he grounded on the newly-established principle of his own Infallibility. The most formidable of these was connected with the solidarity established by their common interests between the Italian and the German nationality, and the apprehended determination of France to make the disruption and subjugation of the weaker country a stepping-stone to that revenge which she was supposed to meditate against the stronger one. With Russia, with the Latin Churches in the Levant, and even with the Spanish Republics of South America, some of which, as that of Ecuador, voted half their yearly revenue to be consecrated to the Pope under the denomination of Peter's pence, the Court of the Vatican did, at various times, within the period of its worldly dethronement, contrive to be at strife. In France the Vatican Court was the chief cause of that dissension between the Republic and its President of which the Pope could scarcely hope to live to see the permanent termination, or even the immediate consequences; and in Turkey his predilection for the Mussulman cause, or his ill-will to the Greek Church, led to the grievous distress of his own treasury and of the purses of his supporters; large sums of Ultramontane money having improvidently been invested in the Ottoman funds.

As years and infirmities advanced, and the Pope began to apprehend that the fulness of the times to which he looked

forward with most persevering confidence was no longer likely to be accomplished during his own life, he was haunted by some anxiety as to the condition in which the Church would find herself upon the Holy See becoming vacant; and he debated in his own mind, and discussed with his advisers, the project of attempting to influence the choice of his successor. The number of Cardinals who had attended the Conclave of 1846 which had led to his own elevation, had been reduced by death to three or four; and the ranks of the hundred or more whom he had created at various stages in his career had been so rapidly thinned from the same cause that, in the year 1874, the Sacred College consisted of only forty-five members. As six years had elapsed without any distribution of red hats, it began to be surmised that the Pope had an object in his proceedings; that he thought his authority in attempting to influence a future Conclave would be more easily exercised on a small number of voters, and especially on the majority of those he had at hand in Rome—*Cardinali di Curia*, as they are called, habitual frequenters of the Vatican, and men accustomed to an almost unbounded submission to the Pontiff's behests. The votes of a sufficient majority of these were supposed to have been secured on behalf of a Papal nominee, and it was stated, moreover, that a sealed brief, or bull, in the Pope's hand, was laid in some of His Holiness's drawers, whence it would be drawn out by a trusty hand the moment the breath was out of his body, the seal broken, and the contents of this Papal last will and testament communicated to the knot of Cardinals, whose compliance could be reckoned upon as fully as their discretion.

The bull, however, had probably no existence, except in the fervid brain of some quidnuncs, and it was long before the death of Cardinal Riario Sforza, Archbishop of Naples, whose name was mentioned as that of the candidate of the Pope's choice, that Pius IX., at once changing his mind, or, at least, his conduct, began to create one batch of Cardinals after another with such good effect that before the middle of the year 1877 the members of the Sacred College were sixty-two, and there was every appearance of the Pope's intention to reach the full number of seventy. It was also observed that while, in 1868, the roll of the foreign Cardinals was limited to one-fifth of the whole College, being thus kept within the proportions established

by usage, the Pope from that date seemed to deal more liberally towards the foreign prelates, the proportion being twenty-six foreign out of a roll of sixty-two Cardinals; a line of conduct on his part leading to the surmise that he had abandoned all hope of being able to bias the minds of those who were to gather in Conclave round his deathbed, as the election could now no longer be held, as it were, *en famille*, and he could not presume to find so large an assembly, as the next meeting must be, amenable to his posthumous suggestions, nor could he count on the compliance of so many men placed by the duties of their office in distant dioceses altogether beyond reach of his influence.

In the midst of these plans for the future, and of the anxiety of mind attendant upon their discussion, the Pope's body was gradually, but perceptibly, succumbing to the infirmity of which the end had long been predicted. Gifted with a marvellous vitality, in spite of his liability to an illness which so often counterfeited death, he contrived to battle, and, so to say, to dodge the enemy, and almost to reach the age to which nature seemed to entitle the majority of the members of his family. Deprived during the summer months of the power of locomotion, then, as the autumn advanced, denied the benefit of the free air of his garden, to which the mildness of the climate allowed him to be carried in his arm-chair, he was at first condemned to a sitting, then to a recumbent position, till it was at last understood that he would never leave his bed, except to be removed to his coffin. From that prostrate state he had short intervals of apparent recovery; but a restoration to the free use of his limbs was out of the question. Little rest was permitted to him even at the last stage of his sufferings; for of all men a Pope is the one whose active personal rule can be least dispensed with, the one whose infallibility can least be deputed to a proxy, the one whose sovereignty least admits of a regency, the one on whom the duty of dying in harness is most inexorably incumbent. In the case of Pius IX. the freshness and lucidity of mind, which never forsook him to the last, and his jealousy of a power of which he loved at least the semblance, precluded the possibility of those delusions and juggleries by which the will of a dying Pontiff has been in many instances forged by the bystanders. Pius IX. died with all his wits about him.

The repeated failures of Pius IX., both as a spiritual and a temporal ruler, were in some measure redeemed by his character

as a private man. He was benevolent, liberal, affable in his general intercourse, sharp-witted, sanguine and cheerful, chatty and sociable, never so happy as when he could doff his Apostolic dignity and come down from his Pontifical pedestal. Even among the stiffness of his State receptions he would indulge in a little by-play, and would turn to his trusty attendants with an occasional aside, which did not always escape the visitors among whom he chose the butts of his humorous shafts. At the fag-end of one of these levees his Chamberlain informed him that some young ladies were still in the ante-chamber waiting to be admitted to the honour of kissing the Apostolic ring, and the Pope, nodding his consent and looking towards the door, presently descried the damsels who were being ushered in, conspicuous for the towering headgear with which fashion, at that season, cumbered her female votaries. "*Santo Padre*," said the Chamberlain, preceding and announcing the fair bevy, "*Le Signorine Guerrieri!*" "*Me ne sono accoto dai cimieri*," quoth His Holiness, and forthwith he put on his most winning smile, and bestowed on the high-crested maidens his most solemn benediction. There was something almost personal in the puns and quibbles he was fond of perpetrating, even at the expense of his best friends, and quite without a shade of bitterness or malice. He wondered at De Angelis, the Cardinal-Bishop of Fermo, "*da tanti anni infermo senza morir mai*." The dying state of Cardinal Barili suggested to him the consolation that *Se anche si perdesse il barile rimarrebbe sempre la botte*, the "butt" or cask in the case being the Falstaff-like corpulence of Cardinal Bartolini. The jokes were harmless and almost childish; but it should be borne in mind that Pius IX. was eighty-six years old, and that stereness, or even great earnestness, was no part of his idiosyncrasy.

Naturally joyous and buoyant as was his disposition, the Pope was, however, subject to fits of sudden irritability, touchy and impatient, and above all things he was resentful of any presumption on his condescension, any approach to disrespect towards his person or dignity. He was easily ruffled by direct and frank contradiction. If it came to any divergence of views, who should know better than the Infallible? His instincts tended to goodwill to all men, and in youth he had friends; but there was something indiscriminate and somewhat instable in his affections, and, after his elevation, he was too full of him-

self to be capable of much expansion to other men. It was attested to his credit that he was free from the besetting sin of other Popes—he was no nepotist; but it is well to observe that, after his return from Gaëta, it was not he who would not befriend and promote his relations; the estrangement was owing to his brothers, who condemned his reactionary policy, and would not come near him. On the throne Pius IX. found solitude. That same necessity of his position which compelled him to put up with men whom he feared, like Autonelli, closed his heart against those whom he might have felt prompted to love.

On the other hand, he was severe and even terrible to those who had, justly or unjustly, incurred his displeasure; but it must be said, in justice to him, that the implacability of his enmity arose from his consciousness of his unerring judgment, and from the conviction that opposition to him was as unpardonable a sacrilege as rebellion to heaven. The world has not forgotten his treatment of Cardinal d'Andrea, but has not heard much of his harshness to more obscure persons, upon whom his wrath was poured out with even more unsparing measure. Not naturally strong in argument, and not provided with a large stock of knowledge, the Pope relied on vehemence for the means of overcoming his adversaries in controversy. Many of the Italian and even some of the foreign prelates were convinced against their will about the dogma of infallibility; some because unable to withstand his cajoling, some because unwilling to expose themselves to his wrath and reproaches.

The Pope's health, after declining throughout the summer, threatened to give way in the autumn, and on the 23rd of November he was deprived of the use of his limbs, and never rose from his bed except to be laid in an arm-chair in a reclining position. Even in that state, however, he held two Consistories, created new Cardinals, appointed bishops, and received the visits of diplomatists and other distinguished personages. In the early part of the present year the illness and death of Victor Emmanuel caused him deep emotion, and awakened sympathies which induced him to send words of forgiveness and gave rise to some vague hopes of reconciliation between Church and State. But the hostile suggestions of uncompromising Ultramontanes again hardened the old Pontiff's heart, and one of his last acts is said to have been to prepare an allocution protesting against the accession of Humbert as King of Italy.

LEADING ARTICLE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1878

Pio Nono, on whom for more than thirty years the civilised world has lavished an amount of interest, admiration, curiosity, and even affection, far beyond the due measure of mortal man, is no more. As we read these words we seem to sever a great link with the past, and to see the world itself collapsing, shifting, moving onwards to a new stage of human affairs, if not to a new order of things. About this name, as to a common focus, have gathered all the questions that occupy the larger heart of man. Whatever is believed, or hoped, or feared, or designed, on any scale beyond that of private need, Pius IX. has had inevitably a place in the calculation. If any one wished to realise the unseen, or to forecast the future, to unite the scattered, to elevate the base, to inform the rude, or to do any one of the good works that are the works of the age, he had to count Pius IX. for a friend or a foe, directly or indirectly working for, against, or beside him. Such is the aim, and, in this instance, the actual achievement, of the system which recognises almost a present divinity in the personage it has created, and sustains him with all its faith, all its energy and resources.

As one singled out to act a superhuman part, and thereby condemned to continual shortcoming and inevitable failure, Pius IX. has been for nearly thirty-two years daily before the world, toiling in one way or another to justify his choice, to prove his divine mission, and to govern the world. Hence there is hardly a capacity in which man can be distinguished in which Pius IX. has not been prominent, whatever his success or the meed of his merit. His suggestive energy and ambition have been so multifarious that even the laborious race of biographers will recoil from the enumeration of all that he has attempted. They will not agree as to his merits, for his warmest admirers will have something to qualify and excuse. His beginning was not as his end, and the third of a century which makes so great a figure in the annals of the Papacy was nearly all occupied by an abandonment of his original policy and by a retractation of solemn professions. This, however, has only added to the versatility of a really remarkable career, and to that picturesqueness which interests even more than consistency.

Whatever anybody has been that he could boast of in this

century, excepting only what even a Pope could not with propriety wish to be, Pius IX. has been likewise. He has presented himself to the world as a reformer in Church and State, a purifier of institutions, an enemy of abuses, an organiser of society, an arbitrator of differences, the unbounded dispenser of dignities and powers, the patron of art, the guardian and representative of the grandest traditions in the world. Words fail to describe a part so ambitious as to include all parts in one, and to claim not only all the world, all space, and all time, but the infinite and eternal also, for its proper and rightful sphere. Whoever essays duties so various and a dominion so wide must needs have either preternatural gifts or most plausible accomplishments. That a man should wish everything can only be justified by a true warrant from heaven, or excused by delusion, or have the palliation of time and circumstances. On the spiritual part of the wonderful career just ended there will, of course, be differences beyond our province. In all that comes within human measurement Pius IX. could only expect, and has accordingly received, the judgment of man, and his most ardent friends and admirers cannot point to his temporal successes as the pledge and earnest of preternatural powers.

Yet he was so remarkable a man that he might be said to be born and constituted for what he had to do, and what he has, indeed, done. Nobly born, with gentle surroundings and generous aspirations, he had withal a kindly and winning nature which gave him the full benefit of these advantages. He had a melodious voice and graceful delivery, mother wit, and an unflinching flow of language. He had the royal gift of knowing everybody, and everything in which everybody was interested. Nothing ever shook his self-possession or, perhaps we might add, his self-satisfaction. His knowledge of Scripture and of theology was equal to all persons and all occasions. Every day he had a life in ceremonies, a life in society, and a life in the politics of his Church, yet was as much at home in all as if each were his sole occupation.

As the reasonable part of mankind have long since come to the conclusion that no one man is equal to the absolute government of a State, let alone the whole world, for a single day, much less thirty years, we need not say that it is only a mode of life and a dramatic action we are speaking of; but it was something to assume such a part. Long habit, a gentle strain,

and friendly aid made that easy which to most people would be intolerable. He seemed to live in a restless activity that just stopped short of killing him. Perhaps it could hardly be called peculiar to him that he won the special affection of those who incline to what is called the feminine side of thought and feeling. He knew well in which sex the majority was with him ; in which it was against him. But that is only to say the feminine nature is the more imaginative, the more susceptible, and the more inclined to reverence and devotion. Take the late Pope all in all, one could not imagine a man better fitted to perform the part of priest and king, were it now possible, and had it a place in things as they are. Could anybody bear unbounded honours so meekly, or wield more than giant's strength so gently ? If all the world is to gather at the foot of such a throne, and submit all its differences to such a lord and master, where should we find one whom it would be less disagreeable or difficult to love, honour, and obey ?

The throne thus conceived seems now to have had its fairest, greatest, and last trial. The Pope, such a Pope as there never was before, without a parallel since the first of the long series, has been tried and found wanting. He has failed as a temporal ruler ; how far he has failed in regard to that other pretension, which is immeasurable, and which refuses to be convicted by present failure, time may yet show. He began his Pontificate with a design for which it has been said he had been preparing for many years, and with good opportunities—the reform of the civil administration. Upon this part of his new duties he had already digested his knowledge and laid his plans when he ascended the throne. Thereupon he announced his design, and accumulated a vast mass of information, corresponding to the reports on which our own Parliamentary measures are founded. All Europe looked on in a maze of hopes and fears. For a few short months there was no such name as Pío Nono on the lips of sorrowing, but still aspiring humanity.

But on the waves of congratulation came the surge of the universal Republic, and Rome became the city of political liberty as well as of spiritual obedience. The great European rising of 1848 finally cut short the design, and when Pius IX. returned to the Vatican from Portici the pile of materials for administrative reform had disappeared. So, also, it subsequently

proved, had the intention of any such measures. The programme of a Liberal though Papal Sovereign was countermanded. What took its place was that other project of ecclesiastical reform to be based on the universal admission of Papal Infallibility. In whatever shape that work had visited the earlier dreams of the Pope, it now assumed the form of a series of triumphant advances to be made by faith into the domain of reason. The Church was to advance against nations, sovereigns, constitutions and laws, and the entire human race, commanding them to yield an absolute submission, to believe what they were told, to do what they were bid, and to look to no other source of conviction or authority. The Vatican Council was but the culminating measure of a long train. It, too, like the former attempt to realise a Papal King, was rudely interrupted, this time by a thunder-cloud of war, of which the later bolts fell on the Holy City itself. The Papal reformation of the Catholic Church has been arrested in the very first step. Except that the title of Infallibility has been proclaimed, as it happened, with heaven's own thunders drowning the acclaim, the reformation of manners, discipline, and orders stands still, and nothing has been done.

But, it will be said, it is not in the present only that a Pope lives and acts. He binds the future to the past, and reconciles all times. His work is without beginning or end, and always looks onwards farther and farther as the world seems to close around him with its mined surface and its short reckonings. What, then, can the future do to make up for the past, and to show that Pius IX. has been as great in truth as in seeming? Perhaps it will be said that he has exhibited a sublime ideal—the ideal of a true Pope and a true Church. We are supposed to see in the "First Dogmatical Constitution" how human society ought to be constituted, and how it would be if it knew its true happiness. But there is nothing in that portentous document which needed a Pope or a Council, or any other privileged and concentrated form of intelligence, to teach us.

Throughout the revelations vouchsafed to mankind by Pius IX. there is no novelty whatever. It is the oldest of old stories, for nothing is so old and stale, and worn out, and exploded as despotism. The Papal theory, as now lastly developed and stereotyped, is faith and obedience, delivered from all questions of conscience, and all those difficulties in which sound

moralists place the school of our higher natures. "Believe what we tell you, and do what we bid you," is the cuckoo cry of a thousand teachers and preachers. The world has gained nothing by this demand being now made louder than ever, with a greater multitude of voices, with more extravagance of speech, in a higher key, and with more of that language which impresses only by its obscurity. For centuries we have heard of Infallibility. It has been asserted, disclaimed, claimed again, repudiated, maintained, denied, discussed in every form and with reference to every one of a hundred distinct definitions. England left the Pope now three centuries ago because he claimed this Infallibility in act, deed, and word. That is the real quarrel between it and Rome.

What is it, then, that the late Pope accomplished or promulgated which had not been said and done a thousand times before in this country? It is hard to say what it is, or whether the Council has landed the question on any firmer ground than it occupied before. That they who court the disappointments of this world and defy its contradictions should be found fathoming the depths of humanity for some sure foundation and groundwork, and should refuse to accept in the spiritual element the uncertainties which wreck all edifices of human material, is a noble pursuit, and will always be open to enterprise. But Pius IX. has done nothing in it that his predecessors have not done before. When once he and his legion of theologians are out of the way, and the dust has lain a few years on this presumed masterpiece of faith and phraseology, it will have to submit to a thousand interpretations. Already it is defended and justified on the ground that it only says what has been said oftentimes, and, indeed, always before; and that the qualifications effectually guard it from all imputation of arrogance or fanaticism. Such a defence may answer the present purpose, but it must recoil on the document itself and on all the personages who are devoting their whole lives to the forging of these, as it appears, harmless thunders and edgeless weapons.

But did Pio Nono, one of the divinities of the age, really do no more than preside at a manufactory of toys for children and women, meant to frighten or amuse, and warranted to do no harm? This no one can really believe. The truth lies between the two contrary suppositions. No doubt this man was earnest in his intentions, and possibly much believing as to the results.

But the artillery is too high, and too wide, too conjectural, too fanciful for any definite human aim. The career just closed has been an ostentatious performance, worthy of a dream or a stage, but without either certainty, or a fair probability, or even a presentable case for its having a true basis in actual existence, or any clear proof that it is more than an elaborate theory with a view to imposing an opinion on mankind.

EARL RUSSELL

OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1878

THE death of Earl Russell removes from the political world the shadow of a great name. For several years that shadow has been growing dimmer as the splendour of the achievements which threw it forward on the national imagination sank into the historic past, but its presence still maintained a direct relation between the statesmanship of our own day and the work of the men who, for three-quarters of a century, have had the making of English history. The continuity of political progress is not to be broken by a single gap in the ranks, but it was the distinguishing character of Lord Russell's position that he bridged over, by his unique Parliamentary experience, the chasm between two generations of public men whose careers had never touched. The companion in arms of Tierney, Romilly, and Horner in the darkest days of English Liberalism, he not only shared in its triumph with Grey, Melbourne, and Brougham, but lived to become the colleague and leader of two later dynasties of its party chiefs. Both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington have been members of the same Ministry with the veteran Whig, who had taken his place among the scanty ranks of the Opposition two years before the Battle of Waterloo, and who had been chosen for the arduous task of expounding the first Reform Bill to the House of Commons before Mr. Gladstone had graduated at Oxford, and before Lord Hartington was born.

These associations of a life that was filled from its early ripening to its close with strenuous and high-minded activity are not to be matched in contemporary annals, and the breaking up of them gives a peculiar interest to a death which otherwise

could not, according to the common course of nature, have excited surprise or keen sorrow. At the age of eighty-six, having enjoyed such a share of power and consideration as rarely falls to the lot of man, and after long service having openly abandoned the militant toils of the arena, Earl Russell has passed peacefully away. The last years of this fortunate and faithful life were darkened by a grief beyond healing, the premature loss of his eldest son. But for this calamity it might be said that the career of Earl Russell was sunned by fortune to its ending; its shadows were slight and passing; its steady and sober radiance was suited to the tastes and traditions of the English people, for whom its forces were spent, and through whom they did their work. A continental nation, with warm sentiments and easily-moved passions, would, perhaps, judge Lord Russell's public life to be wanting in brilliancy and effect, but Englishmen are not in sympathy with demands like these. In their eyes pride wrapped in rigorous reserve and sobriety of expression and demeanour approaching frigidity are important elements in the dignified character of a statesman.

If Lord Russell was never the object of enthusiastic affection among the English people at large, or even among the mixed multitude who from 1832 onwards constituted the Liberal party, he, nevertheless, inspired for many years a feeling of mingled confidence and devotion that served as a solid basis of power. In later years the confidence was weakened as errors in judgment became manifest, and the devotion fell away as men lost recollection of the actions and sacrifices which had given it a hold upon the popular imagination. But the statesman who for forty years was conspicuous in English politics as "Lord John" kept the high place that he had honestly won even after he no longer retained his dominion over the intellects and the imagination of his countrymen.

Lord Russell's birth was almost coincident with the crisis of that tremendous political convulsion which exercised so great an influence over the fortunes of the party he was destined to lead. He was born on the 18th of August 1792, one week after that terrible *Dix Août*, when the old French Monarchy was openly trampled in the dust by the mob of Paris. Half a year later came the execution of Louis XVI., and the declaration of war hurled by the Convention in the face of Europe. For the following quarter of a century the political life of England was

warped by the horror and terror which the violence of Jacobinism had inspired. This influence was exerted at first inversely upon the youthful training of Lord John Russell. His family had been for more than a century one of the pillars of the Whig party, but his uncle, the fifth Duke of Bedford, had been carried far beyond "the principles of 1688" by an attraction towards the doctrines of Rousseau and his revolutionary disciples in France, not easily explicable in an English noble. Party spirit, however, ran perilously high, and, by way of combating Pitt's policy of the European Coalition, not a few "Peers, six-bottled, talked as Marat wrote." The Duke of Bedford's championship of French ideas has been rescued from oblivion by the scornful rhetoric of Burke's *Letter to a Noble Lord*, but in truth it did not merit contempt only. There was a generous strain in the madness of those revolutionary nobles.

In these associations Lord John Russell's earliest years were passed, and when his father succeeded to the dukedom in 1802 political passion was still implacably fierce. It was not thought expedient to expose the Whig youth to the intolerant Toryism which then and long afterwards monopolised all the high places and all the educational machinery of the English universities. But there was still an intellectual refuge for Whig purism. The University of Edinburgh was at that time the academic centre of Liberalism; its professors were illustrious both in physics and metaphysics, and the group of scholars and wits who founded the *Edinburgh Review* established the literary fame of the "Northern Athens." Lord Henry Petty, Brougham, Horner, and Jeffrey had studied at the University and shared in the debates of the Speculative Society; and when Lord John Russell had completed his boyish studies at Westminster he was placed in the Scottish capital under the especial charge of Dugald Stewart.

The most distinguished of the young Whigs whom we have named had left the University classes when Lord John Russell joined them, but the other intellectual influences of Edinburgh were in full vigour. The "Blue and Yellow" was then at its best, chastising the Tory Government with the keen strokes of Sydney Smith's sarcasm and the "iron flail" of Brougham. The Speculative Society furnished an invaluable training school, alike in the abstract doctrines of political science and in the practical arts of debate. The young Englishman found his natural aptitudes quickened and his hereditary opinions

strengthened in this arena, and by the time he left Edinburgh, still a lad of seventeen, his political faith had crystallised into something not very different from that in which he consistently lived and laboured and died.

But another discipline was before him. In 1809 he started on a foreign tour. The French domination excluded him from the historic countries of Central Europe, and like Byron, who was at that very time amassing images for the first canto of *Childe Harold* in Spain and Portugal, he landed at Lisbon, which Wellington had lately rescued from the grasp of the invaders. Lord John Russell had watched the futile efforts of the Whigs in 1806 to patch up a stable peace with the French Empire, and had come to the conclusion that the continuance of the war for the deliverance of Europe was at once just and necessary. In the Peninsula his Whiggism partially divested itself of the French ideas which he had derived from his uncle and his father, and the genius of Wellington, whom he saw redeeming the tarnished fame of the British arms at Talavera, and establishing an enfeebled and ill-provided army behind the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, made a deep impression upon his imagination. Ever afterwards, in the fiercest political conflicts, he maintained towards the Duke the attitude and language of profound respect and almost of veneration. But in another way his Peninsular tour left its mark upon Lord John Russell's character, and a drama on the story of Don Carlos, in which he audaciously measured himself with Schiller, was in after years the mark of innumerable Tory epigrams. He did not, however, rush hastily into print, like many young men of his rank and day; we are not aware, indeed, that he actually published anything until he had been for some years an active politician.

On his return to England, Lord John Russell awaited impatiently an opening into public life. He had not long to wait. In July 1813, when he was still under age, he was elected member for Tavistock, at that time, and down to our own day, "under the influence" of the house of Bedford. The crisis in political affairs, both at home and abroad, was deeply interesting to one who, from boyhood, had studied public men and measures. The vast fabric of Napoleon's empire had been shaken by the Russian disaster, and by the blows which Wellington had dealt in Spain. The new member for Tavis-

tock took his seat in the House of Commons a month after the battle of Vittoria. Germany had awakened a little earlier; Lützen and Bautzen had been fought; Leipsic, Toulouse, and Fontenbleau were clearly visible ahead. In domestic affairs the hostility of the Prince Regent towards his old friends the Whigs was avowed and confirmed; Lord Liverpool's Administration was secure of a majority, but the Opposition was still able to bring forward harassing motions upon the wrongs of the Princess of Wales and the claims of the Catholics.

We may readily imagine with what eagerness a young Whig would plunge into the Parliamentary fray. But the tremendous events in France for an instant suspended all domestic warfare. The abdication of Napoleon and the resettlement of the European system absorbed all thoughts and energies. In 1814 a mere handful of Whigs could be found to oppose the treaty which rewarded Bernadotte's defection and punished the vacillation of Denmark by uniting the crowns of Norway and Sweden. It was on this hopeless ground Lord John Russell made his first advance as a Parliamentary debater. In the following year, also, he was one of the frail minority of seventy-three who voted against declaring war upon Napoleon; but the nation was thoroughly determined to consider and to use the flight from Elba as a *casus belli*. It seems, indeed, that at this period there was a revival of the old French fire in the young Whig politician, though he quickly relapsed into the sober fidelity of his English patriotism.

The supremacy of the Tories was not easily to be shaken in those days, when the popular senses were intoxicated by the glories of an unsurpassed victory; but the imprudence of Ministers—some arrogant and some timid—soon put weapons in the hands of the Opposition. Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh rejected the demand for an economical policy, scoffed at "the ignorant impatience of taxation" which prevailed, denied audaciously the existence of distress in the country, and prepared vigorous measures for stamping out disaffection. As early as 1816 this stubborn attitude provoked deplorable popular excesses; bread riots, incendiarism, organised destruction of machinery spread wide alarm. But the Government were more terrified at the demand for Parliamentary Reform, which had passed out of the hands of the Whigs and had become the property of the mob leaders, Burdett

and Cobbett, "Orator" Hunt, and Major Cartwright. In the session of 1817 the Ministers brought forward measures for the prevention of seditious meetings and for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*. On the latter question Lord John Russell spoke with energy and boldness. He said :—

"We talk much—I think a great deal too much—of the wisdom of our ancestors. I wish we would imitate the courage of our ancestors. They were not ready to lay their liberties at the foot of the throne upon every vain or imaginary alarm."

But he touched the heart of the country more directly with a pointed allusion to the Reform cry; he warned the House that it "must soon discuss the whole question," and implored the majority not to give the agitators an opportunity of saying, "When we ask for redress you refuse all innovation; when the Crown asks for protection you sanction a new code." This speech was understood to signify that the member for Tavistock would accept the championship of the cause which the Parliamentary Whigs had for twenty years abandoned. But the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* and the enactment of the Seditious Meetings Bill by sweeping majorities robbed Lord John Russell, for a moment, of all political hope. Moore's well-known poem, *The Remonstrance*, shows how painfully his impotence to stem the Tory tide affected Lord John Russell. Like Macaulay, long years after, he seriously debated whether his usefulness and his happiness would not be increased by his withdrawal from political strife to the unembarrassed pursuit of literature. But in him the political instinct was as decidedly superior as the literary instinct was in Macaulay. The claims of the nation, too, were, in that hour, imperious. As Moore wrote :—

Oh, no; never dream it,—while good men despair
Between tyrants and traitors and timid men bow,
Never think for an instant thy country can spare
Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou.

At the general election of 1818 Lord John Russell was again elected member for Tavistock. His brief retirement from public life had restored his health and spirits, and he vigorously attacked the entrenchments which he had pledged himself to storm. He was hampered, however, by the extravagant proposals of Sir Francis Burdett and by the agitation out of doors

which culminated in the "Manchester massacre." Lord John endeavoured to keep his course clear from what might appear like an alliance with the Burdetts and the Hunts by announcing that he would "not pledge himself to support a measure that went the length of proposing an inquiry into the general state of the representation." He dreaded popular alarm and excitement. He was, however, prepared with a definite scheme, viz. the disfranchisement of corrupt boroughs, the transfer of their rights to great unrepresented towns and large counties, and legislation against bribery. As an immediate measure, he asked the House to do summary justice upon the proven infamy of Grampound. He was met with soft words from Castlereagh, which beguiled even Sydney Smith, but which came to nothing.

In 1821, however, Grampound was disfranchised and its members given not to Leeds, as Russell had intended, but to Yorkshire. This was the only gleam of good fortune with which the Reform cause was visited during the reign of George IV. The last days of the Regency were signalised by the passing of the "Six Acts," and repressive measures combined with reviving prosperity to lull agitation. Lord John Russell, however, had established his claim to the charge of the Reform question in the Parliament which was convoked at the opening of the new reign. He was now in his twenty-eighth year.

But even if the public interest in Parliamentary Reform had not slackened, it would have been overshadowed by the passionate conflicts which sprang out of the Catholic claims and the grievances of the Queen. In these encounters Lord John took no prominent part; he reserved his energies for his annual exposition of his chosen question. Unfortunately, Canning, whose genius had triumphed over all obstacles, and whose followers showed a decided tendency towards a Liberal policy in foreign affairs, in fiscal legislation, and in the treatment of religious differences, had resolutely set his face against a reform of Parliament. His celebrated apostrophe, "Reform the Parliament! Repeal the Union! Restore the Heptarchy!" was intended to make rhetorically clear a triple impossibility. But the Whigs and the popular party out of doors saw clearly that Canning and his party were advancing the Liberal cause, and their forbearance and encouragement were on the whole liberally extended to the statesman who had driven the anti-Catholic Ministers from the royal councils. Russell, during the crisis

of Canning's daring battle for power, suspended not only his Reform motion, but also his measure for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts.

Canning's death, however, and the formation of the Wellington Ministry left Lord John's hands free, and gave him once more the foremost place, which he had well earned in active fight. In February 1828 he moved for a Committee to consider the Test Acts, and his motion was carried by a majority of forty-four. Wellington and Peel declined to face this evidence of popular feeling, and the Dissenters' disabilities were abolished in spite of Eldon's bitter prediction that the next year would bring Catholic emancipation. The prophecies of sharp-sighted rage quickly came true. Though the followers of Canning had been forced out of the Cabinet, the Eldonite Tories found no support in their determination to dare everything. The Duke himself led the retreat. The Catholic Relief Bill passed, and O'Connell took his seat in the House of Commons. Civil war was averted in Ireland, but unfortunately faction inside Parliament and distress outside had created a most perilous state of affairs.

It was some consolation to Lord John Russell that during the session of 1830, in the midst of national discouragement, the activity of reforming zeal seemed to revive. Mr. O'Connell introduced a Reform Bill, providing for universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and annual Parliaments. The Marquis of Blandford, one of the anti-Catholic Tories, attempted to trip up the Ministry with another scheme almost as Radical. Lord John Russell felt bound, therefore, to bring forward once more his own very moderate plan, which simply proposed to give members to Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds. All these bills were rejected, by decided majorities, in the session of 1830, on the verge of a popular movement as violent and sweeping as any recorded in history.

The dissolution which followed the demise of the Crown in the summer of 1830 was almost exactly contemporaneous with the expulsion of the Bourbons from France. The English elections felt the counter-stroke of that convulsion. Everywhere the Ministerialists were routed. Lord John Russell, who in the dark days of Whiggism had migrated from Tavistock to Huntingdonshire, and from Huntingdonshire to Bandonbridge, was returned triumphantly in Devonshire. His

hour had come at last. The Duke of Wellington met the new Parliament with a blank declaration that no scheme of reform would be entertained. But a few days later the Government was unexpectedly beaten upon Sir H. Parnell's motion touching the Civil List, and at once resigned. Lord Grey's Ministry was completely formed before the end of November, and Lord John Russell became Paymaster of the Forces. Why had he not a seat in the Cabinet? This question puzzled many at the time, and doubtless will not be explained until all the secret correspondence of that generation has been given to the world. Lord Beaconsfield, who is jealous for the honour of literature, has supplied an ingenious explanation. "The Whigs," he says, "could hardly have treated Mr. Burke worse, and probably, in some degree, from the same cause. Lord John Russell was a man of letters, and it is a common opinion that a man cannot at the same time be successful both in meditation and in action."

It is true that Lord John had then published not a few books—a *Life of Lord William Russell*, a volume of essays, a volume of letters, a tragedy, a tale, an *Essay on the English Government and Constitution* (which has been republished more than once), *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe*, the *Establishment of the Turks*—but these were obviously either mere recreative trifles or works akin to his political labours. Setting this fanciful objection aside, he had the highest claims to Cabinet office; he was in his thirty-ninth year, he had been for more than seventeen years a member of Parliament, for fully ten years he had identified himself with the championship of the cause which was at last winning and bringing the Whigs back to the places they had left in 1807. His name, his family connections, his Parliamentary capacity, his popular services were all most eminent. Yet no room was made for him in a Cabinet which included Lord Auckland, Lord Goderich, and Lord Holland.

No apparent slight, however, could mar Lord John Russell's splendid opportunity. It was impossible to take the Reform question out of his hands. Lord Grey and Lord Durham requested him to prepare a draft Bill, and he has recorded, in the concluding chapter of his book on the English Constitution, the principles upon which he framed his plan. He refers to a declaration of the Friends of the People, published in 1792, the

year of his own birth, and signed by his own father, then also Lord John Russell, which runs:—"We wish to reform the Constitution, because we wish to preserve it." This, the author of the Reform Bill has most earnestly affirmed, was his guiding idea in the draft which he submitted, through Lord Durham, to the Cabinet, and which, with slight changes, afterwards became law. On the 1st of March 1831 he came down to a House of Commons crowded beyond all experience, and, in a speech of almost timid moderation, explained the scope of the measure. It took men's breath away. The list of condemned boroughs was received with shouts of scornful laughter, and it was fully expected for the moment that, as the Bill went far beyond any one's expectations, it would be puffed aside as a wild impracticability.

But the nation had long been prepared for a step which surprised and dismayed the most experienced politicians. Never was there such a stirring of the dry bones. In the popular excitement and in the Parliamentary battles, Lord John Russell stood forward at once as the foremost and the central figure among the conquerors. His personality was identified, and justly so, with the national cry, "The Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." His intellectual powers expanded, his oratory ripened, and by the time that the Reform Act became law, Lord John Russell had established himself in the front rank of Parliamentary statesmen. Eight years later, when the Whig Government had almost become a by-word of contempt and dislike, Macaulay, in his speech on Sir John Yarde Buller's "No Confidence" motion, apostrophised Lord John Russell's early achievements. "Those were proud and happy days," he said, "when, amid the applause and the blessings of millions, my noble friend led us on in the great struggle for the Reform Bill; when hundreds waited round our doors till sunrise to hear how we had sped; when the great cities of the North poured forth their population on the highways to meet the mails which brought from the capital the tidings whether the battle of the people had been lost or won. Such days my noble friend cannot hope to see again. Two such triumphs would be too much for one life. But perhaps there still awaits him a less cheering, a less invigorating, but a not less honourable task—the task of contending against superior numbers, and through years of discomfiture, for those

civil and religious liberties which are inseparably connected with the name of his illustrious house."

But in 1832 the prospect before the victorious party was still undimmed. Lord John Russell, in his conduct of the three Reform Bills of 1831, had developed remarkable powers and acquired extraordinary popularity. "Lord John," or "Johnny," as he was familiarly called, became at once the favourite of the English middle class, at that time in a more earnest mood about political affairs than they have ever been since.

When mere politics ceased to be of paramount interest to the ordinary English mind, Lord John was supplanted by other favourites. Sir Robert Peel represented the passion for economical reforms; Lord Palmerston, the revival of national spirit and a good-humoured distaste for political change.

But in the years that followed the downfall of the Wellington Administration the Whig statesman had no rival. His qualities as a Parliamentary debater have never been appreciated by the present generation. They were very great, however, and they were disciplined by practice and responsibility, until Lord John acquired a mastery over the House of Commons hardly inferior to, though very different in kind from, that wielded by Sir Robert Peel. His oratorical style was, in spite of many mannerisms and a slightly provincial accent, one of the most effective known in modern Parliamentary history. He was always clear, often incisive, and if he seldom rose far above the commonplace either in idea or expression, his cold dignity was effectually impressive, and his unflinching confidence repelled sarcasms and syllogisms alike. His honest, intellectual contempt for all men who did not hold to the orthodox Whig faith was ingrained, and was hardly disguised by a frigid courtesy. His "utter ignorance of all moral fear" was concisely embodied in the famous epigram of Sydney Smith, who has also observed, "Another peculiarity of the Russells is that they never alter their opinions. They are an excellent race, but they must be trepanned before they can be convinced."

His firmness, courage, and self-confidence made Lord John Russell powerful in Parliament, and for a time in the country; but the same qualities led him into errors which, in the end, marred his career. Always assured of the perfect propriety of the course he had chosen, he was too ready, with all his pride, to impute motives to opponents, and to break away, with at

least an appearance of disloyalty, from friends and allies. His conduct during the crisis of 1834, during the quarrel with Palmerston in 1851, during the Crimean controversy, exposed him to the severe judgment of men who had worked with him, and who honoured him as the head of their party. There can be little doubt that a growing suspicion of this instability, not in regard to principles, but to persons, helped to raise Lord Palmerston above him in the ten years following the Russian War.

We are not concerned to follow the vicissitudes either of the Reform Bill or of the Reform Ministry. After the general election of 1831 Lord John Russell entered the Cabinet at the same time with his colleague, soon to become his antagonist, Mr. Stanley. The easy-going Whiggism of Lord Grey and Lord Althorp, the nominal leaders of the Ministerialists in the two Houses of Parliament, was not able to bring together elements so diverse. Lord John Russell was pilloried, with the rest of the Ministry, as a reactionary by the excited and sanguine Radicals who were returned to the first Reformed Parliament.

But though he opposed "organic changes," such as the ballot, annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, and so on, he was willing to show, where he could, that he was still a Reformer. The question of the Irish Church Establishment, which, a generation later, was again destined to make and unmake Ministers, had been raised, in the session of 1834, by Mr. Ward, member for St. Albans, in a motion asserting the necessity of reducing the ecclesiastical revenues in Ireland, and the right of the State to dispose of the surplus. The Ministry had pledged themselves in the Speech from the Throne to deal with the Irish Tithe question, and could not avoid meeting Mr. Ward's motion frankly, but when the manner in which it should be met came to be discussed in the Cabinet, a schism was manifest. While Lord John Russell advocated the principles of Mr. Ward, Lord Stanley vehemently insisted on the inalienable sanctity of Church property. The former carried the majority with him, and Lord Stanley, leaving the council, described the result in the phrase, now become historic, "Johnny's upset the coach." Lord Althorp was at once compelled to announce the retirement from the Ministry of Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Lord Ripon, and the Duke

of Richmond, who immediately showed themselves the most acrimonious critics of their former colleagues. An Irish Church Temporalities Commission was appointed, and legislation on the basis of its inquiry was promised. But this change in the drift of Ministerial policy alarmed and irritated the King, and, in an almost equal degree, Lord Grey.

Though Lord John Russell was always deferential to the Nestor of the Whigs, there was an obvious divergence between the policy of the old school of Whiggism and the new. Lord Grey recoiled at the thought of further "innovation," and when Lord Althorp, described by his chief as "the leading member of the Government, on whom his whole confidence rested," tendered his resignation, Lord Grey eagerly seized the opportunity and withdrew from public life. Under great pressure Lord Althorp came back to his post for a while, but he was soon removed by his father's death to the Upper House. The leadership of Lord John Russell in the Commons, which was no less distasteful to the King than to Lord Grey, seemed inevitable. But this clearly meant the reopening of the Irish Church question, from which William IV. recoiled. The knot was cut in November 1834 by the summary dismissal of the Whigs.

Lord John Russell was now out of office, but he enjoyed a certain compensation. His opponents were in a minority, although the dissolution had considerably increased their strength. For the first time he was recognised as the leader of the Whigs in the House of Commons; the Radicals were disposed to hope a good deal from him; the O'Connellites had been conciliated by cautious pledges. From this position he commenced his attack on the Peel Administration. Here he exhibited capacity as a Parliamentary tactician with which he had not previously been credited. Here also was cemented the ill-omened and hollow alliance with the Irish Repealers. Without the Irish vote, as was clearly shown in the struggle over the Speakership, the Opposition could not hope for a majority. The Irish Church question, accordingly, was chosen as the ground of attack. Sir R. Peel had declared that he would not sanction any appropriation of Church funds to other than Church purposes. Meanwhile the Commission had reported. On the 30th of March 1835 Lord John moved that the House should go into Committee to "consider the

present state of the Church Establishment in Ireland," with a view to the application of its superfluous income to "the general education of all classes of the people without distinction of religious persuasion." The motion was carried by a majority, and Sir R.¹ Peel resigned.

Lord Melbourne being recalled to office, Lord John Russell became Home Secretary and leader of the Lower House. Seeking re-election in South Devonshire, he was defeated, and had to find a safer seat in Stroud. The history of his political career from 1835 to 1841 is the history of legislation and of parties in England during six momentous years. Much of what he accomplished was solid and useful work; much of what he attempted was at the time impossible, as he must have seen. The Irish alliance was embarrassing and grew daily more insecure. The principle of the Appropriation Clause, which the Whigs had asserted in order to throw out the Peel Government, could not be enforced by a small majority of the Commons against the Conservative phalanx in the Lords.

As Lord Beaconsfield has said, not unfailly, "The resumption of office by the Whigs was secured by a process which, while it was condemned by public opinion, became an enduring evidence of the essential weakness of their administration." He adds, however, "The measures of the Melbourne Government were generally moderate, well-matured, and statesmanlike schemes." Lord Beaconsfield has also acknowledged the substantial justice of Lord John Russell's complaint in 1846—"During the whole of our administration our motives never received a fair construction, nor did our measures ever receive an impartial consideration from those who were our political opponents."

Nevertheless, some progress was made; the Municipal Reform Bill was carried, the Tithe question was settled both in England and Ireland, but the Appropriation Clause disappeared. The breach with the Irish "tail" soon widened. The country began to turn its attention from reforms in political machinery to the vast economical problems, which grew more pressing every year. Lord John's popularity was visibly waning, the solidity of his majority was fatally shaken; but he still maintained an undaunted front. He grappled almost single-handed with a host of admirable debaters—Peel, Stanley, Graham—and he held his own both in oratorical conflict and in the management of public business.

The accession of the Queen gave the Ministry the dubious advantage of Court favour, but the dissolution which followed left them with an uncertain majority of sixteen. Not long after, the disturbances in Canada and Lord Durham's mission involved the Ministers in almost hopeless perplexities; and it is to the credit of Lord Russell that he seized the post of danger at the Colonial Office in 1839. Soon afterwards another Colonial question, the government of Jamaica, unexpectedly overthrew the Ministry. On this defeat they resigned, but came back on the "Bedchamber Question," an ignominious rescue, to which it is difficult to understand how so proud a man as Lord John Russell could ever have condescended. In 1840 Sir John Yarde Buller's "No Confidence" motion was rejected by a majority of twenty-one, which seemed a little more encouraging for the Ministry. The financial policy, however, of the following year opened the ground for a new attack. Lord John Russell, convinced at length of the necessity of dealing with the Corn Laws, proposed a moderate fixed duty. Mr. Baring's Budget, advancing on the same lines, announced the reduction of the duty on foreign sugar. These proposals were fiercely assailed, and Ministers were defeated by a majority of thirty-six.

Lord John Russell, rather strangely, showed by his conduct that he did not mean to consider this defeat as a dismissal. Sir R. Peel therefore followed up the attack with a direct "No Confidence" vote, which was carried by a majority of one. On this the Whig leader announced the dissolution of Parliament, and a general election was precipitated. The Conservative victory was more complete even than that of 1874. Though the Whigs took their stand as opponents of the Corn Laws and the Conservatives as their defenders, the popular sympathies were not won by the former. Their "moderate fixed duty" did not appeal to the national imagination. In the whole fight there was only one consolation for the defeated—the courage with which Lord John Russell, abandoning a safe seat at Stroud, presented himself as the advocate of Free Trade to the electors of the City of London. He was successful by a narrow majority, and he remained thenceforward member for the City until his elevation to the peerage. In the new House of Commons the result of the contest was at once made apparent. An amendment on the Address was carried by a

majority of ninety-one. The Melbourne Ministry tendered its resignation, Lord John Russell speaking its epitaph,—“We began in Lord Grey’s Administration with the Reform Act; we end by proposing measures for the freedom of commerce. With large and important measures we commenced, with large and important measures we conclude.”

A leader of the Opposition during the Administration of Sir R. Peel, Lord John Russell had a difficult part to play. The Whigs had quitted office discredited by the financial incompetence of their administration, which had left a gaping deficit. Their late and incomplete adherence to Free Trade had alienated many of the country party, yet had not won the heart of the Anti-Corn Law League. The general election had painfully thinned their ranks. “With numbers,” says Lord Beaconsfield, “scarcely exceeding one-sixth of the House, in a Parliament of their own summoning, the Whigs were sustained alone by the dignity of Lord John Russell.” The triumphant progress of Sir R. Peel’s fiscal legislation was unchecked by the feeble Opposition, divided both on principles and on methods.

What a chief in his helpless situation could do, Lord John Russell, by the confession of all, did with unsleeping energy during the Conservative domination. He fought the battle of the moderate fixed duty for four years; but, in the autumn of 1845, the manifest perplexity of the Ministers opened new political possibilities. “Now was the moment to strike. Without consulting his party, and with no false delicacy for a Conservative Cabinet in convulsions, he expressed his opinions on public affairs in that celebrated Edinburgh Letter, which was addressed, on the 18th of November, to his constituents, the citizens of London.”

This description of the crisis—it is the Prime Minister’s—is coloured by a peculiar view of Lord John’s great rival, but it is, in the main, correct. In the Edinburgh Letter the Whig leader pointed out that, as “the resistance to qualified concessions” had resulted in a complete surrender in 1829 and 1831, so the chance of accepting the fixed duty was gone. He demanded total repeal, and called upon the country to unite in putting an end to “a system which has been proved to be the blight of commerce, the bane of agriculture, the source of bitter divisions among classes, the cause of penury, fever, mortality, and crime among the people.”

This manifesto completed the disorganisation of the Ministry, already divided in the Cabinet. Sir R. Peel urged upon his colleagues the proposal which he had before made to them for the "suspension" of the duties on foreign grain. Lord Stanley, the Colonial Secretary, resigned, and the Administration—nay, more, the Conservative party—was broken up. Lord John Russell was called upon to form a Ministry. He had much in his favour ; for Sir R. Peel had declared his intention of supporting any Free Trade measures his successor might bring forward. Unfortunately, an irreconcilable difference arose in the Whig ranks. Lord Grey objected to Lord Palmerston's appointment to the Foreign Office ; Lord Palmerston would accept no other position in the Cabinet ; and Lord John Russell felt that he could not carry on the Government without Lord Grey's concurrence. Lord Stanley, too, declined the task of forming a Protectionist Government, "choosing rather" (to quote a historic phrase of Mr. Gladstone's) "a less responsible position from which to carry on a more desultory warfare." Sir R. Peel was forced back to office, and carried the repeal of the Corn Laws. In this painful task the co-operation of Lord John Russell was loyally yielded. But when the Repeal measures had been carried, and the revengeful resolution of the Protectionists had become manifest, the Whigs could not refrain from snatching at the prize they had missed in the previous year. The attack upon Sir R. Peel's Coercion Bill was as factious an act as anything to which Lord John Russell ever committed himself. But retribution was not long delayed ; for the Whig Ministry had soon to grapple with the Irish agrarian outrages of 1846, the famine of 1847, and the political disaffection of 1848.

Lord John Russell's conduct in Opposition had, on the whole, raised the popular opinion of his political character. Yet his faults did not pass unmarked. As the author of the *New Timon* wrote :—

How fanned to lead, if not too proud to please,
His fame would fire you, but his manners freeze ;
Like or dislike, he does not care a jot,
He wants your vote, but your affections not ;
Yet human hearts need sun, as well as oats,—
So cold a climate plays the deuce with votes ;
And while his doctrines ripen day by day,
His frost-nipped party pines itself away.

There is truth as well as satire in these verses. The effect was perceived later. At the general election of 1847, it is true, the Ministry secured a working majority of 338 Liberals, and had, besides, the modified support of the Peelites, who numbered more than a hundred. But the Irish difficulty, in its various forms, cruelly embarrassed the Government. It was certainly not Lord John Russell's fault that he was no match for a calamity so complicated, which taught him, nevertheless, the futility of "remedial measures" as a cure for a collapse of society. In England and in our foreign relations the difficulties to be encountered were hardly less formidable. More painful distress than had been experienced for a generation, a financial crisis of the most formidable kind, and the growing audacity of Chartism occupied the Government at home. Abroad, the Spanish Marriages and the Revolutions of 1848 were not less absorbing and alarming.

The result was that Lord John Russell's Government accomplished little in the way of legislation between 1846 and 1850. The old charge of inaction was brought against the Whigs, and in 1849 Lord John was compelled to vindicate himself from the charge of having called the Reform Act a "final measure." But the truth is that he had done so distinctly at least a dozen years earlier, and this effort of his to shake off the damaging popular nickname of "Finality Jack" proved unavailing. The sentiment which this name expressed found its way into Parliament. Lord Palmerston, indeed, had triumphantly vindicated the foreign policy of Ministers in the brilliant debates of 1850, and Lord John Russell had vigorously restrained him. But at the close of the year appeared the Papal bull dividing England into Roman Catholic dioceses. It was promptly answered by Lord John's Durham Letter, which gave ardent expression to the anti-Popery feeling of the majority of the English people.

The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was accepted by the country as a protest against Papal aggression, but it severed the Peelites from the Government, which had been also weakened by the disaffection of the Irish members. Mr. Disraeli went near carrying a Protectionist motion in February 1851. These perils of schism showed themselves threateningly during the Budget debates, and Lord John Russell rather abruptly resigned, after a defeat on Mr. Locke King's County Franchise Bill

The Protectionists, however, failed to form a Ministry; the Peelites refused to enter a coalition, and the Whig Administration came back to office unchanged.

But a heavier blow was impending. Lord Palmerston's irregular recognition of the results of the Napoleonic *coup d'état* was severely punished by sudden dismissal and public reproof. Lord Palmerston was not the man to sit still under such treatment, which struck even so sound a Whig as Macaulay as rashly, needlessly harsh. He was quick in hitting back. The revival of the Bonapartist spirit in France had turned public attention to the national defences. A Government Militia Bill was introduced, which, in February 1852, was "stopped on the threshold," to use Lord John Russell's phrase, by an amendment of Lord Palmerston's. Ministers were defeated by a majority of eleven, and the Premier hastened to resign. He declined the chances of a dissolution, and declared that, out of office, he would resist a return to Protection and support an extension of the suffrage.

The Derby Ministry which followed served two purposes—to demonstrate the impotence of the Protectionists and to give time for the reconstruction of the alliance between the Whigs, the Peelites, and the Independent Liberals. The Coalition Government which succeeded owed its origin in a great degree to the abnegation of Lord John Russell, who consented to waive his claim to the Premiership and to assume the leadership of the Lower House. For five or six weeks he held the seals of the Foreign Office, which were subsequently given to Lord Clarendon. Afterwards he remained in the Cabinet without office till the following summer, when, in the readjustment of places caused by the separation of the War and Colonial Secretaryships, he became President of the Council.

From Lord John Russell's entrance into this Coalition Cabinet dates the distinct decline of his reputation in the country. It is probable that his acquiescence in subordination was never very cordial. At any rate, his actions were not those of a statesman who understood how to work in harmony with colleagues from whom he differed. It is not impossible that he felt himself overshadowed, first by the brilliancy of Mr. Gladstone's financial policy, and subsequently by the towering importance of the Turkish crisis. His old quarrel with Lord Palmerston broke out afresh in the Cabinet at the

close of the year. Lord Palmerston objected to the Reform Bill which Lord John, most inopportunist, was urging, and insisted on a greater show of vigour in dealing with Russia. Upon the former point, which no one else cared about, Lord John had his way, but the Peace party had to yield to Lord Palmerston and to promise what he wished.

In these inauspicious circumstances, Lord John Russell brought forward his Reform Bill early in the session of 1854. It proposed several "fancy franchises," a £10 county franchise, a £6 borough franchise, and a large redistribution of seats. But on the verge of the conflict with Russia, Parliament was not prepared to plunge into the discussion of such wide issues. War was declared in March, and in April the Bill was withdrawn, with an exhibition of intense mortification by its author. If compliments could have soothed him, Lord John, indeed, should have been satisfied; he was strewn with them from all sides. It was on this occasion that Mr. Disraeli pronounced the career of the Whig chief to be the "precious possession of the House of Commons." But he himself was inconsolable. He felt that the check had gone far to destroy his influence and even to darken his fame.

Towards the close of the year 1854, when the cry against the mismanagement of the war had grown loud, Lord John Russell had privately exerted himself in the Cabinet to procure the Duke of Newcastle's removal from the War Office and his replacement by Lord Palmerston; but his advice was overruled. Accordingly, in January 1855, when Mr. Roebuck moved for his Crimean Committee, Lord John Russell surprised all the world by suddenly resigning. His justification, such as it was, the public did not at the time understand, and did not afterwards heed. They accepted his estimate of the War Secretary's capacity, but they did not exculpate the Minister who, finding his counsels overridden, had continued in office until he saw public censure impending.

This sentiment contributed to defeat Lord John Russell's attempts to form an Administration on the overthrow of the Coalition Cabinet, which quickly followed his own resignation. As completely as if he had planned the result, his conduct during five years had cleared the way for the undisputed supremacy of Lord Palmerston. For more than ten years that supremacy endured, and Lord John Russell

never afterwards emerged from comparative obscurity as a statesman.

Lord Palmerston selected Lord John Russell to represent England at the Vienna Conference, and immediately afterwards he was appointed Secretary for the Colonies. His negotiations were not skilfully conducted, and, still more unluckily, were not candidly explained on his return to the House of Commons. Extreme surprise, mixed with anger, was expressed when the Minister admitted that he had been willing at Vienna to accept the Austrian compromise which afterwards he had publicly condemned in Parliament. Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton moved a vote of censure on the Government; and though Lord Palmerston generously desired that the Cabinet should stand or fall together, Lord John's resignation was felt to be the necessary solution of an intolerable difficulty.

It was not until 1857 that Lord John Russell again came conspicuously forward in public affairs; he and his special Whig following joined with the Conservatives, Peelites, and Manchester Radicals to overthrow Lord Palmerston, and they united against him a majority of sixteen. But the dissolution which followed routed this strange alliance. Lord John himself was third on the poll in the City of London; but elsewhere Tories, Peelites, Whigs, and Radicals were rudely smitten.

The interest of domestic politics, however, quickly disappeared in the perils of the Indian Mutiny. Once during that crisis Lord John Russell came forward in the House; it was to move an Address to the Crown, assuring the Government of confidence and support. But in 1858 Lord Palmerston's Conspiracy Bill brought about a new coalition against Ministers, which opened the door of office to the Conservatives. Three months later Lord John Russell won a battle he had fought for years; the Lords passed a Bill enabling Jews to sit in Parliament, and Lord John had the satisfaction of introducing his colleague in the representation of the City of London, Baron Rothschild, to the House of Commons. The resolutions on which the Government of India Bill were founded were brought on in this session by Lord John Russell, though the Ministry took the credit of passing the measure. In 1859 he also led the attack on the Conservative Reform Bill, as not adequately extending the franchise. The dissolution gave the Liberals a working majority, and, beaten on Lord Hartington's resolution, Lord Derby resigned.

Then followed a curious episode. The Queen, perplexed by the co-equal and conflicting claims of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, called on Lord Granville to form a Ministry ; but Lord John Russell declined to serve under Lord Granville. He finally agreed to serve under Lord Palmerston.

The Administration of 1859, in which Lord John Russell took the Foreign Office, is so near our own time that we need not pause over the details of its policy. The introduction of a Reform Bill in 1860 was, of course, Lord John's work ; it was very similar in substance to the Bill of 1854. But the indifference of the country was too plain to be disputed, and the Bill was withdrawn before a division could be taken on Mr. Mackinnon's motion for delay. In the following session, Lord John, then on the eve of his elevation to the peerage, deprecated further meddling with a question for which public opinion was not ripe, drawing down upon himself by this retraction of his former pledges the sharp reproof of Mr. Bright. He was created, in June 1861, Earl Russell, of Kingston Russell, in Dorsetshire, and Viscount Amberley, of Amberley, in Gloucestershire.

It is as a member of the Upper House that he was most conspicuous as a Foreign Minister. Perhaps another generation will do justice to the services he rendered in keeping this country clear of quarrels with the United States and with Germany in 1861 and 1864. His despatches were sometimes remarkable for vigour of reasoning and conciseness of expression, though rarely for grace of literary form. In his diplomatic conflicts with Mr. Seward and Mr. Adams over the "Trent" affair and the Confederate cruisers question, he won some logical victories which had political results that were far from satisfactory. Earl Russell, during the whole period of the Civil War, sympathised with the Northern cause, but his icy candour deprived him of the gratitude of the American people. Of his conduct of the negotiations relating to the Danish Duchies he had as little reason to be proud as his country had to be satisfied.

In the natural order of succession, Earl Russell became Premier when Lord Palmerston died in October 1865, and it was immediately understood that there would be another Reform Bill. To this, indeed, the Liberal majority had been pledged at the dissolution in the previous July, and Earl Russell was personally desirous to obliterate the recollection of his failures in 1854 and 1860. The history of the brief and unfortunate

Reform Session of 1866 need not be here recapitulated. The fate of the Government was boldly staked upon the Bill, and the success of Lord Dunkellin's amendment left Ministers, as Mr. Gladstone emphatically said, "no alternative" but resignation. With this act Earl Russell's active career as a statesman closed. It was soon avowed that in the event, then most improbable, of a return of the Liberals to power, the Whig leader would not accept office again. At the date of his resignation he had completed his seventy-fourth year.

Earl Russell, however, during the last ten years has seldom been silent about public affairs, though often silence would have been better for his fame. There is hardly a topic in politics on which he has not bestowed a letter, a speech, or a pamphlet, and a collection of the political utterances of his retirement would be not only curious, but eminently illustrative of his merits and his defects. The rigidity of intellect which applied to all persons and circumstances the same standards, and those standards the few and rather bald principles adopted by the Whig party within the past century, was to the last preserved. His "*Letters to Mr. Chichester Fortescue on the State of Ireland*" might, setting aside personal references, have been written in 1835, instead of 1869. His writings and speeches on the Education difficulty reveal his firm faith that the problems of the present day might all be solved by expedients which he approved forty years ago. Not long since we published a statement from him in which the complexities of the Eastern Question were disposed of with a confident belief in the potency of a few sonorous generalities.

Nor was his criticism of other problems of domestic policy after his active responsibility had ceased as fruitful and rich as might have been expected from his unequalled experience of affairs. His faith in his own political creed was intolerant as well as unbending. Yet these are the accidents and lumber of a great mind, of a great character; we must be forgiven our impatience at feeling that they mar the symmetry and dignity of a grand career. The integrity, the courage, the steadiness of Earl Russell's convictions and actions are an honour to the political life of his country, in which such qualities are not only respected, but triumphant. Only a few days ago the fiftieth anniversary of the passing of the Test and Corporation Acts Abolition Bill was signalled by an expression of public gratitude

on the part of the Nonconformists, and his lifelong connection with the educational labours of the British and Foreign School Society has been commemorated by a similar avowal of gratitude. It has fallen to the lot of few statesmen to look back so far upon work actually achieved by their own hands, and to see their toil bearing ripe fruit in their living presence.

In literature, which, however, was only the amusement of a man who never had much leisure, Lord Russell has left something worthier behind him than the letters and pamphlets of recent years. We have spoken of his early works. Since 1830 he has published an essay on the *Causes of the French Revolution*, *Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, *Selections from the Correspondence of John, fourth Duke of Bedford*, *The Life and Times of Charles James Fox*, a new edition of his *Essay on the English Constitution*, *A Selection from his own Speeches and Despatches*, and several *Addresses*.

LEADING ARTICLE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1878

To-day we announce the end of a great career. Earl Russell died last night, at ten minutes to eleven o'clock. His death had for some time been daily expected, and for years he had almost disappeared from public view; but the end will none the less be profoundly impressive, for in him we have lost a man who illustrates the history of England for half a century better, perhaps, than any other person of his time. During his long season of toil there were more brilliant political intellects, more striking masters of debate, and men more gifted with the various qualities of party leadership. There were, on the whole, statesmen of greater foresight and more executive ability. There were statesmen who exercised a far more powerful fascination on the minds of rich and poor. But there was no other man so closely identified with all the political movements which will make fifty or sixty years of our history memorable to the future. The best work of that period was the execution of the reforms dictated by the principles of the Whig creed.

By the time that the nation had hazarded bolder ways of meeting the perils of the future, Lord Russell's wonderful store of effective energy was spent, and he left the work to younger men. He represented from first to last that moderated but still

glowing passion for the destruction of abuses which grew up in England while France was passing through the tempest of her Revolution. Born in the midst of that storm, reared in a family which was justly proud of what it had done for the cause of liberty, and sent to a Scotch university whose brilliant teachers regarded the Toryism of Oxford with intellectual scorn, he had been taught to look upon the Whig creed as a kind of religion—the gospel of English freedom. The greatest of its teachers, he had learnt to think, was Charles James Fox. He lived in the midst of men who had seen with their own eyes the recklessness of misrule in France; who had visited that Court in which the nobles had trifled away the precious years that might have been devoted to the appeasement of popular discontent; and who had gone to the philosophic gatherings in which the most brilliant intellects had made all the sanctities of life and the stabilities of society the sport of destructive epigrams. He had been the companion of Englishmen who had cheated themselves into the belief that the French Revolution was to open a kind of political millennium, and who had been passionately eager that their own land should copy the reforming zeal of France.

It is a little startling to remember what kind of propositions found favour from great peers. The excesses of the Parisians were to many of them a terrible awakening, and they separated themselves from the demagogues who throughout the Reign of Terror and the wars of Napoleon preached the old creed that reform meant destruction. Nevertheless, the Whig principles of Lord John Russell, when he first entered Parliament, must have seemed dangerously like Radicalism to all who had listened to the diatribes of Burke. He could speak and vote in favour of peace at a time when England was as much agitated as the Continent itself by the news that Napoleon had broken out of Elba, that he was again gathering a gigantic army, and that the fabric of the Bourbon Monarchy was falling like a house of cards. It needed a faith touched partly by pedantry and partly by fanaticism to remain cool in the midst of an excitement which is but feebly reflected by the Turkish and the anti-Turkish passions of these days. The same temper was seen in one of the earliest of his literary productions—the tragedy of *Don Carlos*. That ambitious piece of blank verse—which, in spite of the satire it provoked, is quite as good as the

first fruits of most young authors—is a rhythmical plea for the removal of religious disabilities. Its fiery declamation about the iniquities of the Inquisition is apt to suggest that the writer was thinking of the tame tyranny of the Test and Corporation Acts. Such fervour for the commonplaces of Whig freedom is apt to seem a little stilted now that our petty monuments of ecclesiastical intolerance have been left far behind, and that Liberals find themselves still a good way from their ideals. But the England of Lord John Russell's youth was oppressed by laws which would be intolerable now, and by such a temper in high places as most men found more galling than actual injustice.

In these days it is not easy for us to measure the force of the political passions which were awakened in the earlier part of his political life by the social state and the laws of England. The long and tremendous strain of the war with France had left a heritage of disordered finances, heavy taxation, depressed trade, and fierce discontent. The revolutionary party, which had been silenced during the war, again came to the front, with complaints that the rich and the powerful, Parliament and the Court, were responsible for the miseries of the kingdom. Cobbett was using all his mastery over homely English and effective illustration to inflame the agricultural and the manufacturing poor against their common masters. A plot was formed to seize the members of the Government, to capture the Tower, and set up a Committee of Public Safety. Even the Corporation of London plunged into the fray with such a recital of public grievances as would seem in these days of smooth speech to be an incentive to civil war. Stones were flung at the carriage of the Prince Regent, who was already on the high way to that unbearable unpopularity which drove him into retirement when he was King. There was a slight, but significant, rising at Derby. Indescribable bitterness of feeling was let loose by the charge of the dragoons at "Peterloo." The Cato Street conspiracy showed what desperate passions were at work beneath the surface of society. The trial of Queen Caroline had alienated a great part of the people from the royal family.

Amid all that political commotion trade was suffering, the country banks were breaking, the Bank of England itself was strained, and the misery of the people was expressing itself by the burning of ricks and the destruction of machines. Mean-

while corn was made artificially dear by fiscal regulations, which were masterpieces of perverted ingenuity; the Catholics of Ireland were denied political rights at the bidding of prejudices which were the remnants of the penal laws; the colonies were disgraced by slavery; and the representative institutions of England were so much at the mercy of corrupt corporations and great families as to be little better than a mockery. Such was England from the morrow of Waterloo till nearly the eve of 1830. Most of the attempts to reform the laws had been baffled by a powerful Tory party, knit together by the fear that if one stone of the Constitutional fabric should be loosened, the whole structure might share the fate of the French Monarchy. But the tide of popular impatience was fast rising, and it began to be irresistible when the Liberals of Paris overthrew the reactionary Government and the dynasty of Charles X. As Prince Polignac was supposed to have been favoured by the Duke of Wellington, the destruction of the Bourbon Government was popularly regarded in England as a blow struck at English Toryism. Soon the mass meetings at Birmingham, the menacing attitude of a large part of the people, and the energy of the Whig leaders, made Parliamentary reform inevitable. By a great and peaceful revolution the balance of power was shifted from the aristocracy to the middle class, and thus the way was prepared for the crowd of other legislative reforms which are the historical landmarks of the intermediate time.

It is necessary to recall the features and the events of that season in order to do justice to the labours of Lord John Russell. The strain on the historic institutions of England had never been so dangerous since the Revolution of 1688, and he did more than any other man to prevent a catastrophe. He had many qualifications for the task of destroying the more glaring inequalities which found shelter within the broad shadow of the Constitution. As his own nature had a healthy vein of commonplace, he was able, without taxing his reflective or imaginative faculties, to put himself in the position of an average Englishman. He had no taste or aptitude for the discussion of philosophical subtleties. At the same time he had an intellectual courage which amazed his friends as well as his rivals, and which is the theme of well-known witticisms. No man was ever more free from that mental cowardice which often paralyses fine intellects when they have to act.

But his chief qualification for the place of a reformer was his trust in the good sense of the English people. He never lost sight of the fact that they were exactly the same people as they had been when they established the precedents of the Constitution. He showed his belief in their unbroken unity by his constant habit of referring to the commonplaces of their history and to the opinions of the great Whig leaders. His gravest speeches were often, indeed, like the historical essays which most men cease to write when they leave the debating society.

Still his youthful faith in the sufficiency of Whig principles to draw forth the good qualities of the English people bore admirable results in the Bills which gave votes to the whole of the middle class and enabled the ratepayers to elect their own municipalities. He would have accomplished a priceless service if he had done no more than destroy all grounds for the deep-rooted and dangerous belief that the country was ruled by a small and corrupt oligarchy. The same impatience of artificial restraints made him an enemy of the Corn Laws; and it was little more than an accident that prevented him, instead of Sir Robert Peel, from abolishing those baneful enactments. His Whig principles were still more hostile to the religious disabilities which had been imposed on dissent during the reaction from Puritan fanaticism; and so long ago as 1835, when he carried a motion in favour of applying any surplus revenues of the Irish Church to the purposes of unsectarian education, he struck the first great blow at an ecclesiastical monopoly which it was left for Mr. Gladstone to destroy.

But, although a Whig in his detestation of the practical grievances which are the result of bigotry, he was not less a Whig in the emphasis of his attachment to Protestantism, and on one memorable occasion he displayed the prejudices of an ordinary Englishman. His letter to the Bishop of Durham did more than any other public utterance to excite the storm about the Papal aggression. If we did not remember how much of Lord Russell's creed was a matter of pure inheritance, we should find it difficult to understand how he could have believed the Protestantism of the country to be in danger because the Pope had given some of his bishops territorial titles which could carry no power in an English court of law. The speech in which he introduced the first Reform Bill and the Durham

Letter show him at his best and his worst, with his trust in popular instincts and his occasional readiness to fight shadows with edicts.

As a Foreign Minister, Lord Russell displayed some of the best qualities which he put forth in domestic legislation. He had a healthy detestation of the despotic principles which, in his own youth, were favoured by Castlereagh, and which cast reproach on the name of England. He was far more clear-sighted than some masters of foreign policy who have left greater fame. The despatches in which he exposed the inevitable consequences of Turkish misrule, and the necessity of intervention in Syria, display a sagacity which, if it had been constant at the Foreign Office, might have saved this country from some embarrassments. His historic sense, which was very keen, showed him some of the pitfalls of a traditional Eastern policy. The struggle of the Italians for unity found in him sagacious sympathy; and, indeed, he must have known that all the artificial arrangements made or sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna must swiftly come to an end.

The weakness of his foreign policy lay in too strong a tendency to prescribe the balm of the British Constitution for the wounds of every Continental State. That tendency was closely connected with his chief defect, which was a too great readiness to trust in mere precepts. He was sometimes apt to talk more like a man of letters than a man of the world. He was occasionally strangely bookish for a person of his vast practical experience. Hence he now and then seemed to lack natural sagacity. Hence, also, he was surpassed as a party leader by some rivals who were certainly not superior to him in the higher gifts of statesmanship. Nevertheless, it remains true that his long and illustrious career was an honour to England; that he rendered services which were surpassed by those of no other Minister of his day; that he never stooped to use unworthy means to compass party ends; and that he has enriched the history of his country by the addition of a great character. In the Abbey in which his remains will doubtless be laid there are memorials of more brilliant names, but there is the record of no more thoroughly English career.

MR. JOHN PENN

OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1878

WE have to announce the death of this eminent engineer, whose name is inseparably associated with the development of steam as a propelling power at sea, and with the changes thus gradually effected in the naval power of this and other maritime countries. Mr. Penn will also long be remembered as one of the chief leaders in stamping on the mechanical workmanship of England that simplicity and elegance of design, just proportion, and perfect finish to which our machine-shops owe their world-wide reputation. He was born in 1805 at Greenwich, where his father had during the close of the last century established a business as a machinist and agricultural implement manufacturer. It was there that at a very early age John Penn acquired that proficiency at the forge, the lathe, and the vice-bench, by which in after life he was enabled to teach his men the excellence and accuracy in workmanship for which the firm became famous.

Yet the technical skill could have achieved but a very small portion of the results which he accomplished had it not been combined with a remarkably clear judgment and a fine perception of what was practicable in that branch of mechanics to which his chief attention in life was devoted. At the age of twenty he had fitted the steamers "Ipswich" and "Suffolk," running to London along the east coast, with beam engines, each of 40 horse-power, and in 1835 four passenger boats to run between Greenwich and London were similarly engined by him.

In 1838 his well-known oscillating engines with tubular boilers were applied to some of the boats running above

London Bridge. The admirable way in which these worked, their finish and compactness, soon attracted general attention, and in 1844 the Lords of the Admiralty were induced to place their yacht, the "Black Eagle," in his hands. He replaced her former engines by oscillators of double their power, with tubular flue boilers, the change being effected in the same space and without any increase of weight. The "Black Eagle," by these and other improvements, from being a very slow ship had her speed so increased that an immense number of orders followed to fit up ships on the same principle. Among them we may mention Her Majesty's yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," and the "Great Britain," as examples of the swiftness and regularity thus secured.

But if Mr. Penn's success was great with his oscillating type of engines, it was still more remarkable with the Trunk Engine, designed for the propulsion of fighting ships by the screw, and capable of being placed so far below the water line as to be safe from an enemy's shot. In 1847 he was commissioned to fit Her Majesty's ships "Arrogant" and "Encounter" on this system, and he executed these orders in a manner so satisfactory that as a result he has applied trunk engines to no less than 230 vessels, varying in power from the small gunboat of 20 horse-power to such ships as the "Sultan," giving an indicated power of 8629 horses, and the "Neptune" (late "Independencia"), giving upwards of 8800 indicated horse-power. These, we believe, are the largest amounts of powers hitherto realised with one pair of engines since the use of steam for marine propulsion began; and when we recollect that such astonishing results have been developed within the lifetime of the subject of this notice, and to a large extent by his genius and skill as a mechanician, it must be felt that Mr. Penn takes a prominent place among the great workers of this age and country. Up to the present time he and his firm have fitted 735 vessels with engines having an aggregate actual power of more than 500,000 horses.

A complete list of the ships in which this amount of machine force has been distributed would occupy too much space, but we may quote as samples the "Orlando," "Howe," "Bellerophon," "Inconstant," "Northampton," "Ajax," "Agamemnon," "Hercules," "Sultan," "Warrior," "Black Prince," "Achilles," "Minotaur," and "Northumberland." In 1854, at the commencement of the Crimean War, when Admiral Napier found

himself powerless in the Baltic for want of gunboats, it became imperative to have 120 of them, with 60-horse engines on board, ready for next spring, and at first the means for turning out so large an amount of work in so short a time puzzled the Admiralty. But Mr. Penn pointed out, and himself put in practice, an easy solution of the mechanical difficulty. By calling to his assistance the best workshops in the country, in duplicating parts, and by a full use of the admirable resources of his own establishments at Greenwich and Deptford, he was able to fit up with the requisite engine-power ninety-seven gunboats. That performance is a memorable illustration of what the private workshops of this free country can accomplish when war with its unexpected requirements comes upon us. The lesson which it taught will not soon be forgotten abroad, and it is to be hoped that we may remember it at home. Altogether during the Crimean War 121 vessels were fitted with engines for our Government by Mr. Penn.

During his career he made it his business to visit all the best workshops not only in this country, but in Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Italy, and wherever he came on excellence either in the skill of the labourer or the ingenuity and effectiveness of his tools, his gratification was extreme. His own establishments are filled with appliances of the most approved form, many of them invented or improved by himself, and all designed with special reference to the gigantic exigencies of marine-engine construction in these steam-ironclad days. Mr. Penn has taken out numerous patents for improvements in steam-engines, and one of these, now in universal use, aptly illustrates his fertility of resource as a mechanician. In the early days of screw propulsion no bearings of brass or other metal could be got to stand the strain of the stern shaft, and at one moment it seemed as if the screw must be abandoned and the paddle-wheel reverted to. Mr. Penn solved the problem by using "lignum vitæ" wood bearings, which, lubricated by water, were found to act without any appreciable wear, and in this simple, economical way the screw has already been able to reach a point of development from which we can now calmly look back upon the financial risks and terrors which beset the early days of ocean steam navigation.

Mr. Penn's admirable social qualities, sustained through a long life and preserved even amid declining health, had endeared

him to an unusually wide circle, while his sound judgment inspired a confidence which caused his opinion and advice to be sought under circumstances of difficulty by all who had access to him, and he was always most accessible to every one who had the slightest claim on his time or attention. His benevolence was quietly but most liberally exercised. For several years he had been reduced to a very helpless state, being paralysed and blind, but the activity of his mind remained unimpaired. To the last he took cruises in his beautiful yacht, the "Pandora," and was glad to receive the numerous friends who came to inquire after his health. A distressing accident, the second of the kind in his family, had recently deprived another son of the sight of one eye while out shooting in Scotland; but this event had no injurious effect upon Mr. Penn, his death being entirely due to the operation of natural causes.

Mr. Penn was elected a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1828, and a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1859. He was also a past President of the Society of Mechanical Engineers, and he had received many marks of distinction from the various foreign Governments who had availed themselves of his professional services. He retired from business in 1875, after sixty years of work, not more honourable to himself than it has been useful to his country and the world.

MONSIGNOR DUPANLOUP

OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1878

WE have to record the decease of the venerable and eloquent Bishop of Orleans, Monsignor Dupanloup, in his seventy-seventh year.

The life of an ecclesiastical dignitary, especially of the Roman Catholic Church, is not often an eventful one, and that of Monsignor Dupanloup offers no exception to the general rule. He was born on the 3rd of January 1802, and at his baptism he received the names of Félix Antoine Philibert; he was sent at an early age to a Church seminary at Paris, in order to prepare himself for the clerical vocation which he had chosen in his childhood, and for which he showed great aptitude as a youth. Having been ordained deacon and priest in due course, in 1827 he became chaplain to the Duc de Bordeaux, and was employed in the same capacity by several other members of the House of Orleans. When the Revolution of July came it found the Abbé Dupanloup engaged as Almoner to the Dauphin. Little is known of the next few years of his life except that they were spent in the quiet discharge of pastoral duties. In 1838 he attended the deathbed of Talleyrand, who had long entertained a great affection for him and prophesied that he would rise to great eminence. In 1841 he was appointed to one of the Chairs of Theology in the College of the Sorbonne; but a lecture which he delivered upon the philosophy of Voltaire gave great offence to his hearers, and, indeed, led to a riot among his scholars so serious that the course of lectures and the lecturer were both suspended. This did not, however, detract from the popularity of his preaching, and he soon obtained high rank by his oratory

in the pulpit. In April 1849 he was consecrated to the see of Orleans, and in the following year was decorated with the Legion of Honour.

It may be remembered that about a quarter of a century ago the Abbé Gaume proposed the exclusion of the ancient classics from the course of instruction in the ecclesiastical schools of France, which he considered to be infected, through them, with too great a spirit of Paganism. This roused a fierce controversy in France, and the opinions of the clergy and of the religious journals were very much divided on the question. It was the good fortune of Monsignor Dupanloup on this occasion to pour at least some oil on the troubled waters. In order, however, to state the matter correctly we may quote here the words of the *Dublin Review* for 1852 :

"The controversy (upon the use of Pagan literature in education) took rather a menacing turn on the occasion of a letter addressed by the Bishop of Orleans to the superiors of his seminaries. These ecclesiastics, particularly fortunate, we should say, in having over them a prelate, from study and experience, perhaps the very first authority on the subject of education, applied to him for counsel and relief of conscience on a matter having such immediate relation to their own duties. In acceding to their prayer he exhorted them to calm their scruples and to adhere without uneasiness to the system authorised by universal adoption in the Church ; and, while inviting them to encourage in their pupils a temperate and enlightened veneration for antiquity, recommended a due and sedulous attention to the sacred classics as well. On this letter the *Univers* thought proper to comment in a somewhat peremptory and trenchant style, as must be admitted, and drew from the illustrious Bishop a pastoral letter, in which, though the entire question is opened up, it is dealt with less perhaps on the merits than in reference to the imprudent zeal of the religious journalists. The Archbishops of Lyons, Paris, and Bordeaux, with the Bishop of Chartres, and more than a moiety of the rest, supported Monsignor Dupanloup, and strong opinions were put forward regarding the tendency of the doctrines of the Abbé Gaume."

In 1860, soon after the war with Italy, he published his famous letter to the Viscount de la Gnéronnière, nominally in answer to his *brochure* of "France, Rome, and Italy," but really

showing up in strong colours the unwisdom of the French Emperor's policy with respect to the Roman question, and advocating the maintenance at all costs of the temporal power of the Papacy. And yet it would be wrong to conclude from this that the late Bishop was an unreasoning supporter of the Papacy or a maintainer of the line of ecclesiastical policy known as Vaticanism.

In the autumn of 1864 he attended the Congress of Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics at Malines, where he delivered an address upon popular educational matters, which was subsequently published in a separate form. He wrote and preached with considerable power on the necessity of the improvement of the religious and secular education of his countrywomen, the sanctity of home and of home ties, and many collateral subjects. It should be mentioned to his credit, also, that during the unhappy war between his country and Germany, he gave a warm-hearted welcome to the English Protestant ladies who came to Orleans to work under the flag of the Red Cross in nursing the sick and the wounded.

Though Monsignor Dupanloup was best known as a preacher, yet he was the author of several works of more or less importance:—(1) *A Treatise on Education*, in three volumes; (2) *Another Treatise on Higher Intellectual Education, embracing the Humanities, History, Philosophy, and Science*, also in three volumes; (3) *Pastoral Works, Oratorical Studies, and Ecclesiastical Studies*, in ten volumes; (4) *A Treatise on the Pontifical Sovereignty*; (5) *A Treatise on Christian Charity*; (6) *A Defence of the Liberty of the Church*; (7) *Souvenirs of Rome*; (8) *The Christian Catechism presented to Men of the World*; (9) *The Convention of the 15th of September and the Encyclical Letter of the 8th of December*; (10) *An essay, Sur la Prédication Populaire*. He also edited and wrote prefaces to a variety of religious works, educational, biographical, etc. His literary acquirements were acknowledged by his admission into the French Academy, but all his zeal in the cause of religion did not obtain for him the honour of a Cardinal's hat, which his friends certainly very much coveted on his behalf. His opinions, however, were too large and liberal to chime in exactly with those of the Roman Curia under Pio Nono; and he never heartily supported "Ultramontanism," though he loyally accepted the decrees of the Vatican Council as binding on his conscience. Had his life been prolonged,

however, it is quite possible that this honour might have been bestowed on him by Pope Leo.

The fine tall figure and intellectual and commanding countenance of Monsignor Dupanloup will not easily be forgotten by those who have heard him preach sermons or deliver "Conferences," or who have known him or met him in private life. He looked, every inch of him, one of Nature's gentlemen; and even among the non-religious portion of the French nation in his diocese he was much respected on account of his noble and generous nature. In England he was so far venerated and loved that his name was "given out" at mass yesterday in several Roman Catholic chapels in the metropolis, the prayers of the congregation being requested "for the repose of his soul."

Those who wish to study the character and career of Bishop Dupanloup in greater detail should refer to the pages of *Célébrités Catholiques Contemporaines*, edited by M. Louis and M. Eugène Veuillot.

CARDINAL CULLEN

OBITUARY NOTICE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1878

CARDINAL CULLEN, the Roman Catholic Primate of Ireland, died yesterday afternoon at his residence in Eccles Street, Dublin. His loss will give a severe shock to the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was the distinguished head in Ireland, and will be generally regretted, even by those who differed most widely from him on religious and political questions.

Of the early life of the Right Rev. Paul Cullen, D.D., but little is known beyond the fact that he was born about the year 1800, in the county of Meath, and was a member of a respectable family engaged in agricultural pursuits. They are now among the most wealthy graziers in the country, and have considerable property in Meath and Kildarc. His Christian name, which is not at all a common one in Ireland, would seem to denote an early dedication of his life to the priestly office, to which especial honour is attached in a social as well as religious aspect by the Roman Catholic peasantry and industrial classes. Having been ordained for the ministry, he was sent to Rome, where he spent nearly thirty years of his life, and rose to a position of trust and eminence in the councils of the Vatican. He was officially connected with the management of the Irish College at Rome, but this was the only bond of connection with his own country, and there can be no doubt that his ideas were deeply tinged by the impressions derived from foreign experience, and associated with the narrow circle in which he moved.

In 1849 the death of Dr. Crolly, Roman Catholic Arch-

bishop of Armagh, created a vacancy in that important see, and, the suffragan bishops having been divided in opinion as to the choice of his successor, the Pope settled the dispute *suo more* by appointing Dr. Cullen Primate of all Ireland. This exercise of Papal authority was regarded as an infringement of the elective rights or usage which had been previously recognised, and created much dissatisfaction at the time, though the supreme will of the Holy See was obeyed. To avoid scandal in the Church, the bishops and clergy who had lived under a different *régime* suppressed their discontent, and the feeling gradually wore away. It was the first step, however, towards the enforcement of a despotic control which has since dominated the whole ecclesiastical system in Ireland. In pursuance of what seems to have been a deliberate purpose, the vindication of a principle which may be deemed essential to the preservation of unity and the concentration of power, the pre-existing plan of clerical government has been changed. The degree of independence which had been before enjoyed was taken away, and bishops and clergy were brought more into subjection to the direct authority of the Vatican. In furtherance of this policy, bishops were no longer elected by the clergy, and the old constitutional office of parish priest was superseded by that of administrator. The former possessed an independent parochial jurisdiction so long as he did not violate any canonical law, while the latter had no fixity of tenure, and might at any time be removed at the will of the diocesan, without being entitled to any compensation for even capricious disturbance.

This change, which is being gradually and steadily worked out as opportunity offers, constitutes one of the most remarkable points of difference between the government of the Church of Rome in Ireland in the days of Cardinal Cullen and those of his predecessor. On the death of the late Dr. Murray, in 1851, Dr. Cullen was transferred from the Primatial See of Armagh to the more important though less ancient, and, in an ecclesiastical sense, less dignified one of Dublin. It was in this position that his views and principles had full development and scope. No two characters could be more different than those of the mild and genial Archbishop Murray, whose liberal spirit conciliated many opponents of the Catholic claims and attracted the cordial esteem and friendship of the Protestant gentry, and

the ascetic prelate who possessed no social sympathies, but looked, if not with suspicion and distrust, at least with cold and gloomy reserve, upon those of a heretical creed. He infused a new spirit into the social as well as the religious life of the country, regarding with apprehension the effects of a liberal mixture of different religious sects, not only in educational, but in other matters which previously afforded a common ground of action. He set up anew and strengthened by every means the old barrier of sectarian isolation and exclusiveness, and the result is a growth of the spirit in the country which may be more zealous and devotional, but is also more narrow and illiberal than prevailed before his time, though it is to some extent counteracted by more tolerant and trustful principles. He was, as every one knows, an Ultramontane of the most uncompromising type, and though there were many, both of the clergy and laity, who dissented from his opinions, few had the courage to oppose them, enforced as they were by a systematic policy which made its influence felt and feared.

The name of Archbishop Cullen has been a foremost one in the history of Ireland for the last twenty-eight years. No man in the kingdom has exercised a greater personal influence, or wielded more absolute power, by virtue of his high episcopal position as a Prince of the Church, Archbishop of the Metropolitan See, and Legate of the Pope. His authority, however, was not used for any selfish motive, or for the gratification of an arbitrary will, but in a conscientious and considerate spirit for the advancement of the interests of religion, according to his ideas of what was patriotic and right. It was not only implicitly obeyed, but was received with the respect and deference due to his office and his character.

There have been few occasions on which his episcopal rule excited any feeling of bitter resentment, though it was enforced when necessary with peremptory and inflexible decision. One notable exception—the case of Father O’Keeffe—is of recent occurrence and now deeply impressed upon the memory by remarkable facts, which do not need any further reference. That case involved an issue affecting the principles of ecclesiastical government, both as regards internal discipline and the authority of the Church in matters affecting faith and morals. The educational controversy, in which the Cardinal maintained

an attitude of determined hostility to the mixed system of education, was at the bottom of this dispute, though it became one of a graver character when the questions of canonical and constitutional right were introduced. From the first the Cardinal has been unflinching and indefatigable in his advocacy of denominationalism, and there can be no doubt that the result of his persistent efforts has been to transform the national system into one, in fact, denominational; though the shadow of this principle on which it was founded is cast over. He opposed the mixed system, however, with still more uncompromising antagonism. After a memorable struggle he succeeded in the famous Synod of Thurles by a majority of one vote in procuring the issue of an edict condemning the national schools. This has been a fruitful subject of contention ever since, and a severe embarrassment alike to the Church itself and to the State. This may be said to have been the only question of a political nature with which the Cardinal concerned himself, and it was only in consideration of the religious element that he took an active part in the agitation respecting it. He did not intermeddle in party strife or controversies, or countenance interference of his clergy in electioneering or other political movements. In this respect the diocese of Dublin contrasted creditably with others in the country.

All the thoughts and energies of his life were directed to the interests of religion, and he enforced, on the part of all who were subject to his authority, the strictest attention to their parochial duties. He was an earnest advocate and supporter of the temperance cause, and gave material help in promoting the Sunday Closing Act and other social reforms. His loyal attachment to the Crown and Constitution of England was shown with earnest and consistent firmness in trying times in spite of popular clamour and at the risk of personal odium. To none in Her Majesty's dominions was the British Government more indebted for co-operation in extinguishing the flames of insurrection during the Fenian excitement and restoring tranquillity and order in the country. His great influence was thrown heartily into the scale of constitutional authority, and he spared no exertions to put down every form of secret societies, which he believed to be incompatible with the duty of a citizen and a Christian. In private life he was most estimable, and under a cold and stern exterior had a warm and generous heart. With the

exception of Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, and Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, he was the oldest prelate in Ireland. As already stated, he was appointed to the See of Armagh and Primacy of all Ireland in 1850; in 1852 he was translated to Dublin, and in 1866 proclaimed a Cardinal priest, being the first Irishman who was invested with the purple and raised to the rank of a Prince of his Church; in 1859 he served as director to the Holy See by organising an Irish Brigade, who went to assist in restoring the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. He was not present at the election of Leo XIII., although he left Ireland to attend. He was trustee for property to an immense amount bequeathed for religious purposes—a proof of the confidence reposed in him and the zeal he inspired.

LEADING ARTICLE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1878

The death of Cardinal Cullen takes away an ecclesiastic who has for many years been the most fervent representative of Irish Ultramontaniam, and who was a considerable figure even in the Roman hierarchy. Undistinguished as a theologian, a writer, or a preacher, he typified better than any other prelate the vast change which has come over the spirit of the Catholic Church in Ireland, as in all other lands, during the present generation. Born soon after the beginning of this century, he had felt the sting of the mischievous laws to which the Catholic Emancipation Act gave the last touch of extinction, and, after being taught in a village school, he was sent to Italy while still a boy to be educated for the priesthood. Such, indeed, was the old system of training the Irish youth for the sacred office. It was more expensive to send a lad to be educated in France, Spain, or Italy than it now is to keep him at Maynooth; and hence most of the older ecclesiastics came from a higher social class than those of the present day. They also returned to Ireland with some measure of foreign culture, which is scarcely rivalled by the results of the training at Maynooth.

The repeal of the Penal Laws and the institution of that college have, by a curious perversity, tended to withdraw the ecclesiastical guides of the peasantry from contact with the higher intellectual currents of the age. Maynooth had been in existence for a few years when Paul Cullen chose to be a priest; but, as his parents belonged to the middle rank of

society, they were able to follow the past custom of sending their son to study theology in the schools of the Continent. Had he returned to his native country as soon as he was ordained, he might, perhaps, have been neither more nor less liberal than the older race of Irish priests. But he took up his abode in Rome, and he became one of those ecclesiastics who set in motion the elaborate machinery of the Vatican. He was employed for many years in what may be called the Irish department, and in connection with the Irish College. Thus he became profoundly acquainted with the political and the theological affairs of his country. He learned to know them as well as they can be known by the medium of correspondence and personal interviews at a distance from the scene of strife and from the atmosphere of Irish passion.

Meanwhile the spirit of Ultramontaniam had been gathering strength throughout the whole of Western Europe under the influence of the feeling that the unity of the Latin Church was menaced by scepticism, political revolution, and the tendency of nations to assert their own individuality. Men like De Maistre had seen that more centralisation—a firmer tone of authority at the Vatican—was needed to resist the disintegrating forces, and Rome was quick to learn the lesson taught by her keener minds. Nowhere could a young ecclesiastic be so speedily transformed by the new spirit as in one of the congregations which manage the religious affairs of the most distant lands from the Vatican. Paul Cullen, while still a young man, had to study the appeals from the Irish clergy against their prelates, the disputes of the Irish hierarchy with the English Government, the system of education, and the training of the priesthood. He had to draw up reports which virtually invested him with the despotism of the Vatican. Thus he gathered Italian ideas of discipline, and he must often have been shocked by the wild tone of independence with which the Irish priests sometimes spoke of the Papacy when they wished to show the English Government that they were loyal subjects of the Crown. Such outbursts of freedom must have appeared as licentious to a bureaucrat of the Vatican as the criticism of the House of Commons might seem to an official trained in the silent traditions of Russian obedience.

No wonder, then, that so capable an ecclesiastic as Paul Cullen became a favourite with Gregory XVI. and Pius IX.

He had his reward in 1849, when the death of Dr. Crolly made a vacancy in the Archbishopric of Armagh. The suffragan bishops of that diocese did not, indeed, put the name of Dr. Cullen among the list of three ecclesiastics whom, in the usual fashion, they submitted to the Vatican, in ascending order of worthiness, as qualified to rule the see; but the Pope set aside their recommendation, and gave the dignity to Dr. Cullen. He did exactly the same thing after the death of Cardinal Wiseman, and thus it happened that Dr. Manning became Archbishop of Westminster. In Ireland, at least, his assertion of authority was resented by a clergy who had still much of the same independent spirit as the old Gallicans; but the iron pressure of the Roman discipline always baffles little spurts of freedom, and the Irish bishops had to submit. Very soon they found that in Archbishop Cullen the Pope had sent an ecclesiastic who was to make a profound change in the whole spirit of their communion. Some of them, at least, had been ready to accept from the English Government a plan of national education which should allow Protestants and Catholics to meet in the same classrooms.

The vigilant eye of Archbishop Cullen saw at a glance, on the other hand, that the training of the "Godless colleges" would be hostile to the spirit of Ultramontanism just in proportion to the degree in which it should be unsectarian. Ultramontanism, he knew, was not so much a code of definite principles as a tendency; and the very thing it wanted to destroy was that temper of liberalism which the Queen's Colleges would foster. Hence he launched against the whole system of "godless" education pastorals filled with anathemas fresh from the banks of the Tiber. Catholic parents were warned that they would risk the salvation of their sons if they should allow them to be taught by heretical professors and associate with heretical young men. Nor can there be any doubt that if Catholicism requires such a theological spirit as his, it also needs his system of isolation. With unflinching zeal he pursued the same system when he was translated to the Archbishopric of Dublin; and in that diocese his influence was the more marked because his predecessor, Dr. Murray, had been as much noted for the liberalism with which he treated national education as for the amiability of his character.

Archbishop Cullen proceeded to establish a Catholic Univer-

sity, and the experiment was made memorable by his choice of the first rector. In Dr. Newnham he selected a man of incomparable qualifications for the scholastic part of the duty, but at the same time profoundly unlike himself in mental and theological temper. The subtle intellect that had written the *University Sermons* and the essay on *The Development of Christian Doctrine* could scarcely sympathise with the dictatorial directness of the newer school. Hence Dr. Newnham's connection with the Catholic University soon closed. Archbishop Cullen went on, however, without flinching; and, supported by the Vatican, he gradually beat down all opposition. Thanks to his influence, the Queen's Colleges lie under the ban of the Catholic clergy, and he also did much to destroy the unsectarian character of the national schools. Thus he earned by zealous service the rank of the Cardinalate—an honour which was the more marked in his case because he was the first Irishman to whom it had been given since the Reformation.

In the same spirit, but with still greater boldness, he strove to lessen the independence of the parish priests, and to make them subject to the will of their bishops, who were subject to the will of the Vatican. The priests had inherited considerable rights from a time when the discipline of Rome was lax. But those rights would be fatal to the perfect working of the system which Cardinal Cullen had come from Rome to establish. He could not secure the requisite freedom from friction until he could declare, as Cardinal de Bonnechose did in the French Senate, "My clergy are a regiment, and when I say to them 'March!' they march." But he did not find it easy to drill Irish priests into a semblance of the ecclesiastical janissaries who in other lands are the mute servants of the Vatican. Father O'Keele's vehement appeals to the Canon Law and vigorous denunciations of his ecclesiastical superiors betrayed an embarrassing temper. Again, however, Cardinal Cullen and his party were absolutely successful. They were on the crest of the wave which was submerging all forms of ecclesiastical nationality, and the Irish priesthood will soon learn to obey the word of command as silently as the French.

Cardinal Cullen was an interesting man precisely because he was the agent of a great change, and because he was admirably fitted to be the instrument of it. His ascetic temper cut him off from the cultivated, easy, tolerant ecclesiastics of a past

generation. To him Rome was everything, and he looked askance even at social pleasures which threatened to blur the line between her fold and that of heresy. To him obedience to the audible word of command was the first condition of order, and order the first necessity of a Church. He was an ecclesiastical Imperialist, and he governed in a perpetual state of siege. Such a man could not have the play of mind or the broad sympathies which bring mental and moral influence, but the very narrowness of his view tended to give him fixity of aim, and to show him the shortest way to victory. His hatred of misrule was beneficial to the English Government in one way, because it rendered him the determined foe of Fenianism and secret societies. But he will be chiefly remembered as the prelate who made Ireland an essentially Ultramontane country, and thus began a new political as well as ecclesiastical chapter of her history. Fervently sincere, single-minded, devout, unflinching, distrustful of culture, a Catholic, and nothing but a Catholic, domineering, and yet absolutely obedient, he represents the militant temper of his Church. If he was not a great Irishman, he was at least a great Ultramontane.

ESPARTERO

OBITUARY NOTICE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1879

MARSHAL ESPARTERO, Duke of Victoria, whose death we record this morning, was born in 1792 in the little town of Granatula, province of La Mancha, and had therefore reached the patriarchal age of eighty-seven. His father, a wheelwright by trade, maintained by his manual labour a large family of children, of whom the Marshal was the youngest. He was originally of too delicate a constitution to follow his father's laborious calling. A near relation, who was parish priest of a town in the same province, recommended his parents to place him at school in order to obtain sufficient instruction to qualify him for admission into an ecclesiastical seminary, and the expense of this preliminary education was defrayed by the good priest. Before he had completed his studies the French invaded Spain. Among those whom love of national independence and hatred of the invaders roused from the torpor which it was erroneously supposed had fallen upon the Spanish people, none sprang to arms with more enthusiasm than the student class. Espartero, then in his sixteenth year, quitted his college and entered as a volunteer in a corps consisting chiefly of young men who were preparing for the same profession, which, from that circumstance, was designated the "Sacred Battalion." After some training they were drafted into different corps on active service. Espartero, having manifested a strong preference for the military profession, was sent, through the influence of a noble family to whom his relation was chaplain, to a military school, and in a very few years obtained his commission as Sub-Lieutenant in the Line.

By that time, however, the French had been driven from the Peninsula, and soon after Napoleon ceased to be the ruler of France. There was no prospect of employment at home, but for the young soldier there was a world elsewhere. The South American colonies, which repudiated the sovereign whom Napoleon had forced upon Spain, rose against the mother country and asserted their independence. The resistance had been encouraged by the Spanish patriots only against the French usurper; but some of the colonies, having enjoyed the luxury of independence and proved the possibility of existing without being ruled by Spanish viceroys, followed in their own cause the example set them by the old country. When Spain was completely delivered from foreign domination, they refused to resume allegiance to the Crown of Castile and proclaimed themselves independent states with Republican institutions.

The young subaltern, who had an earnest inclination for the active duties of his profession, tendered his service to General Morillo, who commanded the expedition sent out to reduce Venezuela and New Granada to obedience. He was at once accepted, and shared in the promotion accorded to officers proceeding on service to the colonies. Morillo soon had an opportunity of appreciating his capabilities, natural and acquired, and on landing in America appointed him secretary and aide-de-camp. Among the insurgent chiefs who from the outset of the struggle made themselves remarkable for personal intrepidity and skill was La Madrid. He had some time before surprised an important fortress held by the Royalist troops. Alarm spread along the whole line of fortified places; the reserve battalions were brought up to defend them and to drive the rebel chief into the passes from which he had suddenly emerged, and by a vigorous attack prevent the patriots from establishing defences.

It was determined to storm the surprised fort at once, and take it, if possible, at the point of the bayonet. A battalion volunteered as the storming party. Espartero, employed on the personal staff of the general, had as yet done no regimental duty, and longed, with the ardour of a true soldier, for an opportunity of distinguishing himself. He asked and obtained permission from his chief to join the party. The fortress was attacked, and after an hour's fighting the Royalists were repulsed with loss and their commanding officer killed. They

returned to the charge, and were again driven back. The third time the Royalists, who had lost nearly half their number and most of their officers killed or severely wounded, were for withdrawing altogether. The young aide-de-camp insisted on making one more attempt. He sent word to the general that if he had a supply of ammunition and 100 men he could take the fort in an hour. "Tell him," said the chief, "that he shall have 200 and I give him four hours; if he succeeds, he shall not go unrewarded."

Before the promised ammunition and reinforcements came up, Espartero (the senior officers having been killed or disabled) led the remnant of his force to a part of the fort which was weakly defended. He rallied those who had fallen back, put himself at the head, and shouted, "Twenty ounces of gold to the man who pulls down the rebel flag!" He dashed forward at the same instant, some 200 men followed, and the attack was so furious that the patriots, though more numerous, abandoned the works with hardly any attempt at resistance. In half an hour the Republican flag was torn down from the parapet by Espartero himself and the Royal standard was floating in its place. He was named to the command of the battalion he had led so well, and soon after distinguished himself in another important combat in which La Madrid was again beaten. The following year he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, with the command of a regiment, and with this corps he routed the bands of Ruelo. In 1822 he was made colonel, with the command of a brigade, and from that year until the fall of Ayacucho, in 1824, and the signal victory gained by the patriot General Suare against the Viceroy La Serna, which secured the independence of Bolivia and put an end to Spanish domination in that part of America, the soldier of fortune gave numerous proofs of professional skill and personal gallantry.

Espartero returned to Spain when the evacuation of the American provinces by the Royalist army became inevitable, and was sent with despatches to the Madrid Government, in which the General-in-Chief did full justice to the services of his subordinate. He was promoted to Brigadier-General and named to the command of Logroño, the chief town of the Rioja. He was then in his thirty-second year, manly and soldier-like in appearance, and of pleasing manners. Here he became acquainted with the daughter of a wealthy proprietor named Santa

Cruz. The intimacy ripened into affection, and they were married in 1825. Soon after his marriage he was transferred to the command of Palma, the capital of the Balearic Islands, where he continued for some time in perfect tranquillity and in the enjoyment of all the happiness which ample means, local rank, and the society of an amiable and accomplished lady could bestow.

On the death of Ferdinand VII. (September 1833) Espartero unhesitatingly declared for the cause of his daughter, then only three years old, sent in his adhesion to the Queen Regent Maria Christina, and asked to be employed on active service in the province where the Carlist insurrection originally broke out, or wherever the Government might deem his services most useful. The request of a man who had already distinguished himself was immediately granted, and he was appointed to the command of the province of Biscay.

The state and prospects of Spain at that period were most gloomy. The greater part of Biscay was in the power of the Carlists, and though the corps of General Rodil, no longer required in Portugal after the defeat of Dom Miguel, joined the Queen's army in the northern provinces, this advantage was more than counterbalanced by the increasing strength and organisation of the insurgents under Zumalcarregui, and the enthusiasm created by the presence of the Pretender among them at the review held by him in August 1834, in Navarre, when there mustered a corps of 16,000 men exclusive of the bands in Biscay. The Queen's forces were at that time distributed in a number of weakly-fortified posts at a distance from each other. The Carlists, who had hitherto kept in the mountains, occasionally descending to make sudden attacks on detached corps, assumed the offensive in the spring of 1835; their operations began to assume a decisive character, and their advantages were rapid and frequent.

In April the Queen's troops were repulsed with a loss of 2000 men; General Oran was utterly defeated in the Bastan (Navarre), and the triumphant progress of Zumalcarregui continued unabated till his death on 25th June in the same year, from a severe wound in the knee. In December 1835 the headquarters of the Queen's army were at Vittoria, and Espartero, a short time before promoted to Lieutenant-General, commanded a division under Cordova. This general had done something

towards restoring the discipline of the army, which when he took the command was in a very deplorable state, owing to its want of resources of every kind and its many discomfitures in the field. It was reserved for Espartero to complete the work commenced by his superior, and the first signal proof he gave of his resolution to do so was during his stay in the capital of Alava.

There was at that time attached to the brigade of Jauregui (called El Pastor, from his original occupation before he became chief of a guerilla band against the French invaders) a sort of regular corps known as Chapel-Gorris, or Red Caps, consisting principally of Guipuzcoans. They were useful in the Basque mountains as *délaiteurs*, were very brave, very gay, and good fellows enough in quarters; hated the Carlists intensely, but had loose notions about property; were unscrupulous where there was an opportunity of plunder among friends or foes, and were, consequently, objects of much fear and dislike to the peasantry. They had been guilty of diverse excesses and had too often escaped punishment. On a recent occasion some of these men had committed outrages of a more than ordinary character which could not be passed over.

On the 7th of December General Cordova, accompanied by General Evans, who commanded the British auxiliaries, left Vittoria for Burgos to confer, it was said, with some envoy on his way from Madrid to Paris. Espartero, on whom the authority devolved in the absence of his superior, resolved to profit by this occasion to make an example which would not soon be forgotten, particularly as it was rumoured at headquarters that he had been sharply remonstrated with by the Government for not checking the excesses of his men.

On the morning of the 12th of December the unconscious Chapel-Gorris were marched out a few miles on the Mirandadel-Ebro road. On their arrival at the place of rendezvous they were ordered to take position on a rising ground. Here they beheld drawn up a force of 6000 infantry, artillery, and some squadrons of cavalry, which had preceded them from Vittoria. They were halted to pile arms, and then moved to some distance; the cavalry in the meantime advanced and occupied the ground between them and their piled arms. At that moment only they seemed to understand that they were brought there for some sinister purpose. The General appeared before them, and in an

energetic address called upon them to denounce the ringleaders, the most guilty participators in the crime. They were silent, but some seemed as if they would attempt to repossess themselves of their muskets; they were prevented by the cavalry.

Orders were then given for lots to be cast for decimation. The order was executed, and sixty unfortunates stood apart from their comrades. From these, ten were drawn by lot. The firing party were ready, and in a few minutes the ten who paid the penalty of their own crime or that of others were lying dead at the foot of the hill. All were not dead, however, for one fine young man, who was but slightly wounded in the ear and the arm, had the presence of mind to throw himself on the grass and remain motionless on his face until the troops had all marched past and withdrawn. In a few days he was carried into Vittoria in secrecy and finally recovered. It is probable the matter was not unknown to the General, who, perhaps, thought the example sufficient for his purpose; at all events, the young man was not molested.

The mutiny of the sergeants and privates of some battalions of Provincial Guards on duty at San Ildefonso, where the Queen Regent and her daughters then were, on the night of the 11th of August 1836, produced the dismissal of the Isturitz Cabinet and the adoption of the Constitution of 1812. The excitement was so great that the Ministers fled from Madrid and retired to France; but the Military Governor of the capital fell a victim to popular resentment. General Cordova resigned the command-in-chief of the army, quitted Spain, and repaired as quickly as possible to Bayonne. After a short lapse of time Espartero was gazetted Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Operations in the Northern Provinces.

The Carlists were not slow to profit by these disorders and by the diminished strength of the Queen's army caused by the necessity of sending detachments into the interior of the country. They again, for the second time, invested the important city of Bilbao. The force available to Espartero for raising the siege was comparatively small; but the garrisons numbered nearly 7000 men, and General Evans despatched from San Sebastian, where he then had his headquarters, 1300 Spanish troops to their assistance and a battalion of the British auxiliary force. The steamer in which the latter embarked was driven back by stress of weather. Lord John Hay, commanding the naval station

on the north coast, sent also twelve guns and an effective detachment of Royal Artillery. In the meantime the troops that had been sent in pursuit of the Carlist chiefs Gomez and Sanz in their expedition to the interior successively returned, and Espartero soon had 20,000 men at his disposal.

The positions of the Carlists were strong and formidable, and the Azua, an unfordable river, had to be crossed by the relieving army under a heavy fire from the crest of a mountain ridge. A bridge was thrown across and the passage was effected by the troops. It was midnight on the 25th of December, during a heavy storm of snow, when Espartero, though suffering from a painful affection, placed himself at the head of his men and led them to the charge. The Carlist positions were carried, and when day broke the enemy were in complete flight and left in the hands of the victor the whole of their stores and twenty-five guns. Espartero was foremost in the attack, and by his undaunted bravery on this and on all other critical occasions he proved that the personal exposure of a chief often does more for victory than mere generalship. This brilliant affair obtained for him the title of Count of Luchana.

Early in the following year (1837) a combined operation was agreed on with the object of driving Don Carlos out of Guipuzcoa, which was his stronghold. By this arrangement Espartero was to move from Bilbao, Sarsfield from Pampeluna, and Evans from San Sebastian. The Carlist army in the province was at that time over 35,000 strong and had nearly 100 guns. It was not merely in numbers that their real strength lay, but in their central position, defended by natural barriers, and they required very few detachments for garrisons. The movement of Espartero's corps, which amounted to about 22,000 men, was to be made simultaneously with the junction at Oyarzun of Sarsfield and Evans, whose united force was nearly 20,000, and with Espartero, who was to advance on Durango and Begara, were to march on Hernani and Tolosa. A few days afterwards Sarsfield sent word that it was impossible for him to move at the time appointed; he had not a dollar to pay his men; his officers were six months in arrear, and he was in such a distressing situation that he would attempt no serious operation, but he added that when means were afforded him he should at once move.

A few weeks later Evans, being apprised that some money

and supplies had reached Pampeluna, left San Sebastian on the 10th of March to occupy a position from which Vera or Oyarzun was accessible and to cover the expected movement on those towns. The Carlists in his front were 8000 strong. Evans attacked them at daybreak, and his troops carried their positions in gallant style. The enemy then established themselves on almost inaccessible heights, and kept up a heavy fire without making much impression on the Queen's troops, though the loss was considerable on both sides ; but Evans found himself hardly two miles from the appointed rendezvous. Before advancing farther it was necessary to learn something about Sarsfield's column and in the meantime to fortify the captured redoubts. Espartero was punctual, and had moved the same day (10th of March) from Bilbao towards Durango. He encountered little resistance, the Carlists directing their attention principally to Hernani, their object being to prevent at all cost the junction of Sarsfield and Evans.

While waiting for news of Sarsfield a despatch was received from him by Evans the next day, dated two days before, announcing that he was preparing to advance by Lecumberri upon Hernani, instead of by Vera and Oyarzun, and a second letter to the same effect. This sudden departure from the original arrangement, for which no reason was given, created the greatest regret and apprehension, as a movement through mountain passes, close to the enemy's centre, defended by a large force of infantry and cavalry, with a certainty of reinforcements, was a most dangerous undertaking. There was no help for it ; a corresponding movement by Evans and an attack in front to draw off the enemy's attention were the only chances of saving Sarsfield from the consequences of so hazardous an adventure. Evans advanced without loss of time, and after two days' hard fighting, driving the Carlists from their positions, he was on the point of attacking Hernani, when it was found that a reinforcement of over 5000 men, who were believed to be at that moment engaged with Sarsfield, had reached the enemy.

Another despatch later in the afternoon announced that Sarsfield had again changed his mind ; that he had moved out of Pampeluna a few miles, but that a heavy fall of snow during the night completely prevented any further progress. Evans was then only a mile from Hernani, but as between him and

that town there were twenty-two Carlist battalions and a body of cavalry, its capture was impossible. Further co-operation with Sarsfield was out of the question, and a new arrangement with Espartero became necessary. Evans's force fell back on Ayetta, in front of San Sebastian, retaining the same positions they had gained some days before. Sarsfield acted wisely in returning to Pampeluna without venturing into the formidable pass of Lecumberri. His great fault was his ever attempting to do so, for had he persisted his column would, in all probability, have been destroyed. He was immediately removed from his command.

Towards the end of April (1837) Evans's force on the Ayetta lines was about 10,000 ; the enemy in his front, strongly posted and with many guns, amounted to double that number. With such a disparity it was impossible to dislodge them, and the operation was only practicable by a junction with a part of the main army from Bilbao. The proposal was made by Evans to the General-in-Chief, and at once accepted. On the 1st of May six battalions of Spanish troops arrived by sea at San Sebastian. No time was lost. Evans moved forward with his auxiliaries on the 3rd and occupied his former positions of the 13th of March, ready to commence fighting on the arrival of the remainder. Before, however, these reinforcements had time to come up, the Carlists made a desperate attack on his position, and after four hours' fighting, during which their guns at point-blank range did considerable execution, they were routed with great slaughter and forced to take shelter in their redoubts. On the 9th Espartero arrived ; two days after the whole force landed ; and the army, including the auxiliaries, then amounted to 24,000 infantry and cavalry. On the 14th Espartero advanced against Hernani. The enemy in front, fourteen battalions, gallantly and obstinately defended their positions. Espartero offered Evans to allow some battalions of the British Legion to take the lead. The offer, intended as an honour, was eagerly accepted. The battalions did take the lead ; they scaled the ramparts and fought in the streets of the town. Spaniards and auxiliaries soon became the masters. Hernani was taken, and Espartero fixed his headquarters there, while some 4000 or 5000 Carlists remained in observation on the heights a few miles in advance. Evans at once moved on with 9000 men to the attack of Oyarzun, Irun, and Font-

arabia. These towns fell one after the other after two days' fighting, and their fall completely opened the communications with the French frontier. On the third day after the capture of Fontarabia, the British Legion was again at Hernani, and accompanied for a few leagues the General-in-Chief on his march to Navarre. On their way they were attacked by the Carlists, but the Legion artillery drove them out of their intrenchments in less than half an hour and put them to flight.

The principal strongholds in Guipuzcoa being thus captured, a Carlist expedition left the Basque provinces towards the end of May, and made a circuitous march through parts of the kingdom, during which they had several severe actions with the Queen's troops. They gained no adherents in the northern division of Aragon, nor even in the mountains of Catalonia. They made the best of their way to the districts occupied by Cabrera, but those districts could not afford them the supplies they needed. They then penetrated into Castile, where they were joined by reinforcements from the provinces, which increased their strength to 16,000 infantry and 1200 horse, nominally commanded by Don Carlos, and approached to within four miles of Madrid. The only garrison of Madrid consisted of some 8000 National Guards, well armed and equipped, and Espartero was summoned in all haste from the northern banks of the Ebro to the defence of the capital. On his approach the Carlists at once fell back. He pursued them without loss of time, came up with the rearguard at Aranda del Duero, and attacked and drove them into the mountains of Soria. Here the remains of the enemy separated into two columns of about 6000 each, with one of which Don Carlos was. Espartero got between this column and the other, which was commanded by Don Sebastian, who, with Generals Zariategui, Villa Real, and other chiefs, made their way by rapid marches back to Biscay. The other column, with Don Carlos, wandered about for several days, and, by night marches through the forests of the Sierra, escaped Espartero's pursuit and sought rest and safety on the northern bank of the Ebro, which they reached in a most miserable condition, after traversing the country to the extent of nearly 1000 miles.

Unfortunately, the same causes which had so often during the war retarded its operations once more paralysed the Queen's

army. Espartero, who had just beaten and dispersed the invaders of Castile, found himself, from want of the most indispensable supplies, unable to continue his pursuit of the enemy into the fastnesses of the northern provinces. His enforced leisure enabled him to turn his attention to another matter as necessary as following up the Carlists—namely, the reorganisation of his army. Besides the real destitution to which it was so often reduced, means had been taken to create among the non-commissioned officers and men, who were almost all Liberals, doubts and suspicions as to the fidelity of their chiefs to the Constitutional cause. The failure of Sarsfield in his engagements respecting the combined movement with Espartero and Evans, already described, seemed to justify the charge of bad faith. There was no good reason to believe that it was founded in truth. Sarsfield had served and commanded, not without distinction, in the great War of Independence with Napoleon, and by all accounts was a gallant soldier and an honourable gentleman, as became the descendant of the Sarsfields of Limerick. His apparent defection on the occasion referred to was really attributable to the bad state of his health, which, as he himself said, was “completely shattered.” Whole battalions, however, had mutinied and murdered their generals at Miranda on the Ebro, at Vittoria and Pampeluna, and attempted to do the same at Hernani; and Sarsfield was one of the first victims.

It has been seen how Espartero checked the excesses of the soldiery in the affair of the Chapel-Gorris. He was not less resolute in dealing with their superiors. The murderers of Escalera at Miranda and of the Governor Alvarez at Vittoria were tried and shot. The colonel of a well-known regiment of the line, who, if he had not taken an active part, had at least connived at the murder of Sarsfield, was arrested, tried, and shot the same day near Pampeluna in presence of his own men; and the leaders of each rank during the mutinies were dismissed the army, or otherwise punished. By these energetic measures order and discipline were soon restored.

In the following year (1838) the Carlists attempted another expedition to the south of the Ebro, without success, and one column was destroyed or made prisoners by Espartero. Nevertheless, for more than twelve months the army continued in want of magazines, equipments, and means of transport. Espartero had issued a manifesto condemning the project of the

Government to form an army of reserve while the army of operations was in such destitution, to be commanded by a general known to be hostile to him. This army was really intended to counterbalance the influence of Espartero.

In January (1839) there was a change of Government in Madrid, which was productive of important advantages. The new Minister of War was General Alaix, and few men in Spain were so well acquainted with the requirements of an army in the field. He was, moreover, a thoroughly honest man, and belonged to none of the political parties that then disputed power. He made such arrangements that by the time the campaign opened the troops were in a most efficient condition, and Espartero found himself for the first time with equipments, shoes, means of transport, and three or four months' provisions in his magazines. As the resources of the Queen's army increased, those of the Carlists rapidly diminished. The signal victory of Guardamino, where the General's personal valour was conspicuously displayed at a most critical moment, was the first of the campaign. The movement on Orduña which followed and the turning of the enemy's position at Balmaseda and Villa Real de Alava were skilfully conducted and were completely successful.

The Queen's army soon occupied the mountain region which commanded the enemy's country, the passes of which had been held by them for six years. The Carlists were now greatly discouraged. They had become weary of the war, and the Prince for whom they carried it on had sunk much in their estimation. Their General, Maroto, and other chiefs who had most influence knew that further resistance was useless. The desire for peace was universal. Negotiations with that view had been going on for some months, and were now brought to a successful issue. Espartero led his victorious troops down from the heights to Bergara; on the 31st of August 1839 the Convention was signed, and twenty-four battalions of Carlist veterans laid down their arms, and, with full confidence in the good faith of her General, acknowledged the authority of Queen Isabella II.

During the summer of the following year Espartero completed his work by the defeat and expulsion of Cabrera and his bands from the mountains of Catalonia and Lower Aragon. The Civil War, which had lasted seven years, was now at an end,

and throughout Spain there was not a single Carlist in arms. Espartero, hailed by the nation as the pacificator of his country, was created Duke of Victoria and Morella, Grandee, and Knight of the Golden Fleece, having for his previous deeds received all the military orders of chivalry known to Spain. The English Government, in recognition of his great services to his country, conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Bath.

It would have been well had he remained contented with the immense popularity which rewarded such signal services and the title of Liberator of his country. In Spain no party considers itself complete without a military chief at its head, and the more advanced Liberals, or *Progresistas* as they were called, in opposition to the Conservatives, or *Moderados*, were proud to adopt the foremost man of the time as their champion. A dissension soon arose between him and the new War Minister respecting the promotion he had asked for his military and confidential secretary, which was somewhat ungraciously refused. The Ministers had to resign, and the secretary, of course, obtained what was asked from their successors. His great influence with the army and the nation, as well as his alliance with the *Progresistas*, made Espartero obnoxious to the Court and the Government; and, in opposition to the new chief of the Liberals, a Bill was drawn up on the French model, imposing certain important restrictions on municipal liberties. It was known that Espartero highly disapproved this measure, but it was presented to the Cortes by the Cabinet, passed into law, and, in spite of his reiterated protests, received the sanction of the Queen Regent. An insurrectionary movement immediately followed in diverse parts of the country, while it was known that the army declared for its General. The Ministry fell. Espartero, fresh from his crowning victory in Catalonia, entered Madrid in triumph, and was named President of the new Cabinet. The Queen Mother, who was then at Valencia, resigned her functions as Regent of the kingdom, and embarked for France on the 12th of October.

In May the following year (1841) Espartero, after a struggle between those who wanted a Regency of three and those who would have but one, was elected by the Cortes sole Regent of Spain during the minority of Queen Isabella, and proceeded, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the people, to take the oaths of fidelity to the Queen and the Constitution. His services were

too remarkable and his position too high not to excite the jealousy and dislike of men whom he so much surpassed and who set themselves to conspire against him. In November the same year a military insurrection broke out simultaneously in Pampeluna and Madrid. O'Donnell, who was at the head of the former, gained over a certain number of the garrison and got possession of the citadel during the night. The leaders of the movements in Madrid were Concha and Diego Leon, Count of Belascoain (sometimes called by his admirers the Murat of Spain), General of Cavalry. O'Donnell threw a few shells into Pampeluna to force the National Guard to declare for the Queen Mother, but without effect; and the Madrid leaders, whose object was said to be to obtain possession of the Queen's person and carry her off to the northern provinces, attacked the royal palace. Vigorous resistance was offered by the Halberdiers or household guard, and the fighting was continued to the very doors of the royal apartment.

All Madrid was now thoroughly roused, for the attempt was made during the night, and the National Guard and troops hastened to the spot. The issue was not long doubtful. The plot failed ignominiously, and the leaders fled in all directions and in various disguises, and some lay hid during the night under the arch of a bridge. One or two of the subordinates were taken, and Diego Leon was discovered a day or two afterwards in disguise at some short distance from Madrid, waiting for an opportunity to escape. He was tried by court-martial, convicted, and shot; the exasperation of the National Guard being so great that the Regent did not venture to pardon or commute the punishment of his old comrade. The plot having failed in Madrid, O'Donnell quitted the citadel of Pampeluna by the postern gate, and with most of the soldiers whom he had gained over made the best of his way to France. Espartero, who had gone up to the Basque provinces after the flight of O'Donnell, returned to Madrid, where he was received with acclamations.

Towards the close of the following year (1842) another insurrection broke out in the ever-turbulent city of Barcelona, where means had been taken to make the manufacturing classes believe that Espartero was sold to England and was projecting a commercial treaty, the result of which must be the total ruin of Catalan industry. Van Halen, Count of Peracampe, was

Captain-General of the province. There was some fighting between the troops and the populace, and some shells were thrown from the fortress of Monjuich. Espartero set out for Catalonia when he got news of the insurrection, which was put down before he arrived. He did not enter Barcelona, but remained for a few days in the environs.

The insurrection that next followed was far more serious. A combination was formed in the early part of 1843 between a discontented section of the *Progresistas* and the partisans of the Queen Mother, in order to compel the Regent to sanction a general amnesty presented by the Cabinet, at the head of which was Lopez. Lopez, a rhetorician of marvellous fluency, the Castelar of those days, is long since forgotten. It was also required of Espartero that he should dismiss his confidential secretary, General Linaji, who was supposed to possess much influence over him. His refusal brought on a crisis. The Ministers resigned and the Cortes were dissolved.

The old story was revived about the Regent having actually signed, at the instigation of the obnoxious secretary, a commercial treaty with England and thus sacrificed Spanish interests to "perfidious Albion." The disaffected deputies hastened to the provinces; in a few weeks the manufacturing towns of Catalonia rose, and their example was followed in some places in Aragon and in the South. The Revolutionary Junta of Barcelona proclaimed the deposition of the Regent, who had left Madrid with a portion of the army to quell the insurrection, and, by anticipation, the majority of Queen Isabella, then only thirteen. A Provisional Government, formed principally of Serrano and Lopez, began by denouncing Espartero as a traitor to the country and depriving him of the rank and honours which he had so well earned. He tried to put down the movement, but the army had in great part been secured by the conspirators. His partisans accused him of remaining too long inactive in Albacete in Murcia, and thus allowing his enemies to gather strength. But he was well aware that he could no longer place implicit reliance on the troops, and after some ineffectual attempts he escaped to Cadiz at the end of July, where he embarked with a few faithful followers on board an English man-of-war and arrived in England in August 1843.

Towards the close of 1847 the disgraceful decree which had proclaimed him traitor was rescinded and his honours were

restored. He returned to Spain after four years of exile and entered Madrid early in January 1848. His first visit was to the Queen, married two years before to her cousin Don Francisco D'Assise, who received him affectionately, at least in appearance. He took his seat in the Senate, where he was received with every mark of respect. The street (the Calle Montera) where he had his temporary residence was day after day so thronged with the crowds who waited to catch a sight of him that it was difficult for him to make his way through it. The enthusiasm of the Madrid population, who remembered only the victor of many fields and the restorer of peace, soon began, however, to give serious umbrage to the Government, at the head of which was his old enemy Narvaez. His friends, fearing that the attitude of the people might afford a pretext for some act of violence, thought it more prudent for him to leave the capital. He took their advice and retired to Logroño, where he lived tranquilly until 1854.

In 1854 there was a rising in Madrid against a most unpopular Government, at the head of which was Sartorius, Count of San Luis. O'Donnell, who had returned some years before from his Captain-Generalcy of Cuba, put himself at the head of the insurgent troops. A fight occurred at Vicalvaro, near Alcala de Hancra, with doubtful result. His first proclamation was not Liberal enough for the *Progresistas*. He now found it necessary to repair his fault, and presently many generals and their troops gave their adhesion to him. The Queen, who feared for her throne, turned to Espartero in her danger. The Ministers were dismissed, and Espartero, who had just been named Generalissimo by the Liberal Junta at Aragon, hastened to Madrid and accepted the post of Prime Minister, with O'Donnell as Minister of War.

The next two years were taken up with complications and intrigues of all kinds. In the Constituent Cortes, which met at the close of the year to discuss the bases of a new Constitution, the existence of the Monarchy itself began to be called in question. A split occurred among the *Progresistas*, some of whom adhered to Espartero, some to O'Donnell; and the antagonism between the veteran and the younger and aspiring general grew in intensity. A crisis was inevitable. O'Donnell insisted on the dismissal of an obnoxious member of the Cabinet, Escosura, or his own resignation. All the Ministers, includ-

ing Espartero, retired, and O'Donnell had the satisfaction of being named Prime Minister and, as such, charged with forming a new Cabinet. The fall of Espartero was followed by a formidable insurrection in Madrid, which was relentlessly put down. He took no part in it and once more returned to his retreat in Logroño. After the deposition of the Queen he might have been King of Spain or President of the Republic, but he invariably and most wisely declined the perilous distinction, and preferred to remain in the peaceful seclusion of Logroño.

Whatever military critics may say of Espartero as a general, it is certain that from the time he held an independent command he was always successful against the enemy; and he brought the long and desolating Civil War, which had baffled all his predecessors could do, to a close. For some years his popularity was universal in Spain; engravings of his interview with Maroto on the plain of Bergara filled every shop-window; even after his fall there was hardly a garret in Madrid that had not a likeness of the "Morenito," as, from his dark complexion, he was popularly called; and still, after many years and many vicissitudes, the memory of the soldier of Luchana is gratefully cherished. Unlike so many of his contemporaries, his honours were won in the field against the common enemy. He was a Field-Marshal, a Duke, and a Grandee of the highest class before the events of 1840, which raised him to the Regency on the resignation of the Queen Mother. For England he always cherished an affectionate regard, and was ever accessible and kind and generous to those who had any claim on him. He never felt ashamed of his humble origin, and when as Regent of the kingdom he held his Court in the lordly mansion of the Buena Vista, he cordially received his townsmen and inquired about his old comrades of Granatula as if they were of the bluest of blue blood. Such was the man who once held so high a place among his contemporaries, and whose career, though long since ended, will always fill many pages of his country's annals.

LEADING ARTICLE, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1879

"A man has passed away who is but a historic name to the present generation. Baldomero Espartero died yesterday, at

Logroño, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. Death has lately been busy among the illustrious of Spain. It is but a few months since Queen Mercedes died ; Christina has passed away ; and now the old General and statesman, who has hardly emerged from his retirement for a quarter of a century, disappears from the scene. He has lived through political changes innumerable, and some of the most exciting of them have been made by younger men, while the veteran looked on from his solitude. The great work of his life was finished thirty-eight years ago. That work was to crush the Carlist cause, as was thought in 1840, for ever, and to place Isabella II. securely on the throne. Espartero lived to know that the Queen of whom he had been the victorious champion was a discrowned exile ; to see Spain ravaged by a civil strife more miserable than the seven years' Carlist War which he had brought to an end ; to deplore, as one weak government succeeded another, that shameful and apparently hopeless anarchy in which the very identity of his once proud and powerful country seemed to be effaced ; but he has at least lived long enough to see the son of his former sovereign called to the vacant throne, and to hail in Alfonso XII. the heir of the Bourbons and the King of Spain.

In the crisis of the late civil war Espartero gave expression—in what has proved his last public utterance—to the feeling with which every patriotic Spaniard must have viewed the state of Spanish affairs,—a feeling naturally keener for one whose own recollection could suggest so many contrasts ; and the satisfaction with which he regarded the restoration of the Monarchy has not been lessened by the fact that the government up to the present time has assumed a regular and constitutional form. Few careers have ever combined in a higher degree than that of Espartero all the elements of romance, or have more fully exemplified the caprices of fortune. But the story of his life has much more than a picturesque or a sentimental interest. It has practical lessons to teach, by which all leaders of men may profit, and which are calculated to be useful to none more than to his own countrymen.

The career of which a detailed account will be found elsewhere in our columns may be said to fall into three main chapters. Up to 1833—that is, for the first forty-one years of his life—the future Regent and Premier was simply a dashing

soldier. The impulse which, in 1808, led the theological student of humble origin to enrol himself in the Sacred Battalion was the same which inspired the brilliant aide-de-camp of General Morillo. When the War of Independence, begun by Venezuela and New Granada, issued in a victory for the South American colonies of Spain, Espartero, a colonel at thirty-two, returned to the mother country with his reputation for personal bravery and for dash in leading thoroughly established. But his services appear to have been adequately recognised by the rank of Brigadier-General and by the command of an important provincial town.

The second and the great chapter of his life did not open until nine years later. Isabella, afterwards the Second of Spain, was only three years old when her father, Ferdinand VII, died, in September 1833. General Espartero promptly gave his adhesion to the Queen Regent, Maria Christina, and during a civil war of seven years was the leading champion of the royal cause against the Carlists. When, in 1840, the task was finished, and the bands of Cabrera had been driven out of Catalonia and Lower Aragon, honours of every kind were heaped upon the Liberator of Spain. Espartero was created Duke of Victoria and Morella, a Grandee of the highest class, and a Knight of the Golden Fleece. England recognised his services to the peace of Europe by conferring on him the Grand Cross of the Bath. The prosperity, if not the power, of Espartero had now culminated. That last chapter of his public life which opened in 1840 and closed with his final retirement in 1857 was chequered with grave disasters. But it is not solely or principally because it presents such reverses that it offers a contrast, in many respects melancholy, to the period of seven years which had preceded it.

As the chivalrous leader of the royal armies in the civil war Espartero was thoroughly in his place. As the nominal leader of the *Progresistas* afterwards he was thoroughly out of his place. It may be questioned whether Spain or the eminent Spaniard whom each occasion victimises is the greater sufferer by that national superstition which ordains that every political party must have a military chief or, to speak more exactly, a military figurehead. The tendency of such a tradition is further to emphasise a resemblance, usually but too strong in Spain, between parties and camps, and at the same time to transfer

men who have already done good service in their proper place to a position which they can neither maintain nor abandon without loss of reputation.

Espartero had a peculiar claim to the sympathy of Englishmen when, in 1843, the tactics of his rivals were at length successful, and he was proscribed by the Provisional Government of Serrano and Lopez. The weapon which had been used against him with most effect was the story of a commercial treaty with England by which the Catalan industries were to be ruined—a rumour which set Barcelona ablaze with one of those sudden outbreaks for which it has been comparable only to Alexandria in the ancient or to Lyons in the modern world. It was in this country that the deposed Regent passed the four years of an exile from which—not too soon for the credit of Spain—he was honourably recalled; and the kindness which he then received here must have had its share with the recollections of old comradeship in creating that feeling of warm regard which he always entertained for England.

Above the fortune of the man—above his successes as well as his failures—stands out his character. This is well worth noting. It has that to teach which Spaniards of to-day may well ponder. His primary characteristic was brilliant personal bravery. It was this which signalised his earliest exploit—the recapture of the fortress taken by the insurgent chief La Madrid in the Spanish Colonial War; it was this which gave a special lustre to his relief of Bilbao in 1836; to his taking of Hernani in 1837, when the British auxiliaries, under Evans, highly distinguished themselves; and, in the same year, to his expulsion of the Carlists from Castile. His next great quality was moral courage. Espartero was never stopped from doing vigorously what he thought to be right by the fear of losing popularity, or by the prospect of official disgrace. The firmness with which he restored discipline on a famous occasion among the irregular troops known as the Red Caps, and the fearlessness with which, after the assassination of Escalera and of Alvarez, he punished the abettors of graver excesses, prove that he was exempt from that subservience to the popular voice of the soldiery which is so apt to influence the commander of troops in a doubtfully-poised civil war. His public protest, in 1838, against the intention of the Government to put a general known to be hostile to him in command of the Army of Reserve was the

expression of a just indignation, which was effective chiefly because it was in a rare sense intrepid.

Espartero was, however, a man of but mediocre ability. The great fact about him, and the one which bears most decisive and most significant testimony to his character, is that he was the man to whom Spain turned in a succession of crises. In 1841, the Queen Mother having resigned the office of Regent in the autumn of the preceding year, it was Espartero whom the voice of the Spanish nation, unequivocally expressed at a moment when the Court was hostile to him, summoned to that post. In 1854, when the successful agitation of O'Donnell had thoroughly alarmed the Queen, it was Espartero for whom she sent after the dismissal of her Ministers, and to whom she entrusted the formation of a new Cabinet. In the debates of May 1869, on the policy of re-establishing the Monarchy, one of the proposals was that Espartero should be made King of Spain; and, whatever may have been the tone of the reception given by the Constituent Cortes to the suggestion, the fact that it was possible is enough to show that the man to whom it referred still kept a high place in the respect and confidence of his countrymen.

It would be easy to say that this reversion on a series of critical occasions to a man who could not pretend to the first rank of statesmanship argues mainly the barrenness of the land. To a certain extent this is true. A generation prolific in genius would have had a greater variety of resources. But the story has a better moral. It illustrates the worth in public as well as private life of a reputation which is perhaps more rare, and certainly more powerful, than many people can easily believe. Espartero achieved a larger influence than such opportunities as he enjoyed commonly bring to far abler persons chiefly because his countrymen were thoroughly convinced that he was an honest man.

PROFESSOR CLIFFORD

OBITUARY NOTICE (THURSDAY, MARCH 6) AND REVIEW OF
THE PROFESSOR'S "LECTURES AND ESSAYS" (WEDNESDAY,
OCTOBER 22), edited by Leslie Stephen and Frederick
Pollock, and published by Macmillan and Co.

THE death of Professor Clifford, F.R.S., occurred on Tuesday, at Madeira, from consumption. The son of an Alderman and Justice of the Peace for Exeter, Mr. Clifford was born in 1845. He was second Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman in 1867, and was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the following year. Not long afterwards he was appointed Professor of Applied Mathematics and Mechanics at University College, London. He was distinguished not only by a rare talent for mathematics, but by a singular capacity for bringing the most advanced scientific ideas within the range of ordinary knowledge. At the time of his death a movement was in active progress to collect a fund for Professor Clifford and his family, on account of his enforced retirement from active work.

"LECTURES AND ESSAYS"

The feelings of the many personal friends of Professor Clifford on reading these volumes must be like those of the survivors of a shipwreck when, on the morning after the storm, they contemplate on the beach the few remnants that the capricious sea has spared from the rich contents of the ship that she has engulfed. Their joy at the sight of each relic is insufficient to compensate for the sad memories it awakens of equally precious treasures that are lost. Nor is this feeling

attributable merely to the fact that an early death has snatched from us a thinker of great power. Many such might pass away without exciting these keen feelings of regret. The world would be grateful for what it had actually received from them, and would not concern itself with speculations as to how much greater might have been their achievements had more time been allowed them.

But none who personally knew Professor Clifford can thus banish the thought of what might have been—of the future which was denied him. For his life was not that of the solitary thinker whose greatness is first learnt by the world and last by his associates. Himself intensely human and delighting above all things in human society, it was his greatest pleasure to take his friends with him into the inmost recesses of his mind and to lavish on them his richest thoughts. To them each essay or lecture was but the particular fragment of his thoughts and sayings which he chose to put into literary shape. Hence, in their views of him promise and performance were inextricably mixed. It must seem to them as though death had drawn an arbitrary line between the portion of his work which is to survive and that which must pass away.

The true reward of a life and character in which the personal element has such prominence is the affection and reverence of friends and contemporaries, and of this no one had a larger share than Professor Clifford. And as in considering the reward of such a life we may not neglect this personal element, so also we must take it into account in estimating the work that he has done. In the influence that he exercised over all who were brought into contact with him, and in the stimulus which he thus gave to the cult of the ideas which he himself cherished, will be found the complement of the labours whose results are now before us. But this part of his life's work can never be fully recognised by the world at large, however anxious those may be who have profited by personal intercourse with him to acknowledge their debt.

If, however, any words can adequately describe the man in his relations to those around him, it has been done by the author of the biographical sketch which is prefixed to these volumes. The name of the author would be a sufficient guarantee that his work would possess all that literary skill and intellectual power could give to it; but no mere literary

skill could have given such a touching picture of the personal charm of Professor Clifford or of the picturesque variety of his life and thoughts, and no mere intellectual effort could have criticised his character and its bearing upon the theories that he held with so just an appreciation and so perfect a sympathy. Its tender grace speaks throughout of one who mourns a dear comrade, and who feels that he honours him best by preserving to the world the fresh memory of their friendship.

The present question, however, with regard to Professor Clifford's works is not their suggestiveness to those who knew the author, but their value to the general reader in the state in which they actually exist. And many a friend of the author on first taking them up and remembering his versatile genius and his keen enjoyment of all realms of intellectual activity must have trembled lest they should be found to consist of fragmentary pieces of work, too disconnected to do justice to his powers of consecutive reasoning and too varied to have any effect as a whole. Fortunately, these fears are groundless.

It is true that in form these papers are disconnected, but the very circumstances that gave them birth have caused them to manifest a unity of purpose and a cognateness of subject which render them in everything but form a connected whole. Indeed, so completely is this the case, that Professor Clifford had, it seems, the idea of recasting them and publishing them in a single work under the name of *The Creed of Science*, and even went so far as to sketch its table of contents. If we compare the existing papers with this table of contents, we at once see that, with one or two trifling exceptions, they would have all found their place in the projected book, and would have needed but little modification for that purpose beyond such as would be necessary to prevent repetition. It is not only in subject that the various papers are closely related. There is also a singular consistency of view and of method throughout. This can be seen by comparing his lecture at the Royal Institution in March 1868—which was his first public utterance, and was delivered within about a year of his taking his degree at Cambridge—with his article on *Cosmic Emotion*, which is almost the last that he wrote. The latter shows, of course, considerable advance in grasp of the subject, but there is no substantial modification of view or even of method. This we shall presently show was not accidental; but it suffices here

to remark that it renders the work as valuable as though it were in a more connected shape, while the fact that all the papers are preserved in their original form gives us a better insight into the mind of the author and the aims and tendencies of his labours.

The key to Professor Clifford's writings is to be found in the special characteristics of his genius as manifested in his mathematical work, which unquestionably represents the main bent of his mind, and in which his power is most conspicuously shown. His chief strength in mathematics consisted in a prodigious faculty for reasoning by analogy, using that phrase in its widest sense. He would take a theorem of a comparatively simple kind, true only under special circumstances, and by intuition, as it were, determine the modifications which must be made in it to suit different or more general conditions. This power of apparently reasoning from the particular to the general, and of passing from one proposition to the corresponding one when some change had been made in the conditions essential to its truth, was with him inborn. It was the ruling passion of his mind, and it was mainly to the exercise of this faculty that are due his splendid contributions to our mathematical knowledge. No sooner had he a theorem in plane geometry than he sought for its analogue in solid figures. No sooner had he a theorem relating to our ordinary space than he sought for its analogue in the impossible spaces in which he delighted.

Nor was he content to deal thus with single theorems. He would throw himself mentally into the altered circumstances, and would not rest until he had constructed a complete system to suit them, deriving each portion of it by analogy from the corresponding truths of the system he was thus transplanting. In this manner he would feel his way about amid the impenetrable darkness of four-dimension space, or non-Euclidean geometry, with the same ease that he would have shown in dealing with the relations of ordinary and possible space; and would reason thereon with a certainty and clearness that seemed incredible even to those who were his compeers in other branches of mathematics. Indeed, he would often talk of such matters in so vivid a way that it was a contested point among his friends whether he had not some occult mental picture of these non-existent and impossible fictions. We do not think

that he had. It was not by means of mental pictorial representations that he was able to realise the properties of these new and strange regions, but by his instinctive power of allowing for change of conditions.

If a man had to pass at some period of his existence into a world where two and three made six, or where two straight lines could enclose a space, Professor Clifford would have been the proper person for him to consult. He would have told him how far he could retain his previous habits and what new ones he must cultivate. It was not only in dealing with mathematical questions that this peculiarity showed itself. Often when in conversation some theory, possible or impossible, was suggested, either in earnest or in joke, he would pretend to adopt it, and would proceed to work it out in all its bearings, keeping with wonderful skill and consistency to the new hypothesis, however self-contradictory or impossible it might appear to be. And this was not the ordinary testing process of the inductive philosopher, who follows out a hypothesis to its legitimate consequences in order to test its admissibility by the truth or falsehood of the deductions. It was not in any sense analytical, but was purely constructive. He loved to clothe the hypothesis with all the detail that would naturally belong to it if it were an actuality. And rightly to understand Professor Clifford's philosophical work, we must view him thus. His was an eminently constructive mind, taking pleasure less in dissecting out causes than in pursuing their consequences in all their complexity of result.

Towards the end of his college course, during the earlier portion of which he had not occupied himself much with scientific questions, Professor Clifford became acquainted with the discoveries of Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer. We shall not stay to discuss the greatness of the change initiated by these discoveries. The world has known no parallel instance of the sudden introduction of ideas so deep-reaching in their influence over human thought at a time when the facilities for the transmission of ideas among civilised mankind were so great. And, consequently, there has never been, and probably never will be, such a sudden transformation throughout the whole intellectual horizon. These views will sound exaggerated to many—the universal recognition of the magnitude of the change must be left to a succeeding age; but the nature of this

change is already sufficiently apparent. We may learn the rapidity with which the change has taken place by the fact that these discoveries, once the subject of such blind and unmeasured abuse, are already becoming fully understood and fairly treated by all parties. The more enlightened men of all schools are beginning to feel that they have been delivered from the danger of basing their arguments upon a riddle ill read ; a danger which constantly besets all Churches sufficiently venerable to respect tradition, since so much of the exegesis and argument which have become associated with their teaching must date from ages of great scientific ignorance.

Thus the controversy is narrowing itself to the true issue—viz. the extent to which the new doctrines are applicable to the solution of the mysteries that surround us in nature. On this point the variety of opinion is necessarily infinite. Of those who accepted the new teaching in its entirety was Professor Clifford. After the lesson which the world had just received as to the extent to which an increase of knowledge may explain what had previously seemed utterly inexplicable, it was in his eyes an unworthy as well as a foolish act to doubt the universality of science, and any attempt to plead the vastness of the Unknown as an excuse for our hesitating to yield implicitly to the teaching of that which was known seemed to him to be to use our own ignorance as a cloak for self-deception. He expresses this with his characteristic grace of thought in the following passage from his lecture on "Body and Mind":

"In many parts of Europe it is customary to leave a part of the field untilled for the brownie to live in, because he cannot live in cultivated ground ; and if you grant him this grace he will do a great deal of your household work for you in the night while you sleep. In Scotland the piece of ground which is left wild for him to live in is called 'the goodman's croft.' Now, there are people who indulge a hope that the ploughshare of science will leave a sort of goodman's croft around the field of reasoned truth ; and they promise that in that case a good deal of our civilising work shall be done for us in the dark by means we know nothing of. I do not share this hope, and I feel very sure that it will not be realised. I think that we should do our work with our own hands in a healthy, straightforward way. It is idle to set bounds to the purifying and organising work of science. Without mercy and

without resentment she ploughs up weed and briar ; from her footsteps behind her grow up corn and healing flowers, and no corner is far enough to escape her furrow."

From such language as this it is easy to see how deeply he had become imbued with the new teaching. And, this being the case, those special faculties of his mind of which we have spoken enabled him at a bound, as it were, to realise all the consequences of his new beliefs. The ordinary phenomena which accompany the reception of new ideas either by an individual or a society are familiar to all. The old ideas for a long time contrive to keep their place in spite of the introduction of the new ones. It is only by slow degrees that their incompatibility is recognised and they are modified or got rid of. And even when the process of adaptation is fairly complete, traces of the past state of things are to be found in "survivals"—remnants of former and incongruous modes of thought which linger on, owing their preservation to their insignificance.

But with Professor Clifford there was no gradual process of assimilation ; there were no "survivals." He seized upon the new doctrines with his accustomed mental fervour, and thenceforth his every line of thought flowed strictly from them. We find in his writings few, if any, traces of conflict, and none of compromise. It is this which has earned for him so unjustly the reputation in some quarters of being an extreme or violent writer. Violent he never is ; the very completeness of the transformation prevented him from showing the intemperance of thought or language which usually marks converts. Nor can he be fairly termed an extreme writer. He was merely thoroughly consistent with himself, and any appearance of excess of zeal in the application of the new ideas arose from his delight in exercising his faculty of developing the various consequences that follow from given premises ; and it was this which would not let him rest content until he had made us taste with him the philosophy, the polity, the morality, and even the poetry of the new era.

The papers which deal with strictly physical subjects do not require to be separately noticed here. In the first place, they are already widely known and have deservedly become favourites among the vast body of educated people who take an interest in science—a distinction which they owe not merely to their scientific merit but to the charm of a style the beauty of which

it would be hard to over-praise, and which enabled him to couch his exposition in the most vivid and picturesque language without in the least sacrificing the more important element of accuracy. And, in the second place, these papers are not written from the point of view of scientific instruction. The direct teaching of physical science he left to those who had made it their speciality, and he treated physical discoveries as a philosopher seeking to learn from them lessons of far wider and more general application. Thus his more directly physical teaching is made subservient to and incorporated with his philosophy. This it was which led him to choose for his scientific lectures subjects which are of such special interest to all at the present moment.

We are at an epoch when all attention is concentrated upon what may be termed the minute anatomy of matter. The ultimate constitution of bodies and the laws that govern the elements of which they are composed are being investigated from all points, and the discoveries that have already been made have only served to stimulate the eagerness of the search. Professor Clifford was deeply impressed with the idea that the Atomism that characterises recent physical science was a phase of development in all scientific research, and believed that some parallel step was needed to be taken in other sciences; and hence he made a study of all the latest discoveries tending to throw light upon these matters, and thus was able to take his audiences into the most recondite mysteries of molecular phenomena.

As the fundamental principle of the system which he accepted was, as we have seen, that all knowledge has arisen from experience, it is clear that no place was left in it for the so-called necessary truths of the exact sciences. And hence in a series of papers he examines the nature and genesis of the ideas of space and number which are supposed to be obedient to these *a priori* laws. This portion of his work is of special interest and importance, inasmuch as his splendid mathematical power enables him to tread firmly on this slippery ground on which so many astute thinkers have lost their footing.

The question on which one naturally looks with most eagerness for his opinion is that of the much-discussed axioms of Euclid. Here he, as one of the first geometers of the age, could speak with exceptional authority, and his treatment of the

matter is strikingly original. He cuts the Gordian knot of the supposed absolute truth of these axioms by showing that we do not know, after all, whether they are true or not. Taking in aid the work of Lobatchewsky and Riemann, he proves that any one of these familiar geometrical principles such as that "two straight lines cannot enclose a space," might be untrue and yet all human experience be unable to detect it, so that it is conceivable that even these axioms may be conclusions too hurriedly arrived at, which may ultimately be found to be incorrect, and which must in the meanwhile be relegated to the position of assumptions, as to which, although they are justified by experience, we can only assert that they are sufficiently accurate for our present state of knowledge.

It may seem strange that any one should hint a possibility that, after all, two straight lines can enclose a space. But it is not a mere paradox that is suggested. It has been found possible to construct consistent systems of geometry upon hypotheses which would not exclude such an occurrence, and, although it taxes Professor Clifford's unrivalled power of exposition to make it plain, he is entitled to the credit of having offered to us alternatives which we cannot say are impossible. It would be quite characteristic of the progress of science that we should thus have to call in review our fundamental hypotheses. They are usually framed in a time which is incapable of testing them severely. One can imagine the world resting for ages in the belief that radiant light always goes in straight lines, and that this should come to be regarded as a necessary truth, until some very accurate experiment showed the existence of diffraction and the tendency of light to go round a corner. And, theoretically speaking, these considerations apply with immensely greater force to the present case, for, on the hypotheses used by Professor Clifford, not the most accurate experiment which we could devise would suffice to detect the minute differences that would be caused by the change from the old assumption to the new one. Thus he has the right to say that we ought not to ascribe to these laws any further validity than as being correct to the utmost limit of our present instrumental accuracy. In the theoretical truth of all this we agree fully with Professor Clifford, and we greatly admire the skill with which he handles so intricate a question. But, so far as the position of the axioms is concerned, we doubt whether the appeal to non-Euclidean

geometry helps the matter much; and still less do we think that he is justified in his estimate of the effect of Lobatchewsky's work. According to him—

“What Vesalius was to Galen, what Copernicus was to Ptolemy, that was Lobatchewsky to Euclid. There is, indeed, a somewhat instructive parallel between the last two cases. Copernicus and Lobatchewsky were both of Slavish origin. Each of them has brought about a revolution in scientific ideas so great that it can only be compared with that wrought by the other. And the reason of the transcendent importance of these two changes is, that they are changes in the conception of the Cosmos.”

Surely sympathy with a brother-geometer whose tastes greatly resembled his own has carried Professor Clifford too far in this. We have no wish to disparage the value or interest of Lobatchewsky's investigations, and we freely admit that they may tend to impress on the few minds capable of comprehending them the importance of remembering that all knowledge is generalised experience, and that there are limits beyond which this process of generalisation cannot be pushed with safety. But this is a very different thing from working a revolution in our conception of the Cosmos. It does not even add anything to the evidence for or against any proposed genesis of our ideas on the exact sciences. The question whether these are, after all, merely due to experience must be decided by other considerations than the possibility of a few minds rising to the conception of crooked space.

Strange to say, the necessity of keeping in view the limits of legitimate inference from experience is the point most constantly insisted on throughout these volumes—a fact which is worth remembering by those who accuse the scientific school of desiring only to substitute one set of dogmas for another. It might well have been expected that one who so earnestly preached the sufficiency of science would be led to dwell rather on what it can tell us than on the limitations to which even it is subject; and the temptation so to do was rendered greater by the fact that he did not think that any actual danger was to be apprehended under present circumstances from an exaggerated faith in the authority of the *dicta* of science. But the moral evil of permitting mankind to erect for itself an idol out of some supposed absolute and universal uniformity in nature appeared

to him too serious to be risked ; and hence he continually impresses on his readers that they may not seek for absolute certainty any more than they may decline to avail themselves of the light which they actually have. The aim of science is to help man's needs, not to provide him with such intellectual luxuries as abstract or absolute truths. We cannot refrain from referring here to a passage in his well-known address to the British Association at Brighton :

"When the Roman jurists applied their experience of Roman citizens to dealings between citizens and aliens, showing by the difference of their actions that they regarded the circumstances as essentially different, they laid the foundations of that great structure which has guided the social progress of Europe. The procedure was an instance of strictly scientific thought. When a poet finds he has to move a strange, new world, which his predecessors have not moved : when, nevertheless, he catches fire from their flashes, arms from their armoury, sustentation from their footsteps, the procedure by which he applies old experience to new circumstances is nothing greater or less than scientific thought. When the moralist, studying the conditions of society and the ideas of right and wrong which have come down to us from a time when war was the normal condition of man and success in war the only chance of survival, evolves from them the conditions and ideas which must accompany a time of peace, when the comradeship of equals is the condition of national success, the process by which he does this is scientific thought and nothing else. Remember, then, that it is the guide of action ; that the truth which it arrives at is not that which we can ideally contemplate without error, but that which we may act upon without fear ; and you cannot fail to see that scientific thought is not an accompaniment or condition of human progress, but human progress itself."

The portions of these volumes which will, however, have the largest circle of readers are those which deal with social and metaphysical subjects. It is in these that Professor Clifford finds most scope for his special powers of following out in detail the results of his hypotheses, and it is here that the richness of his intellect shows itself most forcibly in the variety and originality of the ideas which he presents to us. To appreciate this variety it is necessary to read the book itself, for it treats in some form or other of nearly all the subjects of deepest

interest in this age of questioning. To trace the connection between our present ideas and habits, social or otherwise, and man's past history, and to ascertain what, if any, modifications will follow from the general recognition of this connection, formed in his eyes a problem the solution of which did not admit of delay. It was as a contribution to the solution of this problem that he framed his remarkably original and fascinating theory of consciousness, and devoted so much pains to the working out of the various ethical and social questions which he treats in this part of his works.

As a specimen of his results we will take his theory of moral ideas. The existence of moral ideas and of the conception of praise and blame Professor Clifford connects with the social habits of mankind. In the earliest stage of humanity he supposes that men were gregarious ; and as this was of great value in preserving the race, all qualities tending to develop it were highly favoured in the struggle for existence. Thus there grew up a closeness of relation between the individual and the tribe, and a unity of interest which caused the individual habitually to regard actions and events from the point of view of the tribe, and no longer to consider merely their effect upon his own individual self. Hence arose a conception of a tribal self. All the members of the tribe, regarding actions from this common point of view, combined to repress those that were injurious to the interests of the tribal self and to encourage those that were beneficial, and the individual members thus taking part in passing the tribal verdict developed the faculty of anticipating its nature, at first in the case of the actions of others, and subsequently of their own.

This relation of the action to the tribal self was, in Professor Clifford's view, the earliest form of its moral quality, and this habit of anticipating the tribal verdict was the prototype of conscience. Nor does he think that matters have changed much in these respects. The tribal self has widened until now it embraces whole nations, and even the total of humanity. The crudeness of the judgment as to what is beneficial or injurious has diminished in the light of wider experience. But the root and essence of morality is and is ever to remain the same. Thus the highest morality is that which most conduces to the efficiency of a man as a citizen, and there are no self-regarding virtues.

Those who knew the nobleness and beauty of Professor Clifford's life will not need to be told that this idea of all morality being dependent on the relations of our actions to our fellow-men, and not on their relation to ourselves, was not with him an excuse for relaxing the stringency of the moral code. On the contrary, it would be difficult to find a higher idea of morality than that which animates all those of his writings which deal with social subjects. And this mode of regarding our relations to our neighbours as supplying the one guiding principle of life brought into prominence with him the sadly-neglected duty of honest inquiry. To let falsehood live when we could aid in killing it, or to be slack in the diffusion of what we know to be truth, was to be guilty of a lie to the community, and this Professor Clifford views as at once cowardly and wicked. When we consider how error has in past ages cramped the energies of mankind and stunted its faculties, we can well understand that to aid, actively or passively, in prolonging its reign, must take the first rank among crimes in the eyes of one who defined evil as that which hinders the development of the human race.

Such, then, is his view of the origin of morality in the past. He has no fears about its future. In his belief it will no less strongly bind the hearts and consciences of men when its true connection with the interests of the community is perceived than it has in times past, when its nature and functions were less understood. But even if this is to be granted to him, the world would not find in these ideas the equivalent of all that it at present possesses. The older systems of morality gave definite rules of conduct, and thus put before mankind ideals which, if difficult or impossible of attainment, at least told in which direction it should strive. But if we substitute for all these definite rules of conduct the single one that we are to do our best to promote the efficiency and development of the social organism, we are left sadly in doubt as to what we are to follow and what eschew. When the common duties of life have been performed, whence can we learn how further to aid society? Nature knows but one test for increased efficiency, and that is survival; but this test is only applied by her to what has been done, and not to what is proposed to be done. Are we, then, condemned to go blindly blundering on and to have as our sole reward the consciousness that if we have gone wrong our work

will be brought to nought? Is there to be no criterion by which we are to distinguish the good impulses from the mistaken ones?

Professor Clifford evidently felt deeply the want of such a criterion and the imperfection of the system which he advocated, if none such could be found. And he tries to supply one. He points out that there are two ways in which a race may undergo change. The variation may come from within, or it may be forced upon it from without by the action of the external environment; and he would have us regard a variation as a good one, just in proportion as the former element is more strongly marked in it in comparison with the latter. His argument is that the progress of development in animated nature is an advance from the less to the more highly organised, and that anything that tends to increase organisation tends to raise the organism in the scale of being. In those changes which come from without the organism is affected as any dead matter of like kind would be, and the influence upon it will be to produce greater fixity and less capacity for change; while, on the other hand, the changes that come from within are likely to increase the organisation and to give greater capacity for further adaptation. To use his own words:

"The action which has its immediate antecedents within the organism has a tendency, so far as it alters the organism, to make it more organic, or to raise it in the scale. The action which is determined by foreign causes is one in regard to which the organism acts as if inorganic, in so far as it tends to alter it, it tends also to lower it in its scale."

It would be hardly just to take exception to the very general and, we might even add, vague terms in which this passage is expressed. The speculation is put forward in a very guarded and tentative manner, rather as a contribution to the discovery of truth than as representing the final truth itself, and if we could recognise in it any approach to a true principle, we should welcome it, however unsatisfactory might be its present shape. But we regret that in this case we can neither follow his reasoning nor accept his conclusion. Take, as a simple example, the case of a change of habitat which exposes a soft-footed race of animals to the necessity of walking upon hard ground. The new circumstances might be met either by the cuticle of the foot becoming indurated, or by some internal modification of the organism, which would cause the supply of fresh cuticle to keep

pace with the increased waste. Professor Clifford would have us believe that the latter method is essentially the better, and would urge as a reason that when the conditions once more changed, the organism would not have the hereditary callosities which the other method would have developed. But it has purchased this at the price of an unnecessary drain on its vital energies during the long ages when the more economical method would have served its purpose and have left it more strength for initiating other developments. Who can say whether its gain or its loss preponderates? The one test of the value of an attempt at variation is, as we have said, its success, and we see no reason to think that any general secondary law will be discovered that will enable us to prophesy the result of this test. Growth of knowledge will teach us how to adapt with ever-increasing skill our efforts to the circumstances of each particular case, but that is all we can hope for.

The tenacity with which Professor Clifford clung to this principle in spite of all the difficulties that surround it is accounted for by its having, in some way or other, become associated in his mind with the principle of the importance to mankind of the free and spontaneous development of the individual. This is, however, a very different truth, resting on no such doubtful foundations as the hypothesis of which we have spoken. By means of the unconscious working of the survival of the fittest, Nature is working out the problem how best the organism may be adapted to its environment. It is this which has formed the world of to-day, and in the vigorous action of the same process lie the best hopes of humanity for the ages to come. But the one condition for this vigorous action is, that the individual should be left free to make spontaneous attempts at development. Nature will separate the good from the bad, but she can only pronounce on what is submitted to her judgment. Hence it was that, in Professor Clifford's mind, the most hopeless symptom in a race was uniformity, and the most suicidal policy was repression of individual liberty. In this he was a true representative of the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon race. The organised intellectual slavery to which Comte looked forward as the apotheosis of humanity answered to his conception of the utter destruction of all that is good. This idea was the source of all his political views and is the principal theme of some of his best essays.

He was not in the least an anarchist. The community was with him higher than the individual, and in the completeness of social organisation he saw the final triumph of evolution. But it was because he saw in the development of the community the one safe path to the complete freedom of the individual.

We have attempted, in what we have here written, to give a sketch of a mind most difficult to describe in its powers, its strangeness, its uniqueness. It is no wonder we treasure every relic he has left us, not only because he was taken from us so young, but because so great a proportion of his working years was encroached on by the cruel malady which bore him away. Yet these years were far from wasted, since his intellectual activity continued unabated almost to the very end; while the moral beauty of his nature was brought out in fullest measure.

The devotion of his friends throughout was intense, for he had the rarest gift of winning friendship, being himself so loving, so sympathetic, so quaint of humour, and so utterly untainted by worldliness, that he ever preserved something of the appealing charm of childhood. He delighted in little children and they delighted in him, as the simplicity of his character gave them a sense of comradeship with him. But his love for his own children passes all words and was a gauge of the depth of his feelings. The triumph of the brave spirit over the suffering body, his genial calm and gentle cheerfulness, were viewed with reverence by all who surrounded him. When the weak voice could scarcely more be heard, its whispers were still of bright conceits, of fresh suggestions, of thoughts of truth and wisdom. Nor were these poured into unworthy ears, for over his sickbed bent in succession the noblest and best among our leaders of thought. They loved him in life, they cherish his memory, and they trust that those who make acquaintance with the writings of this young philosopher—whether they agree with him or whether they differ from him—will think of him with something of the kindly tenderness which he called forth from all who personally knew him.

LORD LAWRENCE

OBITUARY NOTICE, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879

WE regret to have to record the death of Lord Lawrence, late Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in his sixty-ninth year.

John Laird Mair Lawrence was born on 4th March 1811. He was about five years younger than his brother Henry, who gained great distinction as a soldier and administrator in the Indian service, and who was killed by a shell at the Lucknow Residency in 1857. From his boyhood the younger brother was destined for service as a civilian in India. Having passed through a course of education at Foyle College, Londonderry, he was sent to Haileybury, and in 1829 he received his nomination as a Writer. In those days the voyage to India was still performed by way of the Cape, the "overland route" being yet unused.

In 1831 John Lawrence was appointed assistant to the Chief Commissioner and Resident at Delhi; in 1833 he became an officiating magistrate and collector; in 1836 he received the post of joint-magistrate and deputy-collector of the southern division of Delhi. At the end of the same year he was made officiating magistrate of the southern division, and in 1838 he was engaged in settlement duties in Jillah Etawah. Early in 1840 he took his first furlough to Europe, and was absent from India for nearly two years. In August 1841 he married Harriette Katherine, daughter of the Rev. Richard Hamilton, rector and vicar of the parish of Culdaff and Cloncha, County Donegal, who survives her husband. Some time after his return to India he became magistrate and collector in the

central district of the Delhi territory, and earned by his diligence and abilities the important post of Commissioner of the Trans-Sutlej Provinces, to which he was appointed in 1848. For short periods about the same time he acted also as Resident at Lahore. The second Sikh war, which broke out in 1848, and resulted in annexation, brought important duties to both the Lawrences, who were appointed, together with Mr. Charles Grenvill Mansel, as a Board of Administration for the Punjab. An onerous task devolved upon this Board. The population of the extensive territory committed to its care included warlike races, and was bitterly antagonistic to the British. A state of lawlessness, moreover, had hitherto prevailed. It was the duty of the Board, against all obstacles, to carry out the principles of British rule in the newly-acquired territory, and the success of the administration was signally manifest during the Mutiny of 1857.

At Lahore, in that terrible emergency, the vigilance and energy of John Lawrence made themselves felt, and contributed materially to the work of upholding English supremacy in India. He had already, in 1856, been made a K.C.B. for his work in the Punjab, and in 1857 he was promoted to the dignity of G.C.B. for his services on the outbreak of the Mutiny. In 1858 he was further honoured by being created a baronet. He was made a member of the Privy Council, and on the institution of the Order of the Star of India was created a K.S.I. The Court of Directors of the East India Company granted him a life pension of £2000 a year, which, under a special Act of Parliament, he continued to enjoy, together with his full salary, when he became Viceroy of India. He succeeded Lord Elgin in that post in December 1863, and held it for the usual period of five years. In April 1869 he was created Baron Lawrence of the Punjab and of Grately, in the county of Southampton.

After his final return from India Lord Lawrence took a prominent part in philanthropic and educational movements in this country. On the formation of the London School Board in 1870 he was chosen to be its chairman, and he held the post till November 1873, when he resigned. In questions of Indian politics he continued to take an active interest, and within the last year there have been frequent letters from him in these columns warmly opposing the Afghan policy of the

Government, a policy which was a distinct departure from that which he had carried out in India, and which had been described by the phrase of "masterly inactivity."

LEADING ARTICLE, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879

Last night there passed away from our midst one whose name will ever be inseparably connected with the history of British India. Englishmen of all parties and natives of all creeds will truly mourn the loss of John Lawrence of the Punjab. The son of a soldier who had gained distinction in India, Lord Lawrence's thoughts as a boy were turned to the East, where two of his brothers were then serving. At the early age of sixteen he carried off the chief prizes at Haileybury, and in 1827 entered upon his career as a civil servant of the Honourable East India Company. The early years of his service were passed in magisterial and revenue duties in the North-West Provinces, and there he laid the foundation of that deep insight into the condition of the peasantry of India which enabled him in after years to complete so satisfactorily the settlement of our newly-acquired province of the Punjab.

As a political officer he accompanied Sir Henry Hardinge during the first Sikh war, and on the conclusion of peace was appointed Commissioner of the ceded territory within the Sutlej. His administrative abilities now found ample scope, and the district entrusted to his charge, though peopled with Sikhs against whom he had but lately been warring, and with whom it was evident we should soon be once more engaged, speedily became as tranquil as any in our Empire. Under his guidance a brigade of local troops was recruited from the peasants themselves, and when the second Sikh war broke out, these men showed themselves worthy of the confidence John Lawrence had placed in them by loyally acting against their own countrymen.

In the interim between the first and second Sikh wars Lord Lawrence on more than one occasion acted as Resident at the Court of Lahore, and on the annexation of the Punjab he, together with his brother, the late Sir Henry Lawrence, and Mr. Mansel, was appointed a member of the Board of Administration selected to rule over the kingdom of Runjeet Singh. The Punjab at that time was in a most deplorable condition. The Sikhs, the dominant race, were a purely military people,

who despised and trod under foot the more peaceful of their fellow-subjects. The province was overrun with disbanded soldiery clamouring for arrears of pay, or endeavouring to carry out the system, permitted by their late monarch, of extracting from the Mahomedans of the country a livelihood for themselves. The exactions of subordinate officers had been carried on practically unchecked for generations. Tyranny was rife, and misery the normal condition of the people.

Mr. Lawrence stepped in as champion of the oppressed. The barbarous laws which the Sikh chiefs enforced at their pleasure were abolished, and the Indian criminal code promptly introduced. A survey of the country for revenue purposes was thoroughly carried out, and the land settled on a fair and equable basis. A local police force was established, many of the old disbanded soldiery being re-enrolled in its ranks, and the Punjab Irregular Force for the protection of our North-West Frontier was incorporated with the local regiments raised by John Lawrence when Chief Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej States. The force as then constituted comprised five regiments of cavalry, four regiments of Sikh and six of Punjab infantry, the Corps of Guides, and five batteries of artillery : and it was practically under the immediate orders of the Board of Administration, who were responsible for its pay, equipment, and discipline.

Of the unfortunate disagreement between the brothers it boots us not to speak. Sir Henry was removed to Rajpootana, and John remained Chief Commissioner of the Punjab. Possessed of an iron frame, of indomitable courage, unbending will, and untiring energy, John Lawrence visited every part of his kingdom, which covered an area of upwards of 50,000 square miles. The border tribes who, under the Sikh *régime*, were wont to descend from their mountain fastnesses and ravage the whole land between the Suliman range and the Indus, were made to feel that their reign of blood was over. They were permitted to trade with us as of yore, but the incursion of armed bands was promptly repelled by force. The headmen of the clans were summoned to conferences with the Chief Commissioner and invited to settle in our districts. In a few years the Trans-Indus border changed its character. When John Lawrence took over charge no traveller dare move unless accompanied by a considerable escort. Now the frontier highway is as safe as the

Bath road. The disarmament of the Punjab—a step forced on us by the lawless nature of its inhabitants—was carried out with much tact and firmness, owing mainly to the judicious orders issued to his subordinates by Lawrence.

On the outbreak of the Mutiny all eyes turned to the Punjab, our latest acquisition. Peopled by a race naturally warlike, who hated every dynasty except their own, who regarded the British as the worst because the most powerful of usurpers, and who looked upon us as the gaolers of their sovereign, it would have been a matter for small surprise had the Sikhs taken advantage of the Mutiny to rise against us.

The crisis called forth the magnificent administrative abilities of Sir John Lawrence. He knew his subordinates were, like himself, men of iron, and he trusted them. Right loyally did they stand by their chief. The Sikhs likewise knew and trusted him. Chieftain after chieftain personally tendered his allegiance and offered the use of his own contingent. The offers were accepted, and names which now have become familiar as *furnishing detachments during the Afghan War then first came into note as swarming down to our aid at Delhi*. The Punjab Irregular Force was doubled; its gallant commander, Neville Chamberlain, hurried down to the army in the field; and Lawrence set his whole energies to work to draw from the military population of the Punjab an army which should subdue the faithless Sepoys from Oude.

He proved himself a true general, for he detected generalship in others, and he shunned no responsibility. Reference to higher authority was impossible, and though he had no more authority to grant commissions than he had to create bishoprics, he deemed the emergency so great as to admit of any stretch of authority. Major Nicholson, the district officer of Bunnoo, was made a Brigadier-General, and as such took precedence of men who held Her Majesty's commissions as colonels. It speaks well for the discipline of the army that such a step passed unchallenged, but it speaks volumes for the character of Lawrence that he dared to undertake it. By holding the Punjab in his iron grip, by diverting every available soldier to Delhi, by mercilessly stamping out rebellion wherever it reared its demon head, Sir John Lawrence enabled Archdale Wilson to storm the capital of the Great Mogul before a single reinforcement reached him from England. With the fall of Delhi the hopes

of the mutineers were extinguished. Our power in India was reasserted and the pacification, not the subjugation, of the country became the task for its rulers.

For his share in suppressing the Mutiny Sir John Lawrence was created a Baronet and a Grand Cross of the Bath. But forty continuous years of active service fully entitled the saviour of India to a rest, and at the close of the Mutiny he gladly handed over the Punjab to one of his most trusted lieutenants and retired to his well-earned pension in England. He was immediately elected to the Indian Council at home, where his large and varied experience, his cool judgment, and firmness of purpose were soon felt.

Five years later, during a serious embroilment with one of the most powerful of our border clans, Lord Elgin, the Viceroy of India, succumbed to disease, and with a commendable promptitude Sir John Lawrence undertook the onerous duties which fell to his successor. His career as Viceroy was marked by no startling episodes. The Umbeyla War was at an end when he landed in India, and, with the exception of the Bhootan and Hazara expeditions, his tenure of office was of unbroken peace. His one endeavour was to ameliorate the condition of the Indian poor, and to lighten as far as possible the burden of taxation which falls so heavily on them. In this he was but partially successful. His relations with foreign States have recently been much criticised, and his policy of "masterly inactivity" is by many considered the main cause of the recent Afghan War. In 1868 his term of office expired, and he returned home. He was rewarded with a peerage, and, mindful of his past career, he chose as his title Lawrence of the Punjab, and as his supporters an officer of the Corps of Guides and a Sikh Irregular Cavalry officer, with the appropriate motto "Be ready."

As a peer, Lord Lawrence took an active part in all debates on Indian politics, and though latterly much enfeebled in health, and suffering from a partial loss of sight, his interest in Indian matters was no whit diminished. He died in harness; last Thursday week he spoke in the House of Lords during the debate on Indian finance, condemned the remission of the cotton duties, and warned Government of the danger of reducing our armies in India. Lord Lawrence's career is one on which Englishmen may look with pardonable pride. He not only helped to build, but he was one of the saviours of our Indian Empire.

SIR ROWLAND HILL

OBITUARY NOTICE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1879

IN Sir Rowland Hill the country has lost one of its most able and faithful servants. He belonged to that class of self-made men which, perhaps more than any other, has raised England to its present height. Germany is proud of her complete system of State education and of the thoroughness of the special training which is given to those who are to enter the various services of the State. In England we can boast of a long roll of names of men who, with no special training, with little even of ordinary education, owing nothing to birth and powerful connections, have silently trained themselves till suddenly they showed themselves able to play a great part in the affairs of their country and to confer some signal benefit on mankind. Such a man was Clive, who was sent out to India as a clerk and became a great soldier and a great ruler. Such a man was Stephenson, who was brought up in a colliery and gave us our railways. Such a man was Rowland Hill, who was to the age of thirty-seven a schoolmaster, and who then reformed the postal system of the world. It is always interesting to trace the early life of such men as these, and to ascertain, so far as we can, how they trained themselves and how circumstances trained them to undertake their high tasks.

Rowland Hill, the third son of Thomas Wright Hill, was born at Kidderminster on 3rd December 1795, in a house that had belonged to his forefathers for some generations. But the war with France had caused the ruin of the business in which his father was engaged, and the family was reduced to great straits. From his earliest years Rowland was brought up in

the stern school of poverty, and, like Garrick, "was bred in a family whose study was to make 4d. do as much as others made 4½d. do." His father was a man of great intelligence, of varied but not deep knowledge, and of an eager, inquiring mind. He was as upright and as bold as he was simple-hearted. He was given to speculation and never weary of forming theories. His theories he did not always care to test by practice. Having once convinced himself that they were sound, he did not think it needful to put them to the proof. He was in this somewhat too like Don Quixote, who, when he had found that his paste-board helmet did not bear the blow of his sword, having patched it up, was satisfied of its strength, and, without putting it to a second trial, looked upon it as a most finished piece of armour. Many of his theories his son came in time to distrust, and yet he had been heard to say that in political matters his father was always right. As far back as his sons could remember, he had lifted his voice against slavery and the slave trade, and against the cruel severity of our criminal code. As a member of Dr. Priestley's congregation, he was, of course, in favour of full religious liberty. He was in those early days a thorough-going Free-trader. All these subjects, and many others, he delighted in discussing with his children, even from their earliest childhood. His eldest son, the late Mr. M. D. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham, in a short memoir that he has left, says:

' Perhaps, after all, the greatest obligation that we owe our father is this—that from infancy he would reason with us—argue with us would, perhaps, be a better expression, as denoting that it was a match of mind against mind, in which all the rules of fair play were duly observed, and we put forth our little strength without fear. Arguments were taken at their just weight; the sword of authority was not thrown into the scale.'

He had eight children, six sons and two daughters, all of whom reached adult age. They passed their youth at a time when the dread inspired by the French Revolution had violently thrown back in England the cause of liberty, and had, as it were, by a sudden frost, almost in a night frozen the current of progress. But even in the worst days of George III. and Lord Eldon a small yet eager band remained of men who were convinced that reason would be too strong for the Tories in the end, and that by the aid of reason and the spread of knowledge

a state of general prosperity and happiness might before very long be established. This small band numbered no more ardent supporters than Mr. Hill and his children, sons and daughters alike. They were all eager to improve the world; they were all sure that if their views were adopted the world would be greatly improved; they were all willing to labour hard to spread their views.

Rowland has been heard to say that as a child he read and read again Miss Edgeworth's stories for the young. They deeply impressed him. He resolved, when a mere boy, to follow in the path she traced, and before he died to do something that should be for the signal advantage of mankind. How he was to benefit his fellow-men he did not, of course, know; but that he should benefit them, and benefit them in some large way, was his fixed resolution and conviction almost from childhood. As the family day by day gathered for its meals—meals of the most frugal kind, where nothing stronger than water was ever drunk—there was a constant discussion among the members on the best means of reforming the world. There was little timidity in those days among any of them, and little fear of pushing any principle to its extreme consequences. "Keble," writes Dr. Newman, "was a man who guided himself and formed his judgments not by processes of reason, by inquiry, or by argument, but to use the word in a broad sense, by authority."

Rowland Hill and the other members of his family were the exact opposite of Keble. They cared nothing for authority in the sense in which Newman uses the word. On reason, inquiry, and argument, and on them alone, were their judgments formed. There was no institution which the young enthusiasts would not have been glad to see at once overthrown, had they been convinced that it was a bar to the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible numbers. In their later years they came to smile at the wildness of many of their theories; but they had always the satisfaction of knowing that their aims, if often visionary, had always been high and noble, and that in their earnest desire to improve mankind they had first set about improving themselves.

Much as Rowland Hill owed to his father, he owed scarcely less to his mother. She, though the inferior of her husband in quick intelligence and originality, was his superior in shrewd

common sense and in firmness of purpose. She was as practical as he was theoretical, and as cautious as he was rash. To his father Rowland owed his largeness of view and his boldness of conception. But it was his mother from whom he derived his caution, his patience, and his unwearied prudence. Had he not had such a father, he would not have devised his plan of Penny Postage. Had he not had such a mother, he would not have succeeded in making what seemed the scheme of an enthusiast a complete and acknowledged success. She, unlike her husband, was of an anxious and ambitious temperament, and toiled night and day to keep her little family from sinking through poverty out of the class into which they had been born. In her desire to secure her children an education, she persuaded her husband to give up trade, for which he was very little fitted, and to establish a school. For many years after this step was taken the struggle for the bare means of living continued to be most severe. The charges for the pupils were very low and prices were very high.

When Rowland was a mere child his mother used to talk over with him her difficulties, almost as if he were a man. From his childhood he had, as he said, seen the terrible inconvenience of being poor. He had known his mother dread the visit of the postman, as there was not money in the house to pay the postage. The children had each his part in the domestic duties, and, while they were scholars of the school, had a great deal of manual labour to get through.

At the age of eleven Rowland began to assist his father in teaching, and at the age of twelve his school education came to an end. He ceased to be a pupil and became altogether a teacher. Twelve, we may point out, is at present the lowest age at which a boy is allowed to enter one of the great public schools. His own education had been imperfect even for a boy of twelve, for his father was too fond of theories and too eager to introduce them into his school to be a good teacher, and yet, backward though he left his sons in book learning, he had, nevertheless, taught them one lesson of inestimable value. He had taught them how to think. He had made them, as we have shown, daring, nay, even rash, in speculation; but he had inspired them with an eager thirst for knowledge and an ardent love of truth. Each of his children, when his regular school education was finished, set to work to supply his own

deficiencies in the short time that he could call his own when each day's work was done. Their father had also given them that breadth of view which enabled them to rise above all selfish considerations. Each one was brought up to consider the good of the family rather than his own special good. All the brothers held closely together. No one took any decision of great importance without first calling a kind of family council and having the matter thoroughly discussed. Each was ready to place his services, time, and money at the disposal of the others, and had no hesitation in his turn in calling for assistance where assistance was needed. When one was struggling upwards the others were all below giving him a push, and when he had reached a higher level he stretched down his hand to pull up the others to him.

Rowland was quite a youth when he and his brother Matthew began to discover the deficiencies in their father's school and to set about to reform them. His first task, however, was to free his father from the load of debt which through his unbusiness-like habits, in spite of his simple way of living, had come to press very heavily on him. At an age when boys are now leaving school he had taken upon himself the entire management of the accounts, and before long had the satisfaction of paying off all his father's creditors in full. Matthew chiefly concerned himself with improving the instruction, while Rowland dealt with the discipline and the organisation. "Organisation," he used often to say in after life, "is my forte."

He began his reforms many years before Dr. Arnold's name was heard, and the young reformer had to strike out his own path and grope his own way. He was gifted with a self-confidence which was almost sublime. In a few years he had upset most of the received notions on education and had established a system of his own. He had given up corporal punishment altogether and yet made his authority as much respected, and, we might say, dreaded, as the most flogging of masters. He was aware that by nature he was hot-tempered and even passionate. He adopted a strange method of curing his defect. He publicly announced to his pupils that any one who saw him out of temper might at once, before the whole school, inform him of the fact. He was so rigidly just that no boy who had played the part of Gil Blas would have found in him an Archbishop of Granada. He aimed at making the boys govern

themselves. A constitution was promulgated and a code of laws was made which filled more than a hundred pages of a closely-printed volume. We have this volume before us as we write. In the first page we find a section headed the "Origin of the Constitution." The writer says :

"Convinced that numerous and important advantages would be derived from engaging their pupils in the consideration and in the practice of rules for their own government, from placing restrictions to the powers of the teachers, and from giving to the regulations of the school a permanent form, the proprietors, early in the year 1817, proposed to the school a certain division of powers together with regulations for their exercise, which, having received the joint assent of the teachers and pupils, became the constitutional laws of the school; and in the confident expectation that the powers placed in the hands of the pupils would never be employed but for the welfare of the school, the proprietors pledged themselves not to alter these laws without the consent of a majority of the proprietors and regular teachers meeting in conference on one hand, and of a majority of pupils on the other. With such joint consent, occasional alterations have been made in the constitutional laws, tending chiefly, if not entirely, to throw more and more power into the hands of the pupils."

The volume from which we have quoted bears the date of 1827, so that the constitution had lasted full ten years.

An almost perfect democracy was established. Each boy had even the right of being tried by a jury of his schoolfellows whenever a charge was brought against him by one of the masters. The whole school elected what would be called its sixth-form boys—guardians, as they were called in the school that the Hills had established at Hazelwood, near Birmingham. These guardians formed a kind of parliament, which, with the help of the masters, who composed an upper house, ruled the school. They met often to deliberate, and their sittings were drawn out over many an hour by the eagerness of the young debaters.

In the essays of a "Birmingham Manufacturer" an interesting account is given of the school. "By juries and committees," says Mr. W. L. Sargant, the author, "by marks, and by appeals to a sense of honour, discipline was maintained. But this was done, I think, at too great a sacrifice; the thoughtlessness, the

spring, the elation of childhood were taken from us ; we were premature men." This system, whatever may have been its merits and its faults, was invented by Rowland Hill at an age when most young men have scarcely left college. It was greatly modified in after years, both by himself and his younger brothers ; for, as the "Birmingham Manufacturer," perhaps with some exaggeration, says, "the Hazelwood constitution, discipline, instruction, were in a perpetual flux ; the right to-day was wrong to-morrow."

In a volume entitled *Public Education*, written chiefly by his brother Matthew, Rowland's new system was made known to the world. The book at once excited public attention. An article on it appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and another in the *London Magazine*, written by De Quincey. Jeremy Bentham took the warmest interest in the school, and declared that after reading the book he had thrown aside all he had himself written on education. Wilberforce, Brougham, Grote, Joseph Hume, Miss Edgeworth, and many others either visited Hazelwood or made inquiries about it.

Rowland was as convinced as any young enthusiast could be of the soundness of his plans, and longed to extend them. He required, he said, at least 500 boys before he could organise his school as it ought to be. He looked forward to seeing great colleges on the same system spring up in all parts of the country to the advantage of his fellow-men. He has since been heard to confess that, having after long years looked into his code of laws, he thought it far too complex. He added, with a smile, that he greatly doubted whether he should send his own son to a school conducted on such a complicated system. It can scarcely be doubted, however, that to his bold and novel experiment may be traced not a little of the vast improvement that in the last fifty years has been effected on education. He used to boast that at one time he had the largest school in Warwickshire, for Rugby in those days had sunk very low, and some years before Arnold's name was heard he had shown that boys could be made almost to govern themselves, and to govern themselves through a high sense of duty and not through brutal fear.

After living at Birmingham till he was more than thirty he removed to the neighbourhood of London, where, with the aid of one of his brothers, he established a branch school at Bruce

Castle, Tottenham. But by this time his health, which had always been delicate, began to give way, and at last broke down. He had certainly tried it ever since childhood by the severest and most prolonged labour. He had often worked fifteen, sixteen, or even seventeen hours a day, and he would keep up such work as this for weeks together. The vacations were not much vacations to him, for he employed them partly in study and partly in doing whatever else he had not found time for during the term. It was only the extreme temperance and regularity of his life which had kept him alive. Moreover, his work as a schoolmaster had become distasteful to him, and he longed for a change. He longed also still more eagerly for that freedom of thought, speech, and action, which even at the present day a schoolmaster can but very imperfectly command. His means were very small, but he did not hesitate to give up his business in the full conviction that with the powers he knew he had he was as certain of success in some other path as a man could be. He always preserved, however, the strongest interest in that child of his youth, as it were, his school, which was carried on by his younger brother Arthur.

Rowland, as soon as his health was re-established by a long period of rest, began to cast about for a new employment. He had long been known to many leading men among the advanced Liberal party, not only by his work as a schoolmaster, but also as an eager advocate of political and social reform. He and his family had been in the front ranks among the men of Birmingham in the great Reform Bill agitation. He had assisted in founding the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. He had published a plan for the gradual extinction of pauperism and for the diminution of crime.

Shortly after his retirement from the school an association was formed for the colonisation of South Australia on the plan of Mr. E. G. Wakefield. In this association Rowland took an active part, and when the Act was carried through Parliament and the Commission was appointed he was named secretary. He held this post for four years and discharged the duties with conspicuous success. But such an office as this did not exhaust the energy of a man of such activity of mind. During the whole of this period he was in his leisure time working hard at two inventions. He had from a child delighted in the use of tools and in mechanical construction. At the age of five he

had made a water-wheel which, though rude, would yet work. When he was twelve or thirteen, by steady efforts prolonged through eighteen months, he had succeeded in making with his own hands an electrical machine. He had made the entire scenery for the school theatre, being himself the contriver, carpenter, and painter. He had been the sole architect of the new schoolhouse at Hazelwood and the sole clerk of the works.

No sooner did he find that his duties in the Australian office allowed him some leisure than he began to give up all his spare time to the invention of a printing-machine. In this he was aided by his second brother Edwin, who was also an excellent mechanist. This machine never came into general use, and yet it is not too much to say that some of the most ingenious of its contrivances have been commonly adopted. It was while he was still labouring to improve his press that he began to interest himself in postal matters. He hesitated for a while between his printing-press, which had won his affections, and his new project, which was as yet somewhat strange to him and indistinct. He longed for strength for both, but he was forced to make a choice, and, happily for the world, he cast in his lot for postal reform.

It is not needful to dwell at any length on the state of the Post Office before Rowland Hill reformed it. Its charges were high and arbitrary, and its services were limited and irregular. There were districts larger than the county of Middlesex in which the postman never set foot. For the 11,000 parishes of England and Wales there were only 3000 post-offices. A single letter from London to Edinburgh was charged 1s. 1½d. If it contained the smallest enclosure—a receipt, for instance—it was charged the double, 2s. 3d. Weight was not taken into account. Two separate pieces of tissue paper sent in one enclosure would have been charged twice as much as the heaviest letter that was written on a single sheet. The upper classes, through the right of franking which was enjoyed by every member of Parliament, had to a great extent their letters carried free of charge. The traders, by the help of illicit means of conveyance, were often able to evade the heavy tax. The poor man alone was helpless. He could not afford to use the Post Office. He had no other means of sending a letter. So when his son or daughter went forth into the wide world to seek for work, the father received no tidings of the child, the

child none of the father. Under such a system as this the postal revenue had remained absolutely stationary for twenty years. In the year 1835 the general revenue of the country showed a large surplus. Rowland Hill began to speculate how it might best be employed. He had noticed, as he states in his pamphlet on Post Office Reform :

"That in the various reductions in taxation which had hitherto been made, the gain to the public and the loss to the revenue had varied greatly in relation to each other. In the repeal of the house duty the gain to the public and the loss to the revenue were practically equal, while in the instance of coffee a reduction in the duty of 50 per cent had been accompanied by an increase of more than 50 per cent in its produce."

He had laid down the following test for the discovery of the tax which might be reduced most extensively: "Let each be examined as to whether its productiveness has kept pace with the increasing number and prosperity of the nation. That tax which proves most defective under this test is, in all probability, the one we are in quest of." No tax on examination proved so defective as that on letters. He then set about to investigate the Post Office.

Many people utterly ignorant of the process by which any great invention is made think that it is generally due to the chance thought of some lucky moment. An apple fell in Newton's orchard, and, as if apples had never fallen till then, the law of gravitation was at once discovered. In the present case they think that it suddenly struck Rowland Hill that letters might be carried at a profit all over the British Isles for a penny. They would be willing to allow him merit for the steadiness with which he carried through his plan; but the conception itself they would assign to fortune. He himself would have told them that he owed nothing to chance, but that his discovery was the result obtained by long and most laborious investigations and calculations. He always looked back upon the boldness of speculation which he owed to his father, the constant habit of close reasoning which was the delight of his whole family, and the severe training of the first part of his life as the real sources of his great invention. He was never inside a post-office, and so never had the chance of seeing the actual working of the system till his plan was carried. He

derived all his knowledge of the service from Parliamentary reports, and from them alone.

As he himself stated but the other day in his answer to the address of the Court of Common Council: "When I first turned my attention to the practicability of reforming the Post Office, I had no idea of uniformity of rate." He found it most difficult to obtain accurate statistics. The Postmaster-General at one time had stated that the annual number of chargeable letters was 170 millions. At another time he fixed it at only 42 millions. Rowland Hill contrived, however, to arrive at a close approximation to the truth, and so was able to make his great discovery that the actual cost of conveying a letter from London to Edinburgh was not more than the thirty-sixth part of a penny. He discovered, therefore, that the cost of conveyance was so insignificant that a uniform rate could not only be established, but was "absolutely fairer than any other." He soon found out, moreover, that the working of the Post Office was most faulty, and he formed large and bold plans for its thorough reorganisation.

In the year 1837 he published his plan in a pamphlet headed *Post Office Reforms*. It was treated with scorn by the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand, but quickly roused the interest of the public. Associations were formed to carry it through, and petitions to Parliament in its favour soon began to pour in. Lord Brougham presented one from the Corporation of London. In the spring of 1838 a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to consider the plan. It sat throughout the session. Uniformity of postage was carried only by the casting vote of the chairman, that earnest postal reformer, the late Mr. Wallace. A twopenny rate of postage was recommended. The Ministry still seemed indisposed to adopt the plan, but the country was now thoroughly in earnest. The press took up the matter strongly. We ourselves warmly supported the scheme. The Post Office did, indeed, show some signs of being moved. The postage between London and Keswick was brought down from 1s. 1d. to 1s. The amount of reduction, as it was pointed out at the time, was not to a penny, but by a penny. However, in May 1838 a deputation, in which were to be seen 150 members of Parliament, all supporters of Government, waited upon the Premier, Lord Melbourne. Daniel O'Connell said:

"Consider, my lord, that a letter to Ireland and the answer back would cost thousands upon thousands of my poor and affectionate countrymen considerably more than a fifth of their week's wages. They are too poor to find out secondary conveyances, and if you shut the Post Office to them, which you do now, you shut out warm hearts and generous affections from home, kindred, and friends."

The Government yielded, and penny postage was carried. It came into effect on 10th January 1840—a day on which, so long as his health lasted, the great postal reformer loved to gather his friends around him.

The plan was carried, but it remained for it to be carried out. The whole postal service required a thorough and radical reorganisation. Rowland Hill knew that he, and he alone, was fit for the task. The Government offered to engage him for the space of two years, in which time they thought he might well complete his task, and they offered to pay him £500 a year for his services. For this magnificent salary he was to give them the whole of his time. At the end of the two years he was to be turned adrift. The offer was indignantly declined. But he, in his turn, told the Minister that rather than see his plan spoilt he would readily work for the public without any salary at all. The Government was ashamed, and offered him £1500 a year.

Nevertheless, he was to hold his post for two years only, and he was to be in the Treasury, not in the Post Office. From the Treasury he had, as best he could, to force his plan on the unwilling officials of St. Martin's-le-Grand, who, almost to a man, were convinced that it must fail, and resolved that it should. His position was most trying and most painful. He had next to no power given him. He could only recommend, but not order, and yet the outside public naturally looked to him for the great reforms which they eagerly expected. Nevertheless, he managed to make some great improvements. His position seemed about to become more secure. His two years of service were at an end, but he was still retained in office. No doubt his appointment would soon have been made permanent, but the Whigs were thrown out and Sir Robert Peel came into power. He was informed that his further assistance would be dispensed with. Without reward of any kind he was dismissed from the public service.

The country did not view this shameful treatment with calmness. A national testimonial was raised, and at a public dinner he was presented with a cheque for £13,000. He was not long without employment. He became first a director and then chairman of the London and Brighton Railway. Under his chairmanship, and chiefly, we believe, on his recommendation, the first excursion train and the first express train were run. In 1846, when the Whigs returned to power, the wrong that had been done him by Government was in part remedied, and he was offered an appointment within the Post Office itself. He was, however, to be, not the Secretary to the Post Office, but the Secretary to the Postmaster-General. There was still to be a double government. The old officials were to be left with their powers undiminished, and the new reformer was to push his plans through their opposition as best he could. He hesitated, as well he might, to accept such a post, but at last he undertook it with a mind full of sore misgivings.

It was not till the year 1854, fourteen years after penny postage had been established, that by his appointment as sole Secretary he was really free to carry out his plans. He was for the most part fortunate in his Postmasters-General. He often spoke of the happy succession by which he served under such men as Lords Clanricarde, Canning, Colchester, Elgin, and the Duke of Argyll. Supported by them, but constantly thwarted by some of the old permanent officials, he carried out as fast as he could his great scheme of reorganisation. He was greatly aided in his arduous labour by his youngest brother, Frederic, who had been transferred from the Home Office to the Post Office. Under the two brothers, working harmoniously together and admirably assisted by their staff, improvement went on at a rapid rate. Almost every branch of the service was examined and new-modelled.

The Queen showed her sense of Rowland Hill's services by conferring on him the honour of a K.C.B. Unhappily for Sir Rowland, in the same year that he received this distinction, the Postmaster-General, Lord Elgin, was appointed Governor-General of India. Sir Rowland was not fortunate enough to secure the confidence of the new Postmaster-General, the late Lord Stanley of Alderley. The difference between them was chiefly on the great question of promotion by merit. Sir Rowland, with the hearty approval and support of his previous

chiefs, had, to a large extent, succeeded in doing away with the system of patronage and had brought promotion by merit into full play. To carry this into effect certain rules had been established, which for some years were acted on with the utmost strictness. These rules the new Postmaster-General began steadily to set aside. The Secretary appealed to the Treasury, but appealed in vain. Finding that his advice was set at naught and his plans upset—feeling, too, that owing to his years and his failing strength he was no longer able to make a fight for it, as he would have done when in the full vigour of manhood, he sent in his resignation. Her Majesty sent a gracious message to the House of Commons, recommending the House to concur in enabling her to grant Sir Rowland Hill the sum of £20,000. Lord Palmerston moved the grant, which was carried without a division. In addition, his full salary of £2000 per annum was awarded to him for life. He was often in after years heard to say, with a smile, that in the days of his youth he had eagerly denounced all titles and all pensions, little thinking that he should himself live to receive both one and the other.

Additional honours were conferred on him. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. The University of Oxford gave him the degree of D.C.L., and but a few short weeks before his death the Corporation of the first city in the world presented him with its freedom. The old man was deeply touched by this final honour. The tears streamed down his venerable face as the gold box containing the resolution of the Court of Common Council was handed to him, and he was scarcely able to utter a word, so deeply touched was he by this last tribute from his countrymen. His answer to the deputation had to be read by his son.

It is not easy to give any clear notion of the results of his great scheme. We can state that about 106 millions of chargeable letters and newspapers were sent through the Post Office in 1839, and that 1478 millions were sent last year. But the mind cannot grasp such numbers as these. Something more is understood when we are told that in 1839 the average number of letters per head was three and that last year it was thirty-two. If, however, we would rightly understand all that he has done for his fellow-men, we must remember that every civilised country in the world has more or less adopted his plan; that communication has been made so certain, so rapid, and so cheap,

that the distant traveller, the emigrant—nay, even the exile—feels that those whom he has left behind him in his old home are in one way still very near to him.

Sir Rowland Hill has, indeed, done almost more than any other single man to bind the nations together and to make the whole world kin. He was married in 1827 to the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Pearson, of Wolverhampton, by whom he had four children—one son and three daughters. He and his future wife had in their childhood been playfellows together. He was in his old age never weary of owning how much he owed to the tender devotion of his wife during the years of their long and happy wedded life. She survives him, comforted and supported, we trust, in her affliction by the knowledge that her husband conferred a signal benefit on mankind and will live in the grateful memory of his countrymen.

LEADING ARTICLE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1879

If the great body politic of humanity were as finely sensitive as the puny system of individual man, the whole civilised world would have felt a sudden shock when Sir Rowland Hill passed yesterday to his rest. As the world grows older and the life of man becomes more complex and involved, we are all, perhaps, too ready to believe with the poet that the individual withers. Yet in the history of the present wondrous century, which has already witnessed as momentous changes in man's estate as the most eventful of its predecessors, it is still possible to assign a large share of the progress achieved to the energy and initiative of a few exceptional men. Sir Rowland Hill was not the least eminent figure in the select company of those who have thus made the modern world what it is. There is no relation of life which has not felt the influence of the changes which he effected. Men of the present generation, to whom the existence of the penny post with all its pleasures and facilities, even with all its worries and embarrassments, is as natural as that of the air they breathe, can now hardly realise what the world was before it was established, less than forty years ago.

There is a method of inquiry known to science which consists in suspending the operation of one or another cause among a particular assemblage of phenomena. If we were to apply this

method to our social organisation and endeavour to realise the effect of a momentary suspension of our postal system, we should get some measure of the extent to which Sir Rowland Hill's reforms have influenced the whole course of our daily life. It is true that the Post Office existed and thought itself perfect long before Sir Rowland Hill took it in hand and proved to the whole world how imperfect it was. It is true that men wondered at its expedition and regularity, and did not grumble too openly at its exorbitant charges. It is true that Sir Rowland Hill was aided in the development of his system by the growth of railways and other means of cheap and rapid communication. It is true, perhaps, that his reforms were adopted at a moment when the natural march of events must have wrought great changes in the postal system; and it is even possible that sooner or later the Post Office would have acknowledged for itself the truth and force of the principles on which his system was based. But the fact remains that he devised the penny postage unaided before he had ever been inside a post-office; that he carried it against vehement opposition, both official and Parliamentary; that he triumphantly proved its success in spite of determined and vexatious obstruction to his plans; and that every civilised country has now more or less adopted the principles which he first laid down. Last year the number of letters and other communications passing through the English Post Office amounted to no less than thirty-two per head of the whole population of the British Isles; in the year before Sir Rowland Hill's reforms were introduced they numbered only three per head of the existing population. No more effective evidence than these figures furnish could be offered in support of Sir Rowland Hill's claim to the gratitude of mankind.

Since Sir Rowland Hill passed into honourable and well-earned retirement, fifteen years ago, the world which he has helped to make so busy has almost had time to forget the man to whom it owes so much. Perhaps, indeed, it never really knew what an eventful life of activity and benevolent enterprise he had led long before the natural bent of his genius prompted him, when well advanced towards middle age, to become a postal reformer. The copious and authentic account of his life which we publish this morning will supply many details hitherto unknown, or, at any rate, long ago forgotten, of his early and deeply interesting career.

It is clear that from his earliest years Rowland Hill was one of those men of rare force and originality whom no untoward circumstances can prevent from leaving a lasting mark on whatever their hands find to do. At an age when most boys are going to a public school for the first time, Rowland Hill was already assisting his father in the education of others. He was brought up under the influence of that small band of men among whom Priestley, and Bentham, and James Mill were the leaders, and his own father was not the least remarkable of the followers; men who still held fast through the dark days of reaction to the principles which in the early days of the French Revolution had attracted the sympathies of so many generous spirits. In this bracing atmosphere of free and reasonable discussion and of liberal aspiration he early formed the noble resolution of doing something for the benefit of mankind. But this resolution was only destined to be fulfilled after long years of unselfish and exhausting toil. First as an assistant to his father and afterwards in association with his brother, Matthew Davenport Hill, whose name will long be remembered in Birmingham, he became a schoolmaster, and as years went on the school at Hazelwood became a model which attracted the attention of all who were interested in educational matters. What the nature of the model was will be seen from the account of the "Constitution" of the school which we print elsewhere. It will provoke a smile now that the schoolmaster is abroad, and we are most of us nothing if not educational; but it shows the originality of the man, his bent for organisation, and his confidence in its results, and it tells in every line of the principles—crude but not ungenerous, liberal and life-giving if one-sided and imperfect—which inspired the efforts of the earlier generation of reformers.

From Hazelwood Rowland Hill removed at the age of thirty, when already a good deal more than half of his life had been occupied in teaching, to Tottenham, where he opened a school on similar principles at Bruce Castle. Here his health broke down through incessant work, and soon after his school had been established he handed it over to a younger brother, and finally abandoned the profession of a schoolmaster. When his health was restored, however, he soon found fresh occupation. He took part in many of the social movements of the day, and became Secretary to the Commission which was appointed for

the colonisation of South Australia on the principles of Gibbon Wakefield. For some time his practical and inventive genius hesitated before it found its true line of activity. But the question of postal reform forced itself upon him, and then he knew that his opportunity in life had come. The subject took hold of him and he of it, and he held fast to it through evil report and good report, through opposition and disappointment, through ridicule and resistance, until he had effected the changes at which the world has only ceased to wonder because their effects are now an essential part of its primary economy and organisation.

It is worth while to look back to the history of Sir Rowland Hill's earlier life, because it is less known than that of his later achievements, and because it illustrates the man and helps us the better to understand what he really was. They were men of no ordinary calibre, those reformers of an earlier generation under whose influence Rowland Hill's life and character were formed. They had other ideals than ours, and it is not difficult now to see that they were wanting sometimes in breadth of sympathy, sometimes in elevation of aim. But their lot fell on an evil time, and the work they were called upon to do demanded just that rugged force of purpose which they brought to its accomplishment.

We can trace their whole spirit and see not a little of its weakness and imperfection in the Constitution which Rowland Hill and his brother drew up for their school at Hazelwood. Its strength lay in its sturdy spirit of liberty and independence, in its confident appeal to the honour and public sentiment of the boys; but its weakness is not less apparent in its complex organisation, in its naïve confidence in constitutional methods, in its premature effort to make thoughtless boys into thinking men and ardent reformers. But, like all vigorous constitutions, its true spirit came not from its written forms, but from the character and initiative of the men who worked it. In Rowland Hill's hands it succeeded, as anything to which he brought his rare powers of organisation would have succeeded, because he possessed the gifts of a born ruler whether of boys or of men.

It is singularly interesting thus to trace the history of a man who effected one of the greatest and most beneficial social changes which the present century has witnessed—to follow him

through his early struggles with poverty, through his relations with a race of strong men who at least left the world better and happier than they found it, though their ideals are now forgotten or despised, through his ardent sympathy with social progress in every form, and through his long and little-regarded efforts in the cause of rational education. Sir Rowland Hill will chiefly be remembered as the man whose efforts brought mankind into nearer and closer relations, who softened the pang of life's partings, and assuaged the bitterness of long separations. This is his lasting title to fame. But those whom his death naturally invites to consider his whole career will discern in its earlier stages the same strong character, the same powerful initiative, and the same generous enthusiasm as were afterwards triumphantly displayed in the great achievement of his life. To such a man the nation will desire to do honour as one of the chief of its benefactors. His name will long be held in grateful remembrance by Englishmen in all parts of the world; but there is still one tribute to his memory which we trust may not be withheld. To no one more fittingly than to Sir Rowland Hill could a place be assigned among the illustrious dead who rest within the walls of Westminster Abbey.

MR. DELANE

OBITUARY NOTICE, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1879

THE British public has finally lost one of the oldest, most devoted, and most meritorious of those who may be called its own special servants. Mr. Delane died on Saturday evening, at his residence at Ascot, having not long completed his sixty-second year. In the summer of 1877 it became painfully evident to Mr. Delane's friends, and not less to himself, that near forty years of incessant work had told on a vigorous constitution and powerful nerve, and that it would be well for him to seek rest while still able to enjoy it. The result showed that the determination was not arrived at too soon, and Mr. Delane has not survived more than two years his release from the continuous round of daily and nightly duties. Perhaps it is not more than public men have a right to expect. Soldiers and sailors, if on the one hand liable to be cut off in mid-career, are much more generally rewarded with half a life of honourable rest and pleasant retrospection. But as a rule they who have once entered the political strife never quit it willingly or become deaf to the old challenges and familiar rallying-cries. They would be ready to die in harness if they could only persuade their colleagues that the old is still better than the new.

John Thaddeus Delane was born in London, of parents who had previously resided at Bracknell, which all our readers may not know to be a pleasant spot, half town, half village, in the favoured and residential part of Berkshire, included so recently as the beginning of this century in Old Windsor Forest. While he was still in his boyhood his father, a barrister, received from the late Mr. Walter an appointment in the *Times* office. The

conductors of this journal very early saw in young Mr. Delane the industry, the quickness of apprehension, the eagerness for information, and the accessibleness to new impressions and ideas which might qualify him for a place in its future management. He was educated, therefore, it may be said, for the purpose, and if Mr. Delane owed much to himself, few men have owed so much to favourable circumstances and to the kind and provident care of their friends. After learning about as much as boys usually learn at a private school, and perhaps more than is usually learnt at a private tutor's, in Lincolnshire, he was admitted to Magdalen Hall, in the University of Oxford, where the present Bishop of Chester was Tutor and Vice-Principal, under Dr. Macbride. Mr. Jacobson's thorough scholarship and genial temper converted not a few of his pupils, from very different schools, into attached friends, and Mr. Delane was one of them. Perhaps this and his friendship with Sir G. Dasent were the special gains of his University career which he ever most appreciated.

Immediately on leaving Oxford—indeed, before taking his degree—Mr. Delane was qualifying himself for almost any profession he might finally decide on, under good direction, with a view to the better discharge of the post eventually assigned to him. Although his natural taste inclined him to the art of medicine, and especially to operative surgery, he kept his terms at the Middle Temple, where he was called to the Bar. He reported both on Circuit and at the House of Commons, and there was no necessary training which he did not undergo with as much spirit as if his career was to begin and end there;—an example to those who imagine that important positions are to be jumped into or had for the asking, and that luck is the arbiter of eminence. When he entered the editor's room he had the advantage of an able and accomplished chief, and of excellent instruction and advice as to the traditions and policy of this journal. As he did his work well, it grew in his hands till, by the successive deaths of two colleagues, he became in 1841 the recognised editor of the *Times*, and so continued till the autumn of 1877.

After stating the special advantages and qualifications Mr. Delane had for his position, we shall be only adding to his merits when we allude to deficiencies which some would think insurmountable. He had not had the thoroughly classical

education then to be obtained only in one of our old public schools. He was out of the "ring" which for a long time had claimed the monopoly of orthodox literature. What was more, he never was a writer; he never even attempted to write anything except what he wrote much better than most writers could do—reports and letters. These he had to do, and he did them well. He had a large staff of writers, and it was not necessary he should write except to communicate with them. This was, indeed, the greatest of his numerous advantages. He immediately started with a number of able and educated men, found for him by those who were, above all things, good judges of character.

When it is considered that he was, at least in early years, younger than most of the men he had to deal with, and that while they were practised writers he was not, it is no slight testimony to his success in the discharge of his delicate office that none of these writers ever disputed the value of his criticisms, or failed to agree cordially in his revisions, alterations, and suppressions. Thousands of times, when in the heat and haste of writing expressions had been employed which the writer had some little doubt about and felt to be weak points in his composition, he has found the editor's pen falling with sure discernment on the faulty passage and justifying the writer's own suppressed misgivings. The advantage of this process was mutual. To criticise freely and to submit to criticism is to learn and improve. The greatest writers in our language, in this and in former ages, if they have not themselves admitted that they had published much which would have been the better for a previous censure, have at least left their readers to say it in stronger language.

One of the greatest of living writers has often stated that every man ought to have a reviser. It is not without its cost to the person charged with the duty. The almost exclusive practice of critical revision is not favourable to original writing, for it develops fastidiousness. When Lord Beaconsfield said that critics were unsuccessful writers, he ingeniously inverted the natural order of the fact. It is too true that if a man's life-work is criticism, it is likely to take away freedom and freshness of expression, except in those familiar utterances in which he is not trammelled by the obligations of style.

The work of an editor can only be appreciated by those who

have had the fortune to have some little experience of it. The editor of a London daily newspaper is held answerable for every word in forty-eight, and sometimes sixty, columns. The merest slip of the pen, an epithet too much, a wrong date, a name misspelt or with a wrong initial before it, a mistake as to some obscure personage only too glad to seize the opportunity of showing himself, the misinterpretation of some passage perhaps incapable of interpretation, the most trifling offence to the personal or national susceptibility of those who do not even profess to care for the feelings of others, may prove not only disagreeable but even costly mistakes; but they are among the least of the mistakes to which an editor is liable. As it is impossible to say what a night may bring forth, and the most important intelligence is apt to be the latest, it will often find him with none to share his responsibility, without advisers, and with colleagues either pre-engaged on other matters or no longer at hand.

The editor must be on the spot till the paper is sent to the press, and make decisions on which not only the approval of the British public, but great events, and even great causes, may hang. All the more serious part of his duties has to be discharged at the end of a long day's work, a day of interruptions and conversations, of letter-reading and letter-writing, when mind and body are not what they were twelve hours ago, and wearied Nature is putting in her gentle pleas. An editor cannot husband his strength for the night's battle with comparative repose in the solitude of a study or the freshness of green fields. He must see the world, converse with its foremost or busiest actors, be open to information, and on guard against error. All this ought to be borne in mind by those who complain that journalism is not infallibly accurate, just, and agreeable. Their complaints are like those of the Court lord who found fault with the disagreeable necessities of warfare.

Since Mr. Delane became editor of the *Times* there have been thirteen Administrations, all founded necessarily on some new concurrence of circumstances. At the beginning of this period Lord Melbourne was in power. Since his time Sir Robert Peel was in power once, Lord Russell twice, Lord Derby three times, Lord Aberdeen once, Lord Palmerston twice, Lord Beaconsfield twice, and Mr. Gladstone once. Every one of these thirteen Governments has been typical of some new phase of opinion, some new policy, or some new idea, and in every

instance a new mass of particulars, amounting, as it were, to a new volume of political history, had to be accurately mastered, justly appreciated, and carefully kept in view.

An editor, it has often been said, sometimes not very seriously, must know everything. He must, at least, never be found at fault, and must be always equal to the occasion as to the personal characteristics, the concerns, the acts and utterances of those who are charged with the government of this great Empire. But this is only one of many points, some even more difficult, because more special and more apt to lie for a time out of the scope of ordinary vigilance. Since the year 1841 the world has seen unprecedented improvements in naval and military material and tactics, not slowly making their way as curiosities that might take their time, but forced into notice by frequent reminders of their necessity. Europe has seen not only two or three, but many revolutions; wars unexampled for their dimensions, their costs, and their results; many dynasties overthrown, an empire rise and fall, another all but finally dismembered amid a scramble over the spoil, and several reunifications effected beyond even the hopes of former times. Scientific discovery in every department of knowledge has been more than ever active, and that in the practical bearings which claim the notice of the public from day to day. Never before have the earth and the sea so freely revealed their resources and their treasures. Continents supposed to be protected from intrusive curiosity by intolerable heat, by untamable savagery, or by national jealousy, have been traversed in all directions by explorers whose volumes have been as familiar as our Continental handbooks. Within this period have been the gold discoveries and the new communities founded on them.

It is commonly said that the English never really learn geography or history till forced upon their acquaintance by wars or other disasters. This shows how much has to be learnt if any one has to keep pace with events. The American Civil War, our own Indian Mutiny, and the occupation of France by the German armies are events which the future student of history may find comprised in a few paragraphs, but the record and explanation of them day by day for many months involved particulars sufficient to fill many bulky volumes. With a large class of critics, a small mistake counts as much as a large one, but everybody is liable to make mistakes, and an editor labours

under the additional danger of too readily accepting the words of writers, some of whom will always be too full of their ideas to pay needful attention to such matters.

These are days of Blue-books, of enormous correspondence, of tabular returns, of statistics twisted into every possible form, of averages and differences always on supposition to be carefully remembered, of numerical comparisons everybody challenges if they are not in his own favour, and of statements that if they possess the least novelty or other interest are sure to be picked to pieces. Reference has been made to the severe conditions under which all this work has to be done. It frequently happens that a long night's work has to be thrown away, including many carefully-revised columns of printed matter, to make room for an overgrown Parliamentary debate, a budget of important despatches, or a speech made in the provinces by some one, may be, who did not love this paper, and to whom it owed nothing but public duty. Often has it been said at two o'clock in the morning that a very good paper has been printed and destroyed to make way for a paper that very few will read—none, perhaps, except a few Parliamentary gentlemen looking out for passages which, if they do not read well, must have been incorrectly reported. As an instance of what may happen to an editor, the Quarterly Return of the Revenue once came with an enormous error, an addition instead of subtraction, or *vice versa*. The writer who had to comment on it jotted down the principal figures and the totals, which were unexpected, and returned the original for the printers. It was not till an hour after midnight that, on a sight of the Return in print, the error was perceived and corrected, without a word of remark, by the paper. Of course, the comments had to be rewritten and carefully secured from error.

It is not in man not to have a bias, personal as well as political, and this bias is even more inevitable where there is a considerable acquaintance with the subject or the person concerned. As with the editor, so with his indispensable informants, subordinates, and other colleagues. Great as is the audacity of inner consciousness in these days, its place is not in an editor's room. For the materials, and, to a great extent, for the use made of them, he has to depend on others, and very often upon persons at a great distance, surrounded by influences amounting sometimes to a sort of compulsion. At high heat

the most honourable combatants or controversialists are conscious of nothing but their own case, and can tolerate no other. Partisanship has to be reduced to impartiality, rancour to fairness, and one-sided statements to approximate truth, in the editor's room. This delicate process has often to be performed after midnight, as a mere episode in the continual press of ordinary, but still exigent matters.

How far "the man who worked the *Times*," as Mr. Delane would sometimes describe himself, for near forty years has done this successfully is a point on which people will claim opinions of their own. It cannot be pretended, however, that any other person can be put in competition with him, as having had an equal task, as having been so long at it, and as having achieved such a preponderance of success. What is the measure and proof of that success? It is not far to seek. He is the best general, the Great Duke said, who makes the fewest mistakes. For the long period of time named above, the British public took up what may be called their favourite "broad-sheet" every morning, not expecting, or intending, or even wishing to agree constantly with what they found in it, yet with the utmost confidence that they would find the great questions of the day fairly and fully stated, that nothing would be added or left out from malice or carelessness, and that they were at least furnished with all the materials for forming opinions of their own. The great work in which Mr. Delane has borne the chief administrative part has not been done in a corner. It has been before the whole world. The course of the *Times* has been the course of this nation and of the world. If that course be a failure, if England is but the wreck of what it was forty years ago, if it has lost wealth, happiness, grandness, and whatever else constitutions, governments, statesmen, patriots, and soldiers are made of, then Mr. Delane has assisted to lead public opinion the downward road of decline and decay. If, like most Englishmen, we believe the course of public affairs to have been upwards rather than downwards, we must credit our departed friend with a long and victorious service in a cause vastly more important than that of ordinary conquerors.

Mr. Delane had in a remarkable degree several qualities, which are indispensable to success in all business of importance. He was capable of long application and concentrated attention. After hours of work, under harassing and perplexing circum-

stances, he had ample reserve of strength for those critical emergencies which make the greatest demand on the powers of apprehension and judgment. He could always seize on the main point at issue, and lay his hand on that upon which all the rest depended. It seemed a kind of intuition that enabled him to foresee at once the impending fate of a cause or the result of a campaign, but it was a practical and methodical power. He could distinguish between the relevant and the irrelevant in the calculation of probabilities as well as in the conduct of an argument. In a continual experience of mistakes and disappointments—for, as we have said, the nightly birth of the broad-sheet is not without its agonies and mishaps—he maintained more equanimity and command of temper than most people do under the petty harasses of private life. Compelled as he was occasionally to be decisive even to abruptness, and to sacrifice the convenience of contributors and subordinates to the paramount interest of the public, he never lost the respect or affection of those who could sympathise with him in his work, make due allowance for his difficulties, and think less of themselves than of the great issues at stake.

In these days a great man is expected to master a bulky report in one day and deliver it in flowing sentences the next; but the former process is performed in the quiet of a study, and the latter with the comfortable feeling that so long as the orator is on his legs he has possession of the audience. If he is not clear, he can be diffuse; if he misses the point himself, he can take care that his hearers miss it too; he can at least lead his foes a dance as well as his friends and admirers. Mr. Delane could always, at a moment's call, give a succinct epitome, in terse, telling English, of any speech or debate, any book, any correspondence he had read or listened to; and many a writer and speaker might have been thankful to learn from him, for the first time, the real purport and drift of all the sentences or facts they had been stringing together. He did this without being tedious or slapdash, if we may use the word, for his was an honest attempt to do justice even to those with whom he did not agree. The facility with which he did this, and the sometimes marvellous manner in which he would present the real substance of addresses beyond the patience of ordinary hearers or readers, made him most welcome, almost too welcome, in every society in this country.

The self-denying ordinance Mr. Delane had to submit to is not to be estimated simply by the usual repugnance to put business before pleasure, work before play, or by the natural and universal preference shown by educated men for what is called good society. There were features in Mr. Delane's character which made the sacrifice specially painful. He had the instincts of family affection almost to excess, for in no one was more exemplified the old saying that blood is stronger than water. A warm and, in this matter, almost impulsive nature found vent in friendships which lasted many years, and passed, in many instances, from the parents to the children, and embraced a widening circle. It cost no small management, as well as self-denial, to divide days and hours, body and soul, between friends and a country equally unwilling to take a denial. It is the ordinary martyrdom of public men in this country, but of even our best and greatest men few can estimate what it was for Mr. Delane to withdraw as unobservedly and as early as he could from the assembled guests, "before they had joined the ladies," to spend many hours selecting materials, pruning redundant paragraphs, fining down tedious narratives, deciphering manuscripts, correcting proofs, harmonising discordant intelligence, discovering the sense of telegraphic riddles, and often finishing by sacrificing the editorial labour of many hours to make room for some bulky and important but very late arrival, that must be published at whatever cost. It is curiously said that most Englishmen accept the glorious phenomenon of sunrise on the authority of the poets who describe it and the astronomers who prove it, for they have never seen it themselves, except now and then on the walls of the Royal Academy. For nearly half the year Mr. Delane saw it every morning, not after what it is a mockery to call his night's rest, but before it.

The most jealous rival would not venture to dispute that Mr. Delane did honour to his singular position as the chief of English journalists. He held his own amid temptations, solicitations, and interferences of a less gentle kind, and, though an affectionate friend and a pleasant companion, could deny the unreasonable requests incessantly made, in one form or other, to all who are believed to have anything to do with public opinion.

As is universal with British statesmen and politicians, his

one idea of dignified happiness was that of a country gentleman. For many years his delight was to go down to Ascot on the Saturday and bury himself for a few hours in a rather dull cottage, and feel himself once more at home. Some twenty years since he bought one of two pieces of barren heath near Ascot that an enthusiastic free-trader had bequeathed to Mr. Cobden. Here he eventually built a mansion, and reclaimed the surrounding sands with the usual economical results. A stranger who might see Mr. Delane here, surrounded by his relatives, and ready to enter into any question that might afford a topic of common interest and unite friends in pleasant companionship, would little suppose that he had been credited for years with a power as great as that of governments and legislatures. However that might be, he had borne his honours meekly, and could easily bear to resign a burden of which none had known more than he the weight and anxiety. At Ascot Heath, surrounded by home associations, amid the fir plantations and evergreens that redeem the otherwise sterile waste, he looked back on forty years of incessant toil, not without a sense of shortcomings and failures, and desiring no other record of him than that he had done his best.

MR. ROEBUCK

OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1879

MR. JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK, senior member for Sheffield, died on Sunday morning.

Mr. Roebuck was born at Madras in 1801. He was the son of Ebenezer Roebuck, third son of Dr. Roebuck of Sheffield, who was employed in the Civil Service at Madras. Dr. Roebuck was a physician and natural philosopher of considerable repute, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and the author of several political pamphlets. Maternally, Mr. Roebuck was related to Tickell, the poet, the intimate friend of Addison. In connection with the boyhood of Mr. Roebuck there is little of importance to record. He came from India as a child in 1807, but soon afterwards, on a second marriage, his mother settled in Canada, where he passed most of his boyhood. Electing to follow the law as a profession, he came to this country in 1824, and having passed through the ordinary curriculum and duly kept his terms, was called to the Bar by the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple in 1832, and was eventually made a Benchers. For some time he went the Northern Circuit, taking silk in 1843.

It soon became apparent, however, that he was more fitted for political life than for the Bar. He soon appeared before the public as a prominent Radical reformer. In 1832 he took the preliminary step in his Parliamentary career, becoming a candidate for the suffrages of the electors of Bath, for which city he was returned to the first Reformed Parliament in conjunction with General Palmer, one of the Ministerial nominees. Mr. Roebuck was in the habit, at a later period, in his speeches to his constituents at Sheffield, of referring to the care with which

he trained himself for his Parliamentary career. In acknowledging a presentation of 1100 guineas made to him on the 3rd of September 1866, in recognition of his great national services and in memorial of his work as a Liberal, patriotic, and distinguished statesman, he said :

"I ask myself what it is that has given me the present occasion of returning you my thanks. It is not talent ; it is not name ; it is not rank ; it is not wealth. What is it, then ? It is steadfastness to the path which I marked out for myself in the beginning. I am proud to say that in the year 1832 I published a programme of the opinions I then held. I had prepared myself for a public life. I had then formed my opinions ; I consigned them to paper ; I printed them ; and to them I now adhere. That which I said in 1832 I now say, and it is my thorough and steadfast adherence to the opinions which I then expressed that has won for me the approbation of my countrymen. Going into Parliament unknown, unsupported, only recommended by that tried friend of the people, the late Joseph Hume, I determined not to ally myself with either of the great parties which then divided the House of Commons and the kingdom. I was neither Whig nor Tory, and I went into the House of Commons determined to advocate that which I believed to be for the interests of the people without regard to party considerations. To that rule I have adhered through life."

On the 5th of February 1833 the Reformed Parliament met for the first time, and Mr. Roebuck duly took the oaths and his seat with the status of a Radical Reformer, and distinctly committed to support any further and yet more decisive steps that might be proposed. He gave a general support to Lord Grey's Government, but the moment he saw what he deemed to be hesitation to advance he took his own course, even though it brought him into collision with the Government itself. This result happened in his first brief Parliamentary campaign. The session in which he entered the House witnessed some great debates, in which he took a prominent part. The great Irish question in one of its most important phases was then ripe, and on the opening of the Parliament it was declared in the royal speech "that a spirit of insubordination and violence had risen there to a most fearful height," and should be promptly and effectually repressed.

As might naturally be imagined, the Ministerial policy was violently opposed by Mr. O'Connell, who moved as an amendment that the whole House should go into Committee upon the subject. The charges brought against the Government were indignantly denied by Mr. Stanley (afterwards the Earl of Derby), who was then Irish Secretary. Feeling far from satisfied with the explanations then afforded, and greatly distrustful of the intentions of the Ministry in reference to the affairs of the sister kingdom, Mr. Roebuck, in his maiden speech on the 5th of February, gave strong expression to his Radical views. Beyond the interest which attached to it as his first Parliamentary effort, the speech of Mr. Roebuck had in it some very striking points, and was clear and earnest. The debate lasted four nights, two amendments being brought before the House—one by O'Connell for a Committee of the whole House on the Address, for which only forty members voted, and the other, submitted by Mr. Tennyson, the member for Lambeth, to the effect that the House, while entrusting His Majesty with additional powers, would feel it necessary to investigate the cause of discontent, and to receive the petitions of the people of Ireland with respect to legislative union. For the latter motion Mr. Roebuck was one of the members who constituted the minority.

On the 14th of February Mr. Hume's motion that sinecure offices and offices held by deputy in the army and navy should be abolished, and the opportunity be thus afforded to the Ministers of reducing the taxes, furnished Mr. Roebuck with an occasion for another attack on the Government. Lord Althorp, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, had stated that he agreed with the first part of the resolution proposed by Mr. Hume, as to economy, but that he dissented from the second, which was that the existence of sinecure offices and offices executed by deputy in the army and navy departments was unnecessary and inexpedient as a means of remunerating public services. Mr. Roebuck exclaimed :

"Then am I to understand that the noble lord, one of the principal Ministers of His Majesty's Whig Administration, an Administration professing reform and retrenchment, does not wish to do away with sinecures? What would the people think when they found that Administration giving the whole force of their powerful opposition to the first attempt at economy of a reformed Parliament?"

Mr. Roebuck gave notice of a motion as to election of representatives to serve in Parliament; but on being told that its being placed on the orders of the House might give rise to the supposition that something extraordinary had arisen to induce the House to take such a step he withdrew it, intimating that the only way to get rid of a very possible abuse which might be caused by the interference of Ministers was to establish the vote by ballot. Throughout the whole of the protracted debate upon the suppression of disturbances in Ireland Mr. Roebuck opposed its progress. It was a marked feature in his character that he was ready to take up the cause of those to whom injustice, in his opinion, had been done. For instance, in connection with the famous affray in Coldbath Fields he charged the Government—first, with having created a riot instead of preventing one; secondly, with bringing into disrepute a useful body of men; and thirdly, with pursuing an illegal line of conduct in what they might term the administration of justice. The debate lasted two nights, and a petition he introduced was ordered to lie on the table.

Mr. Roebuck also brought before the House the great question of national education, but in after years he failed to keep such hold of the question as to make himself in an especial degree its champion, though he proposed a motion in 1843 in favour of secular education. Towards the close of the session of 1837 Mr. Roebuck introduced his celebrated amendment that the House should, instead of proceeding to the second reading of the Irish Tithe Bill, resolve itself into a committee for considering the state of the nation. His attack upon the Ministry was fierce and decided, and the views which he expressed were pre-eminently Radical. The motion—scarcely any one being found to support it—was rejected without going to a division. Shortly after this the death of the King and the accession of the Queen rendered a general election inevitable. Mr. Roebuck, owing to his violent opposition to the Ministry, lost his seat, polling only 910 votes. Although thus excluded from Parliament, Mr. Roebuck appeared at the bar of the House by special permission, to be heard as the agent of the Lower House of Assembly prior to the passing of the Bill by which the constitution of Lower Canada was suspended till November 1840. In the general election of 1841 he regained his seat for Bath. Throughout the entire duration of this Parliament, which was

dissolved in August 1846, Mr. Roebuck took a part in every debate of importance. His efforts were unceasing, and, though in a condition of health that was far from robust, an indication of which was found in the thinness and weakness of his voice, he seldom permitted his place to be vacant. In his earlier years, we should state, Mr. Roebuck had fought a duel with Mr. Black, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and another of less note.

Mr. Roebuck was defeated at the general election in 1847, and a testimonial of £600 was presented to him. In 1849 he was returned without opposition for Sheffield. He spoke in defence of the war with Russia, declaring its object to be "to stop the Emperor in his career of spoliation." In the debate on that war Mr. Roebuck had his greatest party triumph. At the time Parliament assembled the campaign had been opened nine months, and the country had been horrified and enraged by news of the state of the army before Sebastopol. It was everywhere admitted that the moment Parliament should meet the whole subject must be brought under its consideration. This was done in the House of Commons by Mr. Roebuck, who moved for a committee of inquiry into the condition of the army before Sebastopol, and into the conduct of those departments of the Government whose duty it had been to minister to the wants of that army. The speech of Mr. Roebuck was exceedingly brief, owing to the physical weakness under which he was labouring. The question being put, the number of Ayes was 305, and the Noes 140.

By this blow the coalition Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen fell. Mr. Roebuck had no place in the new Cabinet, but became chairman of the committee appointed as the result of the division. In 1857 came a sudden and peculiar election. Lord Palmerston, having suffered a defeat by a coalition of the Tories and of the Radicals on what was called the Chinese Lorcha question, dissolved Parliament. His conduct was so popular in the country that in the elections his opponents were utterly routed. During the next few years Mr. Roebuck showed a growing divergence from his chief Liberal supporters. In 1862 Mr. Roebuck gave great offence to the working classes by repeating at Salisbury a description he had previously given of the working men of our northern towns. They earned great wages, but they spent them all; they beat their wives and caressed

their bulldogs. He embarked with great impetuosity in the cause of the Southern States of America, then at war with the North. At the election of 1865, however, he was returned at the head of the poll. The action taken by Mr. Roebuck as a member of the Commission on Trade Unions, and the course taken by him in respect to the Irish Church question, further alienated many of his friends in Sheffield, and at the general election in 1868 he lost his seat. From 1868 to 1874 Mr. Roebuck was not in the House, but at the last general election he was returned at the head of the poll. The state of his health after that time did not admit of his taking a very active part in politics, and only on very rare occasions was he present in the House. He attended during some of the debates on the Eastern Question, and supported the policy of the Government. Mr. Roebuck paid his last visit to Sheffield in July, when he opened the new block of asylum buildings erected by the Sheffield Licensed Victuallers' Association.

LEADING ARTICLE, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1879

The news of Mr. Roebuck's death, which we announce to-day, will be received with very general feelings of regret. His long public career began forty-seven years ago, when he was elected for Bath as a member of the first Parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill. During the course of this time he experienced something more than the ordinary vicissitudes of English public life. Prominent he always was; popular he has been, too, but certainly not always. His Parliamentary seat, his Parliamentary position, his friends and his enemies, his own political views and sympathies, were none of them preserved unchanged from first to last. Yet his career has been, in a certain sense, a consistent one. Whatever opinions he formed he never failed to give expression to without fear and without regard to consequences personal to himself. He cared nothing if he offended his own party and alienated his own constituents. He would accept the penalty in either case; and, so far from shrinking from it, was, perhaps, a little too forward in contriving opportunities for deserving it.

Mr. Roebuck entered Parliament as a Liberal, but as an independent Liberal. His Liberalism has been sometimes questioned; his independence was preserved intact. For the

common objects of ambition, for power or place or popular favour, he professed to care, and perhaps did care, nothing. He would always say what he chose to say, and would vote as he thought right. Some of his most conspicuous Parliamentary passages at arms were against his own party. His strongest denunciations were poured forth against the conduct of the very men upon whose goodwill his seat was shortly to depend. He was a special type which we can ill afford to lose. Able, fearless, outspoken, and at the same time utterly impracticable, he has done some service to his country, but always in his own way, and in a way unlike that of any one else. He has left behind him many friends, whom he made and kept almost in his own despite. Enemies he could not help making, being such as he was, with many qualities to provoke dislike, and with little wish to keep clear of it. A tribute of respect he can fairly claim from all, and it will be given, we believe, by his enemies scarcely less readily than by his friends.

Mr. Roebuck's Parliamentary life, though always that of a private member, was far from uneventful. He was elected in 1832, as an advanced Reformer, to a Parliament of advanced Reformers. Before five years were over he had completely quarrelled with the then dominant Whig party. At the election of 1837 he lost his seat, gained it again in 1841, and lost it again in 1847. In 1849 he came in once more as member for Sheffield, and kept his seat for twenty years. In the course of these, in 1855, he drove the Aberdeen Ministry from office by his successful motion for an inquiry into the state of the English army before Sebastopol. There can be no question of the importance of the service he thus rendered. It is true, indeed, that with the then feeling of Parliament and of the country a change of Ministry could not long have been avoided. The blow must have been dealt by somebody, and dealt soon. Roebuck dealt it, and deserves credit for it. Seldom, perhaps, has a public duty been discharged more efficiently and at the same time more gladly than on this occasion. That it was a Liberal Ministry which fell before his patriotic zeal could only have added zest to the delight of this very candid friend of the Liberals.

But Mr. Roebuck's Liberalism need not be questioned thus far. His sympathies were soon to be at real variance with those of the Liberal party on several important points. As a

strong advocate of Austrian rule in Italy, as a defender of the Galway Packet job, as a champion of the cause of the Confederates against the Northern States of the Union, and as a denouncer of the inaction of England in the Danish War, he went wholly contrary to the advanced Liberal views which he had been supposed to represent. But if he had been thus for some time earning the disfavour of his constituents at Sheffield, his rejection by them in 1869 was finally assured by conduct on his part which can be open to no such question as the rest. He had denounced Trades Unionism at Sheffield, and Sheffield was at that time the very nest and chief centre of Trades Unionism in its most flagrant form. The liberty of speech and of action which Mr. Roebuck always held as the most inalienable right of Englishmen, and which he always claimed very fully for himself, could scarcely co-exist with the proceedings for which Mr. Broadhead and Mr. Crook had been making themselves notorious. These men and these doings Mr. Roebuck spoke of as they had deserved to be spoken of, and he lost his seat, as he must have expected to lose it.

Five years afterwards, in 1874, at the election of the present Parliament, Mr. Roebuck came forward once more, retracting nothing and apologising for nothing, but asking simply for a return of the old confidence which, in the opinion of honest men, he had done nothing to forfeit. Sheffield, to its credit, listened to him and returned him at the head of the poll. His support of the present Ministry in their Eastern policy has been just lately the most prominent part of his public conduct, and not the least criticised. But though in this matter he declined to vote with his own party, he kept his old seat on the Opposition benches, quitting it for one night only, when he found his usual place occupied, and when two Conservative members were forward in making room for him on their side of the House. Whether he would have sat again for Sheffield we cannot say, but he would certainly not have been returned unopposed. All that is certain is that the prospect would not have alarmed him into giving one dishonest vote, or into softening down one obnoxious word that he might have thought it right to utter.

With a career so chequered as Mr. Roebuck's has been, so unsuccessful in the common sense of the word, and so inconsistent in every sense of the word but one, it is interesting to know what was the view he himself took of it. Few men

there are who can look back without regret to some portion of their lives, or who would choose to go through the whole of them over again if the chance were offered them. Few men, we may add, would choose to go through Mr. Roebuck's life on any terms. He was himself not thus dissatisfied with it. He would gladly, he declared, repeat over again his own past experience from first to last, and say, and do, and suffer just what he had said, and done, and suffered up to the moment when he was speaking. His countrymen will indulge in the more attainable hope that the special type he represented has not passed away with him. That it should become the common type in or out of Parliament we will not profess to desire. But there is at least room for one such man as Mr. Roebuck has shown himself, and it is with the sense of a real loss that we receive the news that he has departed from among us.

M. CHEVALIER

OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1879

M. MICHEL CHEVALIER, whose chair at the Collège de France had for some time been provisionally filled by his son-in-law, M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, died on Friday at Lodève, at the age of sixty-three. The son of a tradesman at Limoges, he studied at the Polytechnic School and the School of Mines, and became civil engineer to the Department of the Nord. Ardently embracing the doctrines of Fourier and St. Simon, he was for two years editor of the *Globe*, the organ of the sect, on the schism in which he adhered to Enfantin. The circular announcing the death of Madame Enfantin, mother of "Notre Père Suprême," was signed "Michel Chevalier, Apôtre." He was a Cardinal in Enfantin's Sacred College, contributed to the *Livre Nouveau*, and was condemned in 1835, as manager of the *Globe*, to twelve months' imprisonment. M. Thiers procured his release at the end of six months and his despatch to the United States to study railway and water communications, his book on which was praised by Humboldt.

In 1837 he was sent to England to report on the commercial crisis, and returned with a scheme of railway, canal, and other public works. He succeeded Rossi in 1840 as Professor of Political Economy at the Collège de France, became in 1845 a Conservative Deputy, and in 1847 joined Bastiat in attempting a free-trade league. In 1848 he wrote against Socialism; he accepted the Empire in 1852, and was appointed a Councillor of State, the Protectionists, however, preventing his readmission to the Supreme Council of Commerce. He defended free trade and took a leading part in negotiating the Anglo-French

Commercial Treaty, after which he was elevated to the Senate, where, in 1869, he condemned excessive armaments and constant loans. He presided over the French juries at the South Kensington Exhibition of 1862, and edited the reports on the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Since the fall of the Empire he had taken no part in politics, which, indeed, with him were always subordinate to political economy. At the time of the Californian and Australian gold discoveries he advocated a silver standard, but of late years he was an opponent of Cernuschi's campaign for bi-metallism. In 1875 M. Chevalier paid a visit to England. His death will be regretted as that of the staunchest upholder of free trade and the most eminent French representative of the old school of political economy.

LEADING ARTICLE, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1879

When we hear of the death of a man of a well-known name, the mind naturally travels backwards to recall the memory of all that he has done. What has been the secret of his success? In what way did he become distinguished from his fellows? M. Michel Chevalier has passed away; he has gone over to the majority; a life of strange contrasts and diverse elements has come to a close. We knew him, or thought we knew him, here in England, almost as well as he was known in France, and few Englishmen will confess to any difficulty in rehearsing his titles to fame. Did he not come often among us, and always as a welcome guest? We received him not merely as a friend, but as one of ourselves. He was more than a visitor; for the time being he was an Englishman. No stranger coming to claim the hospitality always due to strangers, he crossed the Channel to occupy posts commonly reserved for those who have the privileges and the responsibilities of citizenship. He took a part, and often a leading part, in social and economical discussions; on one occasion he filled the chair, as he was often an honoured *convive*, at the annual dinner of the Cobden Club.

All this was natural and intelligible. M. Chevalier was an eminent political economist, and Englishmen used to believe that political economy taught us some lessons that had been beneficial, and were destined to be yet again beneficial, to the condition of man. This faith may have grown obscure in recent years, but it appears destined to revive, and, indeed, the fact

that it was once cherished is enough to account for the friendly reception of M. Chevalier among us. But he was more than a political economist. The speculations of his intellect led to the eminently practical result of a steady, prolonged, and successful endeavour to promote free trade between the great countries of Western Europe. He inspired M. Rouher. The Emperor had learnt something from him in those days of troublous apprenticeship, when Prince Louis Napoleon was despised as a dreamy conspirator—a mixture of the ideologist and the charlatan.

M. Chevalier brought Mr. Cobden and the French Government together, and, when the French Treaty was concluded, his share in it was attested in the shop-windows, where his portrait appeared between those of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright to prove to England who were the three men that had done most for free trade in their generation. We have said enough to explain M. Chevalier's fame, and yet we have not mentioned what may, perhaps, longest serve to keep his name alive among men. Economists come and go; there were teachers of the science before M. Chevalier, who did more to advance it than he, and even among his contemporaries in his own country his supremacy may be contested. His services to the State, great as they were, were those of a subordinate whose personality must always be hidden behind the prime actors on the scene.

But what separates him from the rest is and must be his romantic and passionate youth. It was a blunder; but our Prime Minister has told us that youth is always a blunder. M. Chevalier started in life as a disciple—nay, as an apostle—of a new faith that was to regenerate the world. He was even a cardinal of its hierarchy, a prince of this church of the future. He was something more; he became its martyr to the extent of the modified martyrdom which the wary Government of Louis Philippe imposed upon its leading spirits. When M. Enfantin and his immediate associates in the propagation of the doctrines of St. Simon were put on their trial on charges of attempting to upset the State and dissolve the bonds of social order, M. Chevalier, who was credited with being the writer of the *New Book* setting forth the principles of the faith, stood among them. They attempted to argue with the President of the Court and to convert the jury, but the latter found them guilty and the former condemned them to terms of imprisonment. Six months sufficed to convince M. Chevalier that the world must be taught

otherwise than he had intended ; but it is still true that the economic propagandism of the Conservative Deputy and Senator was but his earliest faith slightly transformed, and when his writings shall have been consigned to the dust of libraries a tradition of his life will survive as that of the student who was educated through St.-Simonianism to be a political economist.

Few are now the survivors of the church of St. Simon. M. Isaac Péreire remains to mingle mysticism with the operations of finance, but he remains almost alone, and his last *brochure* shows a devotion to Leo XIII., marking a wide departure from his early faith. But, though the school is dissolved and those who live and were of it have renounced its doctrines, its memory deserves an occasional revival, and will certainly receive it, partly because of the strange number of men of later distinction who were among its disciples, and partly as evidence of the fervour and passion that stirred up the life of France half a century ago. We are tempted to think of the age of Louis Philippe as rather a dull time. He was a citizen king, supported by the *bourgeoisie*, whose virtues and failings he shared, and it is difficult to be enthusiastic over the pursuit of economy and the domestic virtues. Yet the commencement of the reign of Louis Philippe was a *Renaissance* of fire. In literature, in art, in social philosophy, and in politics an iconoclastic spirit sprang forth, threatening with destruction all the old standards of life and action.

The romanticism of Victor Hugo and Guéricault, of Eugène Delacroix and George Sand, bore down the barriers of conventionalism with irresistible force. Promises of a new society were proclaimed, attracting young and ardent thinkers. The romantic figure and contrasted fortunes of the Comte de St. Simon—born in affluence, an officer under Washington before he was twenty, and living to promulgate with unwavering faith and unflinching dignity, in spite of the direst penury, doctrines that were to lift the poor out of the mire—probably helped to establish his church ; but the time was a time of ferment, and the seething forces of new France were ready to fill all channels of action.

There are epochs in the lives of nations when all that is energetic turns to rebellion. Rather less than a hundred years ago it was so with us. Who could be more decorous in his later life than Dr. Southey ? Who could denounce the move-

ments of change with more earnestness than the laureated Wordsworth? Mr. Coleridge lived to create a new school of Conservatism that is scarcely yet extinct. Yet these three men, and not they alone, shared the impulse and the passion of the revolutionary era.

A similar tide passed over France fifty years since, and the school of St. Simon was the focus that gathered to itself the unrest of the time. The proof is found in the multitude of names enrolled within it that have since become distinguished in practical life. M. de Lesseps was one of them, who, having cut asunder the isthmus between Africa and Asia, is now in America, prosecuting that Panama Canal, a project of which was submitted by St. Simon as a youth of twenty to the Court of Spain. Père Enfantin was another, who lived to organise such an industrial undertaking as the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway. We have already mentioned M. Isaac Péreire, with whom his brother must be associated. M. Arlès Dufour, the head of the silk trade of Lyons, remained till his recent death a disciple of the faith of his youth. M. Félicien David first revealed his genius as the composer of the chants used by the neophytes of Ménilmontant in their liturgies. M. Auguste Comte was one of those who stood around the deathbed of St. Simon, and he derived the principles of his own arid philosophy from the richer nature of the master. The power of M. Armand Carrel, too early lost to the world, was first developed on the staff of the *Globe*. And M. Chevalier, whom we remember as the austere and reserved economist of later years, was drawn from the stricter studies of the École Polytechnique to compose a new Genesis of labour made bright with dithyrambic promises of a restoration of Eden through the development of inter-continental traffic. He was the poet and seer of canals and of railways when as yet the mighty works of both were dreams of the future; and, if the careful Government of Louis Philippe thought it necessary to lock up this dangerous dreamer for a season, it quickly released him, to send him on a special mission to North America to report on the means of communication in existence or immediately contemplated in the United States. His incarceration was, perhaps, a necessity.

We cannot throw ourselves back seven-and-forty years to feel the tremors and doubts of that time, and Liberal Governments in France in our own day are often led to propitiate the

anxieties of the timorous by sternly repressing movements that might be neglected as evanescent. Certain it is that M. Chevalier soon passed away, and for ever, from the organisation with which he had been associated. The freedom of commerce remained his ideal, to be pursued with unrelenting devotion; but he no longer felt it necessary to chant a bridal hymn over the wedding of Europe and Africa in the Mediterranean, or to celebrate in the abrupt strophes of prophecy the flow of commerce and civilisation through the isthmus of Panama and among the Antilles.

M. Chevalier never was a very recondite thinker as a political economist. His first lesson and his last was the excellence of free trade, and it may be surmised that his lectures at the Collège de France were mainly devoted to this thesis. In the height of the excitement occasioned by the gold discoveries of Australia he published a book on their economic effect, which Mr. Cobden translated; but experience has since shown that his investigation of the problem was incomplete. More recently he has done good work in combating the bi-metallic movement originated by M. Cernuschi in Paris, and sustained, for reasons easily understood, by a powerful party in the United States. The influence of M. Chevalier in France during the last thirty years has been steadily used on the side of common sense. He fought side by side with Bastiat against the anarchical theories of the rights of labour countenanced by some members of the Provisional Government of 1848, and he endeavoured, in conjunction with the same ardent thinker, to establish a league of free trade in France as a counterpart of the Anti-Corn Law League of our own country. That attempt failed, but M. Chevalier would have been much astonished if any one had told him that the cause of free trade had not advanced on the Continent. Looking back to what was, and comparing it with what is, he would have smiled at the audacious ignorance of the suggestion. He did not live to see the realisation of his dream; he had to confess that the movement upon which his heart was set now slackened and now quickened; but he had the confidence of the astronomer in its secular advance, and his faith was equally warranted by the testimony of facts.

JULES FAVRE

LEADING ARTICLE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1880

THE worst fears with respect to M. Jules Favre have proved true. His recovery has for some time back been regarded as hopeless, and the news of his death has been expected from hour to hour. It took place yesterday morning. Though not of a great age, he belonged to an older school of politicians than those who are now in power in France. He had taken part in the Revolution of 1830, and he was conspicuous as a successful advocate, as an ardent Republican, and as the lieutenant of Ledru Rollin in 1848. When M. de Freycinet, M. Jules Ferry, and M. Gambetta were young and unknown, he was making a stir in the world. The veteran statesman, M. Dufaure, it is true, was a Minister long before M. Jules Favre had become a deputy, and M. Grévy is old enough to have taken part in the Revolution of 1830; but the political contemporaries of M. Jules Favre are few, and his death brings home the fact that comparatively young men hold the reins.

Here he is known almost exclusively as a politician of an extreme order. But he would be misunderstood if his profession were lost sight of. He was an advocate in all things; one of the most successful of advocates, and with many virtues conducive to skill in his art, but with some of the grave faults into which an advocate is prone to fall. The Bar of France had never been more brilliant than when he joined it. The incomparable Berryer was still supreme, but there were other illustrious orators. M. Dufaure, an admirable legal reasoner, M. Mangin, the defender of Lamennais, and M. Chaix d'Est-Ange, master of an academic style of eloquence, were among

them. M. Jules Favre did not rise quite to the highest ranks of his profession. It never fell to him to defend generals charged with treason, princes, writers of eminence, or religious reformers who believed themselves persecuted. That honour was reserved to Berryer, Dupin, Hennequin, and Bonnet. But he was counsel in many minor political trials, and his fearless, impassioned style of pleading was in demand in those cases in which there was less anxiety to procure the acquittal of the accused than to annoy the Government which had instituted the prosecution.

In his long life M. Jules Favre wrote as well as spoke much, and he is reported to have composed a drama. He was elected to the Academy, as Dupin, Berryer, and Dufaure were elected. But this honour was bestowed in recognition of his considerable gifts of speech, and not of the forgotten and diffuse pamphlets which he threw off in the excitement of the moment. His real claim to be remembered is the share which he took in all the chief events in his country since 1848. Nothing which has happened since that date has been quite complete without a speech from M. Jules Favre. Whenever the tocsin of revolution sounded, whenever there were troubles in France, his voice was sure to be heard. A bold defence of Delescluze made the political fortunes of M. Gambetta, then a young unknown *avocat*. The citizens of Belleville hastened to choose as deputy one who spoke fiercely and vehemently against the Empire. A similar piece of luck befell M. Jules Favre. As the counsel of Orsini, he endeavoured to ennoble the conspirator and make of him a political martyr whose life had been one of devotion to his country; and while speaking of the crime of his client he took care to make dexterous insinuations which recalled to his audience the *coup d'état*. He failed to convince the jury, but he had given opportune expression to the feelings of the disaffected—it was his true gift—and within a few weeks of the trial the electors of Paris returned the defender of Orsini to the Corps Législatif. There he became the leading spirit among the famous Five, the Opposition who, it was said, could be put into one cab. From that time he never ceased to wage war on the Empire. He would enter into no agreement with it. His old political friends, M. Ollivier and M. Darimon, made up their differences with the Government; but M. Jules Favre was irreconcilable. Every blunder at home or abroad was noted

and denounced. The policy of the Empire with respect to Italy and Germany, the failure to interpose in aid of Austria in 1866, the uncalled-for intervention in Mexican affairs, the restrictions on liberty of speech, and the unfair privilege of officials were steadily denounced; and at a time when the acts of the Government were criticised out of doors with bated breath, M. Jules Favre declared that the Ministers who were responsible for the Mexican expedition would have been impeached in a free country.

When the end of the Empire came, he at once rose to a position which he had never before attained. He early saw what was impending. When the famous telegram from the Emperor—"Marshal MacMahon has lost a battle. On the Sarre General Frossard has been obliged to retire; hasten to place Paris in a state of defence. All may yet be repaired"—revealed the full character of the national disaster, M. Jules Favre struck the key-note. In the sitting of the Corps Législatif of the 9th of August he laid the blame of the disasters on the Emperor, and demanded that the latter should cease to command. He returned to this point again and again. In a subsequent sitting he brought before the Chamber the unhappy consequences of making the Emperor Commander-in-Chief. When the Emperor's telegram informed the Ministers of the crowning disaster of Sedan, M. Jules Favre was the first to hasten the inevitable crisis by proposing that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his family should be deprived of the powers conferred on them by the Constitution. Such a proposal was on the lips of many. The members of the Palikao Ministry, it was felt, were mere passing phantoms. Early in August the doom of the Empire was certain, and the only question was when and by whose hands it should fall. At such a time the true course for him who would be a leader of men is to take the instant way. M. Jules Favre appreciated this truth, and struck in with his opportune resolution. He only did, it is true, that which all wished to be done, and which some one would have soon done if he had hesitated. But he had made his mark; he had been the first to lift a hand to destroy the Empire; and he naturally became a leading member of the Government of National Defence and of M. Thiers's Administration.

M. Jules Favre was not all that could be wished as a Foreign

Minister. His difficulties were indeed great ; more courageous Ministers than he might have recoiled from the heritage of misfortune bequeathed by his predecessor. But he did not resign himself to what was inevitable. He wrote and spoke rashly, and sometimes hysterically. He nursed impracticable hopes, and made eloquent prophecies so neatly and happily expressed that they were remembered against him when events contradicted them. As soon as he had taken office, and before he had time to comprehend the situation after Sedan, he issued his famous circular, in which he declared—"If it is a challenge, we accept it. We will not yield an inch of our territory or a stone of our fortresses." Such language could not but render futile his visit to Prince Bismarck at Ferrières, and the somewhat sentimental nature of his arguments, as narrated by himself, was not likely to have much effect with a clear-minded statesman who had little taste for effusive rhetoric.

This is not the time to criticise harshly M. Jules Favre's career as Minister, or to recall such errors on his part as his unfortunate disregard of Prince Bismarck's warning as to the inexpediency of allowing the National Guards to retain their arms. It is more opportune on the eve of his funeral—which takes place to-morrow, and which, it appears, will be conducted according to Protestant usage—to recall his undeviating faithfulness to his early principles. It is not unjust, however, to say that his rare eloquence, ornate, mobile, and vehement, was his highest gift, and that his power of uttering in a striking manner piquant and inspiring phrases was not accompanied by proportionate clearness and soundness of judgment. He was, in short, from first to last the advocate and orator, with nimble wits, a quick imagination, and a surprising faculty for expressing the dominant feeling of the time. Had his lot been cast in this country—if it is possible to suppose M. Jules Favre anywhere but in France—he might have achieved merely forensic fame. But in his own country it was natural that he should pull down governments and raise them up.

VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE

OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, AUGUST 16, 1880

WE have to announce the death of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, K.G. In him there has passed away a very remarkable man—one who in his time has exerted a very remarkable influence on the fate and fortunes of Eastern Europe, and who for many years enacted a sort of vice-royalty at Constantinople, partly owing to the position which he held as the representative of the British name, but partly, also, in consequence of his own force of character.

Stratford Canning was born of a family distinguished for talents of a high order, and of these he inherited a fair share, to say the least. It is not every Irish or every English family that can start out of the middle rank of merchants in a country town and in less than a century see three of its members raised to the peerage, and one of its sons Prime Minister. Yet it was so with the Cannings, who less than a century since were plain, honest "merchants" at Garvagh, in the county of Londonderry. Stratford Canning of that place had by his wife, a lady from the county of Cavan, three sons, of whom the eldest, George, of the Middle Temple, was the father of George Canning, afterwards Premier; the second, who remained in Ireland, had a son who was raised to the Irish Peerage as Lord Garvagh, while the third and youngest, also named Stratford, settled in London and became a merchant in the City. His business was not as large as his credit and his heart; he lived in one of the small streets that lead, or led, out of Lombard Street towards the Thames; and there, having married an Irish lady, Miss Mehetabel Patrick, of Summerhill, Dublin, he had born to him a daughter and

also four sons, of whom one, Henry, was for some years Consul-General at Hamburg; another, William, rose to be Canon of Windsor; the third, Charles, fell at Waterloo while acting as aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington; and the fourth and youngest was the subject of our present notice, who was born on the 6th of January 1788.

At an early age young Stratford Canning was sent to Eton at the instance certainly, and possibly by the help, of his cousin, George Canning, who had just entered Parliament and achieved his first success as an orator—a success which he attributed in no small degree to his Eton and Oxford education. George Canning was anxious that similar advantages should be offered to his bright and clever young cousin, who was left fatherless at five years old; so he called one morning at Mrs. Canning's house in the City, put young Stratford in his carriage, drove him off to Windsor, and deposited him at Eton. Here he obtained a nomination as a "Colleger" or King's Scholar, and went through the entire school course, passing in due time from the "Sixth Form" there to a scholarship at King's College, Cambridge. Here, also, he was followed by the good offices of his cousin, who took him abroad with him during the Long Vacation, and gave him, or procured for him through a friend, an early insight into the mysteries of diplomacy.

Although the comfortable and certain provision of a Fellowship at King's was before him at Cambridge, young Stratford Canning resolved that political or diplomatic life should be his line, not law or divinity; so, through his cousin's influence, he obtained admission into the diplomatic service; and, after a year spent as a *précis* writer in the Foreign Office, we find him sent, in 1808, on a special mission to Constantinople under Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Adair, on whose appointment as permanent British Ambassador at that Court a year or two afterwards he was made Secretary of the Embassy. On returning to England he took advantage of the opportunity of a few months' absence from his professional duties to complete his studies at Cambridge, where he took his master's degree. In the year 1814, promoted to the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary in Switzerland, he took part in framing the treaty by which the Swiss Cantons were united into the Helvetic Confederation. He was present at the Congress of Vienna in the following year.

In 1820 we find him sent on a special mission to Washington

for the purpose of adjusting some differences that had arisen ; but on his return he was not fortunate enough to find the terms of his negotiations ratified by the Government at home. In November 1823 he was made Plenipotentiary in London for negotiating certain important matters with the United States, and in the following year was sent on a special mission to St. Petersburg, in order to ascertain the designs of the Tsar towards Greece, whose cause the chief Powers of Europe were then anxious to maintain against the Turks. In 1825 he went as Ambassador to Constantinople, with instructions to use his influence with the then Sultan Mahmoud in favour of the Greek nation ; but, not meeting with success, he came to England on leave, in order to be present at and take part in the conferences held in London before it was formally resolved to adopt those measures which led to the battle of Navarino.

After that "untoward event," as it has been called, diplomatic relations were of course broken off between England and the Ottoman Porte ; and Mr. Canning, on his return to England, not long after the death of his illustrious cousin, was rewarded for his diplomatic services by the bestowal of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. He had already—namely, in 1828—been returned to Parliament as one of the members for Old Sarum ; he sat, too, for one or two sessions as member for the since disfranchised borough of Stockbridge, Hants (the same which was once represented by the late Lord Derby), supporting, on the whole, Tory measures. On the renewal of diplomatic relations with the Porte, Sir Robert Gordon, brother of Lord Aberdeen, was appointed Ambassador. But in 1831 Stratford Canning was entrusted, as Special Ambassador, with the settlement of the questions pending between the Porte and Greece. He first visited Nauplia, where he attempted, with some success, to compose the disputes of the Greek factions. Arriving in Constantinople in January 1832, he carried on, in conjunction with the French and Russian Ambassadors, the negotiations on Greek affairs, the result being the definitive treaty of 21st July 1832. This work being over, Sir Stratford Canning returned to London, and in 1833 was appointed by Earl Grey to be Ambassador at St. Petersburg in the place of Lord Heytesbury. The Emperor Nicholas, who had no goodwill for him, declined, under one pretext or another, to receive him, and after some months of delay he resigned his post. In January 1835 he

was chosen in the Conservative interest as one of the members for King's Lynn, which constituency he continued to represent as a supporter of Sir Robert Peel in three Parliaments down to the winter of 1841-42, when he was appointed to succeed the late Lord Ponsonby as Ambassador at Constantinople.

It is in this capacity that the name of Sir Stratford Canning will be most widely and permanently remembered, both at home and abroad. He held the post under several different Ministries of opposite politics; and each succeeding Cabinet, in dealing with questions of our foreign policy in the east of Europe, was largely guided by the information and advice which from his vast experience he was able to tender. His ability and authority were chiefly exhibited at the momentous period of the Crimean War. It cannot be doubted that he firmly believed the aggressive disposition of Russia to be the greatest of the evils that threatened the European continent, and especially the Turkish and Austrian Empires. He would, moreover, hardly have denied that he cherished a feeling of resentment against the Emperor Nicholas. It was to be regretted that he should have left Constantinople for a time in 1852, and returned to England under a belief that the claims of France, Russia, and Austria respecting the holy places were amicably adjusted, and that his post should have been occupied by a subordinate, although able and vigilant officer, when Prince Menschikoff was actually menacing the Sultan in his own palace. But it may be urged that England had no *locus standi* in the dispute until a territorial aggression became imminent, and that the instructions sent out by the foreign secretaries of both political parties directed that the representative of England should not officially interfere in the matter.

Against all her wishes and interests Turkey was dragged into a most dangerous and difficult dispute between the great Powers, who founded their respective claims on contradictory documents. Turkey, a Mahomedan power, was called on to decide a quarrel which involved ostensibly Christian religious feeling, but which, in reality, was a vital struggle between France and Russia for political influence in the Turkish dominions. The Sultan was required to be a judge and to decide this dispute; but, so far from having judicial independence and immunity, he was coerced and humiliated before his subjects by menaces; he was compelled to give contradictory

and dishonouring decisions, and was then accused of perfidy by the very persons who had forced him to adopt them. When, by means of the adhesion of the Emperor Napoleon, the co-operation of England and France for the preservation of Turkey became a possibility, our ambassador repaired to his post. The British fleet had been called up to Besika Bay by Sir Hugh Rose, and the famous war followed after no long period. All through it the influence of Lord Stratford was felt, encouraging Turkey, advising his own Government, acting quietly but energetically on the neutral Powers. To him in an eminent degree is due the act of Austria in occupying the Danubian principalities, which decided the main military question, checked the Russian advance on the Balkans, allowed the allies to turn their arms against the Russian stronghold of Sebastopol, and last, not least, set a rivalry, if not an enmity, between the St. Petersburg and Vienna Governments, which may still produce momentous consequences.

Whatever may have been the faults of Lord Stratford, however self-willed and dictatorial a servant he may have shown himself to his employers, there can be no doubt that he exerted, and for the most part exerted for good, an unparalleled influence in the councils of the Porte, chiefly through the confidence placed in him by the Sultan Abdul Medjid. Probably no Englishman will ever again attain to a like pinnacle of power in Turkey, or find his name to the same extent an object of respect and of fear. If the name of Palmerston commanded respect through the length and breadth of Europe, that of Sir Stratford Canning was equally formidable throughout the region of the East, and especially in that empire whose destinies he so largely swayed for nearly twenty years.

In the early part of the year 1852, during Lord Derby's first tenure of the Premiership, Sir Stratford Canning was raised to the dignity of the peerage by the "name, style, and title" of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. This title he chose, somewhat fancifully as many will think, in order to assert his hereditary relationship to William Canning, or Canynges, the pious and munificent merchant and Mayor of Bristol, of the reign of Edward IV., who, late in life becoming a priest, founded with his wealth the "College" at Westbury-on-Trim, in Gloucestershire, and also either founded or completed the foundation of the noble church of St. Mary Redcliffe in Bristol.

Lord Stratford was twice married—first, in 1816, to Harriet, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Raikes, who died in the following year ; and secondly, in 1827, to Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of Mr. James Alexander, of Somerhill, near Tunbridge, Kent, a cousin of the late Earl of Caledon. By his latter marriage his lordship had four children—three daughters and an only son, who died in the early part of 1878, so that the title has become extinct. One of the ribands of the Order of the Garter becomes vacant by Lord Stratford's death.

Quite late in life his lordship published, besides a volume of poetry, two small works of a religious character, entitled, *Why I am a Christian*, and *The Greatest of all Miracles*, and also a drama on the subject of King Alfred in the Isle of Athelney. He also contributed three or four essays on political and other questions to periodical literature when he was already a nonagenarian. His last poetical composition consisted of some spirited verses on the disaster of Isandlana, which appeared in our columns.

SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN

OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1880

A PREDECESSOR of Sir Alexander Cockburn in his important office, John Fineux, Chief Justice of England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, selected for his Serjeant's ring the motto from Sallust—*Sua quisque fortunæ faber*. The late Lord Chief Justice was, like that predecessor and most other judges, the architect of his own fortune, but his ancestors had for many generations done distinguished service to the State. A Sir Alexander Cockburn, knight, grandson of a knight who fell at Bannockburn, was Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland between 1389 and 1396. Sir William Cockburn, knight, obtained a grant in 1595 of the lands and barony of Langton, county of Berwick; and it was his son, William Cockburn, who was created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1657. Reckoning from him, the late Lord Chief Justice was the tenth baronet in the family of the Cockburns of Langton. The fifth baronet fell at Fontenoy, the seventh (an uncle of the late Sir Alexander) was a major-general in the army, Under-Secretary of State in 1806, and Governor of the Bermudas in 1811. The eighth (another uncle of the Lord Chief Justice) was Admiral of the Fleet, and Lord of the Admiralty from 1818 to 1830, and from 1841 to 1846. A baronetcy, created a year later, is held by Sir Edward Cludde Cockburn of Cockburn and Ryslaw, in the same county.

The late Lord Chief Justice was the son of Mr. Alexander Cockburn, Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Colombia, by Yolande, daughter of the Vicomte de Vignier. This Mr. Alexander Cockburn was the fourth son of Sir James

Cockburn, M.P. for Peebles, by his second wife, a niece of George, Lord Lyttleton. Mr. Alexander Cockburn (who died in 1852) was the only one of four brothers who did not succeed to the baronetcy. It fell to his son, the late Lord Chief Justice, in 1858, by the death of the Very Rev. Sir William Cockburn, Dean of York, the third brother.

The late Sir Alexander Cockburn was born on the 24th of December 1802, and was privately educated, partly abroad and partly in England. He owed to this early training and to the French parentage of his mother a remarkable acquaintance with foreign languages. French he spoke with great purity, and he was well acquainted with Spanish, German, and Italian. His two sisters had married Italian gentlemen. At Cambridge he gained distinction in Latin prose, and on an application which had been fruitlessly made to him in English for a seat in court during the Tichborne trial being repeated in classical Greek, it was immediately answered by a card of admission. Alexander Cockburn became a member of Trinity Hall at Cambridge in 1822, and in his second year gained prizes for the best exercises in English and Latin. Afterwards he won similar honours for an English essay. He took his degree in law in 1829 and was at once elected fellow of his college, a *dignity and emolument which he held for many years*. In 1825 he had been admitted a member of the Middle Temple, and was called to the Bar on the 6th of February 1829.

At this time, although he had shown remarkable cleverness, no one suspected in him the industry required to rise to great distinction. In the notice of the life of the late Lord Dalling and Bulwer, which appeared in the *Times* on the 3rd of June 1872, it is said :

"Literary and political aspirants of forty-five years ago may remember three competitors constantly together who attracted attention by their social position, their personal gifts, and their easy, careless, unmistakable air of latent superiority. They had hitherto done little or nothing to distinguish them from other young men of promise, although they looked and talked as if they could do anything or everything when they chose to set about it. But they had turned aside from college honours, they would hardly take the trouble of getting up a subject for a debating club ; and the most admiring of their contemporaries would have been startled to be told that this sauntering,

pleasure-loving, *pococuranti* trio were to become, one, Lord Chief Justice of England, the mainstay and ornament of the Judicial Bench ; another, an eminent statesman and one of the first writers of the age ; the third, the representative of Great Britain as chief of some half-dozen embassies in succession, ending with Constantinople, and a successful author to boot. We need hardly say that we are speaking of Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Lytton, and his elder brother Lord Dalling and Bulwer."

Mr. Cockburn went the Western Circuit, attending the Devonshire sessions, and he soon rose into a considerable civil practice. Soon after the Reform Bill was passed he commenced, with Mr. Rowe, the publication of the reports of the decisions which arose out of that measure, and the volume in which the reports were collected was of great and substantial merit. He was consequently engaged on several contests before election committees, and in 1834, only five years after his call, he was made a member of the Municipal Corporations Commission. His mastery of style and his distinguished courtesy (which he maintained to the last upon the Bench, even when wearied to the utmost by the persistency of an advocate) made him early an acceptable counsel before Parliamentary Committees whether on election petitions (then tried before members of the House of Commons) or on railway bills. After some years of this lucrative practice he became Recorder of Bristol and obtained, in 1841, the rank of Queen's Counsel.

In the year in which Sir Alexander Cockburn took the silk gown he ably defended his uncle and assisted in thwarting the attempt to deprive him of the deanery of York. Among other cases in which he distinguished himself as a leader was the defence, in 1843, of M'Naughten, who had shot Mr. Drummond, the secretary of Sir Robert Peel. The prisoner was acquitted on the ground of insanity. In 1847 he was elected, as an advanced Liberal, member of Parliament for Southampton—a borough which he continued to represent till he was raised to the Bench. He gave a steady support to the Liberal party ; but it was not till the year 1850 that he made the speech which at once placed him in the first rank of Parliamentary orators.

The most important question of foreign policy in that session was concerned with the refusal of the Greek Govern-

ment to afford compensation in respect of the claims of certain British subjects, among whom was a person usually known as Don Pacifico. Admiral Sir John Parker had been sent to Athens and had blockaded the Piræus. Such treatment of a friendly and weak State was widely regarded as unworthy the dignity and discreditable to the reputation of England, and assumed an aspect of the gravest importance when it threatened to embroil us with France. A controversy arose which was not set at rest until, two months later, it shook the Whig Government of Lord John Russell to its foundation.

The Government was defeated in the House of Lords and was in great danger of a similar disaster in the Commons. Lord Palmerston, desirous of a legal statement of the case, is said to have sought the advocacy of Mr. Crowder, a well-known lawyer, afterwards a Puisne Judge of the Common Pleas; but for some reason he excused himself. Mr. Cockburn accepted the task, and his lucid argumentation was chiefly instrumental in obtaining a majority of forty-six for the Ministry. This occasion is memorable as the last upon which Sir Robert Peel appeared in the House of Commons. Within a few hours of the conclusion of the debate he met with the accident which caused his death. Mr. Cockburn followed up his success by an eloquent denunciation, in the next great debate, of the cruelties practised by the Austrian Government upon the Magyar rebels. When Sir John Jervis retired from the Attorney-Generalship later in the year, and Sir John Romilly moved up from the post of Solicitor, the Solicitor-Generalship was offered to Mr. Cockburn.

Sir Alexander Cockburn was knighted in the usual course upon attaining this preferment. Next year, on the elevation of Sir John Romilly (1851) to the Bench as Master of the Rolls, Sir Alexander Cockburn became Attorney-General, and held that office till he went out with Lord John Russell in February 1852. In December of the latter year he came in again with the Coalition Ministry, and was first law officer of the Crown till 1856, when he went, somewhat reluctantly, to the Bench. He became treasurer of his Inn in 1853, and the bell of the Templars' Church will toll for him this morning, as it does for all benchers. In 1854 he was made Recorder of Bristol.

In June 1852 the Court of Queen's Bench, under Lord Chief Justice Campbell, was occupied for four days in trying a

libel case of an extraordinary character. The excitement which attended "the Papal aggression" was still prevailing, and the singular position of the parties gave additional public interest to the trial. The complainant was Giovanni Giacinto Achilli; the defendant was Dr. John Henry Newman, who had by that time already passed over into the ranks of the Roman Church. Dr. Newman, in his *Letters on the present position of Catholics in England*, accused the prosecutor, who had openly joined the Reformed Church, of having been a "profligate under a cowl," a "scandalous friar," and when the prosecution for libel was instituted put in a justification in which he, with time, date, and circumstance, charged Dr. Achilli with the most shameful offences. During four days the attention of the Court was occupied with evidence which Sir Alexander Cockburn (who led for the defence against Sir F. Thesiger) marshalled with his usual dexterity; and afterwards, in addressing the jury, he dwelt upon the utter want of motive for the allegations being made unless they were true. The Lord Chief Justice summed up rather against the defendant, and the jury found a verdict for the prosecution; but a new trial was subsequently granted and the matter went no farther.

A famous case in which the Duke of Manchester was concerned was another opportunity for Sir Alexander Cockburn to be opposed to Sir F. Thesiger. This was tried at Kingston, Sir Alexander Cockburn going "specially" to that home circuit town.

In 1855 the Attorney-General was taken to Liverpool in the issue directed by Lord Hatherley, then Vice-Chancellor Page Wood, to try the validity of the will of Robert Gregg Hopwood and the right to £7000 a year. The Earl of Sefton, as executor of a will made in 1854, propounded this document. Captain Hopwood opposed, and the jury, to the great satisfaction of a Lancashire audience, gave a verdict for the defendant, on the ground that when he made his later will Mr. Hopwood, then an old man of eighty, was incapacitated by senile folly from making a valid disposition of his property.

But the most celebrated trial in which Sir Alexander Cockburn was concerned at the Bar was "the Rugeley poisoning case." As Attorney-General, he conducted this remarkable prosecution, which lasted twelve days at the Central Criminal Court, and excited an amount of public attention which has

only been exceeded in our time by the trial at Bar over which Sir Alexander Cockburn was afterwards to preside. Strangers who came to London that year found everybody talking of the Rugeley murders ; the crimes excited a terrible interest at every fireside in the land, and the principles of circumstantial evidence by which the verdict was decided were discussed in society of every rank of intellectual qualification for the task. The Attorney-General led with Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., Mr. Bodkin, Mr. Wellsby, and Mr. Huddleston, against Mr. Serjeant Shee, Mr. Grove, Q.C., Mr. Gray, and Mr. Kenealy. The statement of the case for the Crown by Sir Alexander Cockburn and his final and conclusive reply were models of forensic ability and fairness. The accused, William Palmer, a medical man who had committed murder by strychnia to pay his losses on the turf, was found guilty, and was executed on the 14th of June in the presence of 50,000 persons.

Earlier in the year (in March 1856) Sir Alexander Cockburn had been concerned in another *cause célèbre*. The plaintiff was Patience Swynfen, widow of Henry John Swynfen, son of the testator, Samuel Swynfen. Her husband died on 15th January 1854, and his father on 16th July. Nineteen days before his death the father made a will devising the Swynfen estate (worth about £60,000) to his son's wife, but leaving a large amount of personal estate undisposed of. The defendant, F. H. Swynfen, son of the testator's half-brother, claimed the estate as heir-at-law, on the ground of the testator's insanity. The issue was brought to trial in March 1856, but proceedings were stayed by Mrs. Swynfen's counsel, Sir F. Thesiger, entering into an agreement with Sir Alexander Cockburn, who was on the other side, without her consent, and in defiance, as was alleged, of her instructions. After various proceedings the Court of Chancery ordered a new trial. Mrs. Swynfen gained her cause mainly through the energy of her counsel, Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy, to whom she had promised to pay £20,000 for his extraordinary services. She, however, married a Mr. Brown, and repudiated Mr. Kennedy's claim. He brought his action and obtained judgment, which was ultimately set aside. Mrs. Swynfen, encouraged by the success and cheapness of her previous litigation, brought an action against Lord Chelmsford, but here her good fortune deserted her, and she was non-suited.

Sir John Jervis, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, died suddenly on 2nd November 1856, and Sir Alexander Cockburn became, as Attorney-General, entitled by prescription to the inheritance. He showed some reluctance to leave the Bar. He was satisfied with his standing and popularity in the House, and was earning a very large income as Attorney-General—an income which he himself believed, up to the time of his death, to have been equal to that of any incumbent of the office. He accepted the post, however, and the Government made the acquisition of Sir Richard Bethell as Solicitor-General. In 1859 Lord Palmerston came into power, and Sir Alexander Cockburn was credited with desiring the Lord Chancellorship; but Lord Campbell, his senior, before whom he had appeared in the Rugeley case and other trials, obtained this preferment, and Sir Alexander Cockburn took, on 24th June 1859, the vacant place of Chief Justice of England. He had, after returning from Geneva, the opportunity of taking a seat in the House of Lords but declined the offer, accepting instead the Grand Cross of the Bath.

The judicial career of the late Lord Chief Justice was a long one, lasting over precisely twenty-four years. His charges to juries were masterpieces of popular oratory, and there was little chance for the most skilful counsel if the Lord Chief Justice became convinced of the duty to sum up against him. His considered judgments were marvels of exposition. It was said of another learned judge that he knew nothing of the law of the case when the other judges began to deliver their judgments, but that by the time they had finished he could produce an admirable piece of eclectic reasoning. Sir Alexander Cockburn was also quick to pick up points from counsel or his learned brethren; and it was sometimes said that it was by dint of sitting with Lord Blackburn for so many years that he had ultimately become (as he had become) a sound lawyer. It is natural for critics to revenge themselves upon the brilliance of a judge by affecting to believe that he has no solidity or depth of legal acquirement.

An indisputable merit of Sir A. Cockburn was that he took pains with his work, especially with such portions of it as came into more than usual publicity; and he would in important cases find some reason for adjourning the Court, in order that he might prepare a judgment or a charge which would be of classical excellence. During the Tichborne trial, which lasted

for twelve months, he sat up continually till midnight to read and consider his notes after presiding through the day in Court.

A few of his most famous trials may be selected. His judgment in the case of "The Queen *v.* Calthorpe, *ex parte* the Earl of Cardigan," a motion for a criminal information, while discharging the rule *nisi*, had the effect of vindicating the character of Lord Cardigan. In 1865 he presided at the trial before the Lord Chief Baron, and Justice Wylde with him, of the Ryves case, in which Mrs. Ryves sought unsuccessfully to prove that she was a princess of the blood royal.

In the same year occurred the outbreak in Jamaica, suppressed by Governor Eyre. In 1867 Mr. Stephen (now Sir James Stephen) obtained a committal for trial of Colonel Nelson, Brigadier-General in Jamaica, and Lieutenant Brand, President of the Gordon court-martial. The Lord Chief Justice attended at the Central Criminal Court to charge the Grand Jury. His address occupied nearly six hours. It dealt in an exhaustive manner with all the complicated questions of law and fact to which the imputed offences gave rise, tracing with great minuteness the history of martial law. The Grand Jury, after deliberating for about half an hour, found "No bill" in each case, and the prisoners were discharged. This was only the beginning of the litigation, which lasted for four years and cost on Governor Eyre's side alone £10,000. Funds were publicly raised for the prosecution and the defence, and decisions were conflicting. Lord (then Mr. Justice) Blackburn charged the Grand Jury in the Queen's Bench, and "No bill" was found again. The Lord Chief Justice, at a subsequent sitting of the Court, expressed dissent from the opinions expressed by Mr. Justice Blackburn, for which, indeed, the latter accepted the full responsibility. The Lord Chief Justice's own charge to the Grand Jury at the Central Criminal Court, with notes, and edited by Frederick Cockburn, was published in 1867.

In 1869 he tried the case of "Saurin *v.* Starr," in which a former sister of mercy sued her lady superior for assault, libel, trover, etc. The jury found a verdict for £500, and the case was remarkable for the minuteness with which life within convent walls was described.

In 1873 the Lord Chief Justice commenced the trial of the Tichborne case. Thomas Castro had lost his action for ejectment in 1871, before Lord Justice Bovill, in the Common

Pleas ; his indictment for perjury was tried at Bar for 188 days in the Queen's Bench before the Lord Chief Justice and Justices Mellor and Lush. Sir John Coleridge had led in the civil action, Sir Henry Hawkins (then Mr. Hawkins, Q.C.) led in the prosecution which sprang out of it. Dr. Kenealy was the leading counsel for the defence. The extraordinary features of the Claimant's attempt are still well remembered ; there are still people who believe his story, and societies are in existence which were formed to propagate the creed. Sir Alexander Cockburn's chief task was to control the zeal of Dr. Kenealy. His patronage had formerly been invaluable to this powerful and unscrupulous advocate, but he met with nothing but insults and ingratitude. Even when the trial was over Dr. Kenealy pursued him with the grossest calumny in a scurrilous paper which he published. Sir Alexander Cockburn's summing-up (afterwards separately published) lasted for eighteen court days, and made the acquittal of the prisoner impossible.

In 1875 the Lord Chief Justice tried the Wainright case at the Central Criminal Court ; in 1876 he delivered his judgment in the case of "The Queen v. Keyn," in which the majority of the Court coincided, affirming that, in the absence of statutory enactment, the Central Criminal Court had no right to try for manslaughter a foreigner who, in command of a foreign ship, passing within three miles of the English coast, ran down a British ship and drowned a passenger. Eighty pages of the authorised Law Reports are occupied by this learned essay ; the person accused has since been brought to trial at Hamburg and acquitted. The last jury trial at which the Lord Chief Justice presided was one on Friday, in which the important question of what is a negotiable instrument arose. He reserved the point of law for further consideration. The Lord Chief Justice had arranged to be at Westminster at 10.15 this morning to continue his judicial duties.

Sir Alexander Cockburn served on several commissions, and was chairman of the Cambridge University Commission in 1877-78 ; but his most important function outside the duties of the Chief Justice of England was to act as arbitrator on behalf of Great Britain at Geneva in 1872, under the stipulations of the Washington Treaty relating to the settlement of the Alabama claims. The masterly document in which he explained his reasons for dissenting from the award of the majority against

this country will be remembered. This was not his only contribution to international law. In 1867 he had published a pamphlet on *Nationality*, in which he suggested a radical reform in the treatment of the subject, and discussed at length the report of the Naturalisation Commissioners.

Among his other publications not already mentioned were a remonstrance with the Lord Chancellor on the judges being called upon to try election petitions; and "Our Judicial System," a letter to the Lord Chancellor on the proposed changes in the Judicature of this country (1870), a counterblast to the then projected Judicature Act. On Sir Robert Porrett Collier being formally made a judge for a nominal period to qualify him for a seat on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, Sir Alexander Cockburn made, in 1871, another remonstrance, which met with a larger measure of approval; but, as a rule, his encyclicals on passing events added little permanently to his reputation, although he was in the latter years of his life so popular with the Bar and the public that any utterance of his was sure of considerable applause. His letter to Lord Penzance on the Combe-Edwards judgment, published in 1878, formed a chapter in a singularly unedifying controversy. The Queen's Bench Division issued a prohibition against the procedure of Lord Penzance in the case of "*Martin v. Mackonochie*," and the Dean of Arches discussed the wisdom of the Queen's Bench in a judgment in "*Combe v. Edwards*," to which the Chief Justice rejoined in a letter addressed nominally to the Ecclesiastical Judge, but really to the public, and beating the air with all the weapons which learning, satire, and eloquence supplied.

The late Lord Chief Justice was personally very popular with and much beloved by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, to whom his high spirit and genuine kindness endeared him. He gave generous assistance to young and unknown counsel who appeared before him, and won the hearts of persons whom he casually met by his geniality and consideration. His last act was to sign a transfer for a friend to whom he was trustee. To his other accomplishments and tastes he added a great liking for music, and was frequently to be seen at the Monday Popular Concerts. His death not only leaves a void upon the Bench, but removes a considerable and welcome figure from society.

GEORGE ELIOT

OBITUARY NOTICE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1880

A GREAT English writer has suddenly passed away. "George Eliot," to give her the name by which Mrs. Cross was known wherever the English language is spoken or English literature is prized, died on Wednesday evening, after only three days' illness.

For the biography of George Eliot few materials exist. Many apocryphal stories have been told, not the least remarkable of which is one concerning the authorship of *Adam Bede*, to which we shall presently refer, and some few of these can be corrected; but the time has not yet come for that full record of her private life and literary history which, as we may hope, may some day be given to the world. Marian Evans—whom all the world knew as George Eliot—was born, we believe, in Warwickshire, little short of sixty years ago. She was not, as has often been stated, a daughter of a poor clergyman, nor is it true that she was adopted in early life by another clergyman of greater wealth, who gave her a first-class education. Her father, Robert Evans, was a land-agent and surveyor, who lived in the neighbourhood of Nuneaton, and served for many years as agent for the estates of more than one old Warwickshire family; he is still remembered as a man of rare worth and character by many neighbours in the Midlands. The father of George Eliot is the prototype of more than one character in the writings of his daughter. Of these Caleb Garth in *Middlemarch* will be recognised as the chief example; but the same note of character—the craftsman's keen delight in perfect work—is struck in *Adam Bede* and in the little poem on Stradivarius.

George Eliot's early years were spent in the country of Shakespeare. The sleepy life of the rural Midlands before the time of the Reform Bill, their rich and tranquil scenery, their homely and old-world inhabitants all left an indelible impress on her imagination—most strongly felt, perhaps, in *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*, but reappearing with a difference in *Middlemarch*, and inspiring one or two passages as tender and graceful as anything she ever wrote in *Theophrastus Such*. It is not very clear when she left her father's home, nor where her education was acquired, but she seems to have come to London almost as a girl, and to have devoted herself to serious literature in a manner far more common among women of the present day than it was nearly forty years ago. She became associated with many of the writers in the *Westminster Review*, with John Stuart Mill, Mr. Herbert Spencer, George Henry Lewes, Mr. John Chapman, and others. She was a frequent contributor to the *Review*, and at one time, we believe, she edited the section devoted to "contemporary literature" in that periodical. Her first serious work was a translation of the celebrated Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, published in 1846, when she must have been barely twenty-five years of age. Of this almost forgotten effort it was said at the time that it exhibited an equal knowledge and mastery of the German and English languages. Seven years afterwards, in 1853, Miss Evans published a translation of Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*, the intervening period being that of her greatest activity as a contributor to the *Westminster Review*.

Soon after this Miss Evans began to turn her attention to fiction. It is said that the manuscript of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, her first imaginative work, was sent anonymously to *Blackwood's Magazine* by George Henry Lewes, and was eagerly accepted by the editor, who discerned in it the promise, since abundantly fulfilled, of rare and pre-eminent genius. It was not, however, until *Adam Bede* was published in 1859 that the world at large discerned that a new novelist of the first rank had appeared. *Adam Bede* made the name of George Eliot a household word throughout England, and set curiosity at work to discover the real name and sex of the author. Those who had studied *Scenes of Clerical Life* at all closely felt sure that the writer was a woman, notwithstanding the masculine tone and breadth conspicuous in *Adam Bede*. A singular controversy arose in our columns on the subject. On 15th April 1859, a few days after

we had reviewed *Adam Bede*, and conjectured that the author, whether man or woman, could neither be young nor inexperienced, we received and published the following letter :

"Sir—The author of *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* is Mr. Joseph Liggins, of Nuneaton, Warwickshire. You may easily satisfy yourself of my correctness by inquiring of any one in that neighbourhood. Mr. Liggins himself and the characters whom he paints are as familiar there as the twin spires of Coventry.—Yours obediently, H. ANDERS, Rector of Kirkby."

This produced on the next day the following rejoinder from the real George Eliot :

"Sir—The Rev. H. Anders has with questionable delicacy and with unquestionable inaccuracy assured the world through your columns that the author of *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* is Mr. Joseph Liggins, of Nuneaton. I beg distinctly to deny that statement. I declare on my honour that that gentleman never saw a line of those works until they were printed, nor had he any knowledge of them whatever. Allow me to ask whether the act of publishing a book deprives a man of all claim to the courtesies usual among gentlemen? If not, the attempt to pry into what is obviously meant to be withheld—my name—and to publish the rumours which such prying may give rise to, seems to me quite indefensible, still more so to state these rumours as ascertained truths.—I am, sir, yours, etc., GEORGE ELIOT."

Notwithstanding this protest, the secret soon leaked out. Long before *The Mill on the Floss*, the second great novel of the series which has immortalised the name of George Eliot, was published in 1860, it was well known, in literary circles at least, that George Eliot was none other than Marian Evans, the *Westminster* reviewer and translator of Strauss, better known to her intimates as Mrs. Lewes ; for by this time was established that close association and literary friendship with the gifted George Henry Lewes which terminated only with the death of the latter a little more than two years ago.

The Mill on the Floss, in which some critics discerned a falling off from *Adam Bede*, and others the richer maturity of a splendid genius, was followed, in 1861, by *Silas Marner*, the shortest, but, as many think, the most perfect of all George Eliot's novels. *Romola*—that marvellous tale of Florence in the time of Savonarola, in which the author essayed a task

harder by far than that of Thackeray in *Esmond*, and accomplished it triumphantly—followed in 1863. In *Felix Holt*, published in 1866, George Eliot returned to English life, but somehow failed to recover that sureness of touch and blitheness of humour which gave Mrs. Poyser and Mrs. Tulliver to the world.

After a silence of five years, broken only by several poems, not, indeed, unworthy of her genius, but still deriving more repute from her name than they conferred upon it, George Eliot returned to fiction with *Middlemarch*, which was published in numbers during 1871 and 1872. *Middlemarch* carried the reader back once more to the Midlands, and gave us the family portrait of Caleb Garth, and perhaps a sketch in his daughter of the early life of the author herself; but the satire was more copious and less kindly than in the earlier novels, and the humour, though still abundant, was not so genial as it had been. *The Legend of Jubal*, with other poems, followed in 1874, and *Daniel Deronda*, the author's last novel, was published in 1876. *Daniel Deronda* was "caviare to the general"; none but George Eliot could have written it, perhaps, but we may almost hazard the conjecture that if any other had written it few would have read it. It is the great work of a great writer, very instructive and profound, but regarded as a novel it commits the unpardonable sin of failing to entertain. The last work of George Eliot was *Theophrastus Such*, published in the course of last year. Fiction in its ordinary sense is here abandoned for the heavier and less attractive style of the essayist and thinker. Here and there occurs a gem of humour or of thought worthy of the author of *Adam Bede*, but the imagination is cold, and no longer attempts to fuse the mass of thought into a luminous and consistent creation.

The life of George Eliot is, as we have said, little more than the history of her literary activity. A mere catalogue of her writings will stir many memories, and, far better than a critical estimate of their value, will remind her innumerable readers of the keen and innocent pleasure she has afforded them of the stirring and elevated thoughts she has lavished on their entertainment. Those who only knew her books will deplore an irreparable loss to English letters, while those who also knew the writer will feel that a great and noble spirit, supreme in intellect as in culture, as tender as it was strong, has passed

away from the world. The friends of George Eliot have long recognised her rare and commanding gifts both of intellect and character, and it was impossible even for casual acquaintances to pass a few minutes in her society without falling under the spell of a strangely fascinating and sympathetic personality. Her gracious manner, condescending as became her genius, but never either patronising or indifferent, overcame at once the diffidence of any who approached her, and her winning smile irradiated and softened features that were too strongly marked for feminine beauty. Those who have seen her either in private or in public, as at the Popular Concerts, at which she was a constant attendant, cannot but have been struck with her resemblance to Savonarola as he appears in the portrait by Fra Bartolommeo at Florence. She is gone, and the pen which drew Savonarola with all the strength of a man, and Romola with all the tenderness of a woman, which has produced a gallery of English portraits almost unrivalled in fiction, is laid aside for ever. But her memory lives in the gratitude of countless thousands of readers, and the thought of the life of a great and noble woman suddenly cut off in the promise of renewed happiness will sadden many a household in the midst of Christmas rejoicings.

LEADING ARTICLE, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1880

A woman of rare and noble endowments, a great figure in our literature, on Wednesday passed away from us. No warning told the outer world that the end of George Eliot's life was nigh. Her closest friends had been told a little time before to expect the worst; but an illness, which began as recently as Sunday last, developed its course too rapidly to be known to that great crowd of worshippers of her genius who would have watched its progress with an anxiety scarcely less than that of her household. So has the thinker ceased to think, the seer to see, the writer to write, the worker to work. Some few ungathered ears may, perhaps, yet be gleaned by those diligent searchers that follow after the steps of the great of our race, but the life's labour of George Eliot is complete and before us. Nothing will add to our knowledge of what the world seemed to her. If we have not learnt this from her books through sympathy with her genius, any fuller revelations to come will be written in vain.

We know the almost boundless range of her regard for humanity. The peasants of her pages are not transformed after the fashion of sentimentalists, whose fancy appears to be unaware of the inexorable conditions that form the background of life. Lisbeth Bede, in her ignorance, in her superstitions, in her uneonscious morality, and in her love for her sons and the degenerate husband of her youth, is a figure of intensest reality, whom our author compels us to watch with tenderness, because she herself had, through the sheer force of affection, entered into Lisbeth's life and shared its feelings. But others have, with more or less power, led us to understand the lives of the lowly. George Eliot's range of charity made those intelligible and lovable whom a reforming generation is accustomed to look back upon as incomprehensively obtuse to the most obvious suggestions of moral and political duty. We all shake our heads over the clerical standards of the early part of this century. Unless a man was a devoted worker of the Evangelical school, in which case he was, perhaps, serving as a curate two adjacent parishes upon the most miserable of stipends, how could the clergymen of the time when George the Third was king deserve any regard? George Eliot overcomes the difficulty. The self-indulgent epicurean, who never troubled his parishioners with systems of doctrine or unfolded for their bewilderment the legal conceptions of endless covenants, is yet brought home to us as a true man leading a true life for whom we cannot refuse our sympathy.

It is little more than twenty years since George Eliot's place in literature was suddenly and completely revealed. She had, indeed, before written works to which the generation turned, when its eyes had been opened, to discover in them high merits not till then perceived; but it was the publication of *Adam Bede* that asserted her greatness. It was the book of the year—a book of absolutely unknown authorship, over which foolish controversies arose long since forgotten. Not till some time after, not till *The Mill on the Floss* and, perhaps, *Silas Marner* had appeared, did it begin to be known who had written the books in which men and women took such delight. To some the revelation was a singular surprise. The author of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, the genius that had drawn with unwavering hand the figure of Dinah Morris and made it live, had begun her literary career as the translator of Strauss's *Leben Jesu* and of

Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*. Goethe had embalmed in *Wilhelm Meister* the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," but his timid pietist is shadowy and vain compared with the woman-Methodist of *Adam Bede*.

The later work of George Eliot can never be dis severed from her earlier labours. It is the distinguishing and almost incomprehensible proof of her genius that upon the basis of a destructive and sterile scepticism there arose a world of human creatures, each proving its humanity in throbbing tides of thought, and faith, and passion. In some of her later books she is betrayed into too scientific a temper. The novelist is overloaded with learning that would better become a *séance* of the Royal Society at Burlington House ; but this excessive intrusion of extraneous matter does not indicate any decline in the reality of her human sympathies. It has been remarked how in her greatest works she reproduces a relation that seems something more than a survival of the memory of earlier years. Each makes his own selection among her books, but it will probably be allowed by all that *Janet's Repentance*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Romola* will rank among the greatest, and many are especially drawn towards *The Mill on the Floss* because of the suggestion of autobiographical reminiscences that accompanied the history of Maggie Tulliver. In all these chiefest books there recurs a strange passion to make confession and to receive instruction, a longing to open the heart and to be guided, such as overcame Charlotte Brontë's heroine, Lucy Snow, in her exile in Brussels. From Janet at the feet of Mr. Tryon to *Romola* kneeling before Savonarola, there appears the same motive ; which, indeed, reappears, though in a different and weaker form, in *Daniel Deronda*. It would seem as if George Eliot, so resolute and so unflinching in herself, was most deeply stirred with sympathy for that feminine craving for help and direction to which she could have been no stranger in her own years of painful, yet ardent growth.

The temper of scepticism is not inconsistent with a spirit of toleration that rises to the higher level of charity. The sympathy of George Eliot with the emotions and passions of her kind was not less keen and vivid because much that they held of the profoundest importance may have seemed to her like walking in a vain shadow. The recollection of this would but add a new thrill of commiseration to mingle with the first

rapture of sympathy. But while the range and power of the novelist were not lessened, and may, indeed, have been deepened and widened by what she had seen and felt in reaching a position that may be judged cheerless, this experience and its results were, perhaps, fatal to an ambition George Eliot cherished, which was never fulfilled.

In the height of her fame she published a volume of poems, and they received from her indiscriminating admirers a hearty and enthusiastic reception. Nevertheless, there were some who sought for the poetry in the volume and found it not, and it is not probable that *The Spanish Gipsy* will have any real life in later years. In truth, George Eliot was not a poet. If she had the aspiration, she had none of the inspiration of song. Her vision of life was at once humorous and pathetic, but no lilt of melody suffused it with music as the fields are overflowed with the skylark's thrilling note. But it is needless to dwell on a defect, though she herself challenged its existence. If Shakespeare had not lived, we might, perhaps, have been tempted to say that no one could possess the supreme gift of poetry, and at the same time look upon all the world as a stage and all the men and women as merely players. It is enough that George Eliot had all the gifts except the highest. Her tenderness was never weakened by any touch of maudlin sentiment. Her satire was never cynical. The honesty and veracity of her judgment are unimpeachable. Thus preserved on all sides against error, the vividness of her imagination enabled her to present to her generation novels full of the movement, the pains, and the recompenses of humanity, which will be read by succeeding generations, not only for their fidelity to the life of our time, but also for their revelations of a human nature that will not change, and for the charm of a style that will soothe and gratify the reader even when the page is thick with emotions.

THOMAS CARLYLE

OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1881

THE announcement of Thomas Carlyle's death will bring home to every educated Englishman its significance. A chasm opens between the present and the past of our literature, a whole world of associations disappears. No recent man of letters has held in England a place comparable to that which, for at least a quarter of a century, has been his without dispute, and authors of all kinds and schools will feel that they have lost their venerable *doyen*. A great man of letters, quite as heroic as any of those whom he depicted, has passed away amid universal regret. The close has come of a well-ordered, full, stately, and complete life.

About eight months before Robert Burns died, and within but a few miles of Dumfries, the scene of his death, was born the most penetrating and sympathetic interpreter of his genius. Carlyle's birthplace was Ecclefechan, an insignificant Dumfriesshire village, in the parish of Hoddam, known, by name at least, to readers of Burns, and memorable for an alehouse which was loved only too well by the poet. There Carlyle was born on the 4th of December 1795. He was the eldest son of a family of eight children; his brothers were all men of character and ability; one of them, Dr. John Carlyle, was destined to make a name in literature as the translator of Dante. Mr. Carlyle's father, James Carlyle, was the son of Thomas Carlyle, tenant of Brown Knowes, a small farm in Annandale, and of Margaret Aitken. At the time of his eldest son's birth, James Carlyle was a stonemason, and resided in Ecclefechan; but he became afterwards tenant of Scotsbrig, a farm of 200 or

300 acres, which is now occupied by Mr. Carlyle's youngest and only surviving brother. James Carlyle was a man of rectitude, worth, and intelligence, and in many ways remarkable. His son once said, "I never heard tell of any clever man that came of entirely stupid people," and his own lineage might well have suggested this saying. Carlyle never spoke of his father and mother except with veneration and affection. Of the former especially he liked to talk, and he once made the remark that he thought his father, all things considered, the best man whom he had ever known. There were points of strong likeness between them. The father was a man of energy and strong will; and he had in no small measure the picturesque and vivid powers of speech of the son, and liked to use out-of-the-way, old-fashioned, sharp, and pungent words. His pithy sayings, occasionally prickly and sharp, ran through the countryside. His favourite books were the Bible and an old Puritan divine. He was, said his son, on one occasion, to a friend, "a far cleverer man than I am, or ever will be." An elder in the Kirk, and a man of established character for probity, he was one who, to use again his son's description of him, "like Enoch of old, walked with God." All extant testimony goes to show that Mr. Carlyle's father and mother were of the finest type of Scotch country folk—simple, upright, and with family traditions of honest worth.

Carlyle learnt to read and write in the parish school of Hoddam, where he remained until his ninth year. The parish minister, his father's friend, taught him the elements of Latin. From the parish school he passed to the burgh school of Annan, six miles distant, where he saw Edward Irving, "his first friend," as he once called him, who was some years his senior. Lads still go very young to Scotch universities; sixty years ago they went still younger, and were wont to quit them with their degrees, if they cared to take any, which they rarely did, at an age when an English youth has not quitted a public school.

Carlyle was barely fourteen when he entered the University of Edinburgh. It was then in its glory. Some of its professors possessed a European reputation. The eloquent and acute Dr. Thomas Brown lectured on moral philosophy; Playfair held the chair of natural philosophy; the ingenious and quarrelsome Sir John Leslie taught mathematics; and Dunbar was professor of Greek. They were a group of men likely to

impress such a susceptible lad of genius, and especially one who had a strong bias towards mathematical studies. But Carlyle was not so impressed. For Dr. Brown—"Miss Brown," or "that little man who spouted poetry," as he derisively called him—he had no liking. Against Playfair he had a grudge, because, after having worked hard at the class studies, on calling at Playfair's house for the certificate to which he was entitled, he found the document worded in a somewhat niggardly spirit. The only professor for whom he seems to have had much regard was Sir John Leslie, who had some points of affinity to his pupil; and the feeling was returned.

Carlyle made few friends at the University. He was lonely and contemplative in his habits. He took no part in the proceedings, and his name is not to be found on the list of members of the Speculative Society, which every clever student was then expected to join. In after years he laid it down that "the true University of these days is a collection of books," and on this principle he acted. Not content with ransacking the College library, he read all that was readable in various circulating libraries—among others one founded by Allan Ramsay—and acquired knowledge which extended far beyond the bounds of the University course. He left the University with no regret. "Had you anywhere in Crim Tartary," he observes with reference to the University at which Teufelsdröckh studied, but probably with a covert glance at his own Alma Mater, "walled in a square enclosure; furnished it with a small, ill-chosen library; and then turned loose into it 1100 Christian striplings, to tumble about as they listed, from three to seven years: certain persons, under the title of professors, being stationed at the gates to declare aloud that it was a University and exact considerable admission fees—you had not, indeed, in mechanical structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect resemblance of our High Seminary."

Still Carlyle profited much by the four years spent at College. He read hard, even to the point of injuring his health; he acquired a sound and, for his years, unusual knowledge of mathematics, and he might have boasted with Gibbon, but without the qualification which Gibbon appended, that he had attained a stock of erudition that would have puzzled a doctor. Having passed through the arts curriculum of the University, Carlyle ought, in the natural course of things, to

have proceeded to the study of theology, for he had been destined by his father to be a minister. There is some tradition that matters had gone so far that it had been arranged in what church Carlyle should appear as a "probationer." But he did not carry out his father's intentions. "Now that I had gained man's estate," to quote his own account of this crisis in his life, "I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's kirk ; and it was needful I should now settle it. And so I entered my chamber and closed the door, and around me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost tradition—doubt, fear, unbelief, mockery, and scoffing were there ; and I wrestled with them in agony of spirit."

The end of all this storm was the settled conviction that he could not enter the Church. Carlyle at once turned his hand to work by which he could earn his bread, and for a year or two he taught mathematics in the burgh school of Annan, where he had but lately been a pupil. He remained there only two years ; at their close he was appointed teacher of mathematics and classics in the burgh school of Kirkcaldy. At the other end of "the lang toun" was a private adventure school, called the Academy, where Edward Irving taught some of the known tongues and mathematics. The two young men of genius were already acquainted with each other ; indeed, it was at Irving's instigation, and with a view to be near him, that Carlyle went to Kirkcaldy. There, however, were riveted the bonds of a friendship destined to be tested by trials, some of them of a very personal character. These bonds were sometimes stretched, but never broken, not even when Carlyle saw with sorrowfulness his gifted friend pass into the regions of darkness and chaos whence he never returned.

Teaching Fifeshire boys was not Carlyle's vocation. After staying about two years in Kirkcaldy, he quitted it, leaving behind him the reputation of a too stern disciplinarian, to begin in Edinburgh the task of his life as a writer of books. At that date the capital of Scotland was still another Weimar. Men of letters had not yet deserted it for London. *Maga* was in its glory. Lockhart, John Wilson, Maginn were in their brilliant prime ; Jeffrey was at the head of the *Edinburgh* ; and the stalwart form of Scott, not yet bent by the load of misfortune and toil, might be seen occasionally in the streets.

Carlyle tried his 'prentice hand in Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, to which he contributed many articles on geographical and biographical subjects; among others, articles on Sir John Moore, Dr. Moore, Nelson, the elder and younger Pitt, Montaigne, and Montesquieu. These first essays at authorship have never been republished, and they do not, perhaps, deserve to be so. They give but faint uncertain promise of the author's genius and of those gifts which made his later works as individual as a picture by Albert Dürer or Rembrandt. But they indicate patient industry and research and minute attention to details; and they show that the author was accumulating those stores of varied knowledge upon which his imagination was to work in after years. Here and there is a stroke of force and felicity. Occasionally the confidence of his later style is anticipated, as, for example, when he refutes Montesquieu's theory of the influence of climate on race and history. We recognise the author of the *French Revolution* in the vivid description of the philosopher as a cheerful and benign sage, talking with the peasants under the oak at La Brède. At the instance of Sir David Brewster he translated Legendre's *Geometry and Trigonometry*, prefixing to the treatise a short and modest introduction on proportion. Brewster's name was put to the translation. Carlyle received for his work £50, a sum not unimportant in those days. He was always proud of his essay on proportion, and with good reason. De Morgan pronounced it "a thoughtful and ingenious essay, as good a substitute for the fifth book of Euclid as could be given in speech"; and it is certainly clear, concise, and direct.

Carlyle about this time mastered German; his brother was studying in Germany, and the letters from Dr. Carlyle heightened his interest in its language and its literature, which was then in full blossom. The first fruits of this knowledge was an article contributed to the *New Edinburgh* on "Faust," a subject to which he was so often to return. For some time after leaving Kirkcaldy, and until a year or two before his marriage, he acted as tutor to the brilliant and amiable Charles Buller, teaching him, if not then, at least afterwards, some other things besides mathematics, as those who remember Buller's views on pauperism, emigration, and colonisation will admit.

About this period of Carlyle's life the once famous John

Scott was editing the *London Magazine* and had gathered round him a group of clever writers; Hazlitt, Lamb, Croly, Cary, and Allan Cunningham were a few of them. Carlyle joined them. Here appeared, in 1823, the first part of the *Life of Schiller*. No name was attached to it. Those who knew that it was Carlyle's work predicted great things from a writer who, in youth, exhibited noble simplicity and maturity of style, and who had conceptions of criticism very rare in those times. In the following year he published, again anonymously, a translation of *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*, with misgivings, not strange or unjustified, as to how his countrymen would receive a book so repugnant in many ways to the dominant taste. Goethe was then no prophet out of his own country. He was known to no Englishman but De Quincey, Coleridge, and a few students of German literature. The novel was sneered at, and the savage elaborate invectives which De Quincey hurled at Goethe did not spare the translator. Carlyle's style was sharply criticised. Maginn, in after years, complained that Goethe had been translated from "the Fatherlandish dialect of High Dutch to the Allgemeine Mid-Lothianish of Auld Reekie," and that Carlyle was seeking to acclimatise "the roundabout, hubble-bubble, rumfustianish (*hübble-bubblen, rümfüsteanischen*), roly-poly, gromcrly of style, dear to the heart of a son of the Fatherland." Undeterred by sneers and remonstrances, Carlyle published in 1827 several volumes entitled *German Romance*, containing translations from the chief writers of the romantic school, such as Musæus, La Motte Fouqué, Tieck, Hofmann, and Richter, with short biographical notices. This work was as he himself admitted "mere journey-work," not of his own suggesting or desiring—mere preparation for the true occupation of his genius.

Before putting out his full strength he seems to have felt the necessity of retiring to some secluded spot where he might mature and arrange his seething and tumultuous thoughts. The occasion of doing so presented itself. In 1827 he married Miss Jane Welsh, the only daughter of Dr. Welsh of Haddington, a descendant of John Knox. She had inherited a farm lying remote and high up among the hills of Dumfriesshire; and there Carlyle found the Patmos which his perturbed spirit needed. To the farmhouse of Craigenputtock—a plain, gaunt two-story dwelling, with its face blankly looking towards the

hill, up which the little gooseberry garden runs, partly sheltered on one side from the fierce winds by a few badly-grown ash trees, almost cut off from the world by a morass, and reached only by a rough cart-road—to this peaceful and simple abode, some fifteen miles from town or market, came Carlyle and his bride in 1828. Here for six years he lived with this one friend and companion—a companion worthy of him ; a woman of much character and practical wisdom, given to silence when he talked, but a talker scarcely inferior to himself, as those who knew her well could testify ; a woman, as he himself termed her, of “bright invincibility of spirit.” Here for these years he wrote and read much—“a whole cartload of French, German, and American and English journals and periodicals piled upon his little library table”—meditating or holding much high converse with his wife as they wandered on foot or horseback over the black and silent moors and unending hills—an expanse of bleak, sour uplands, watered by nameless rills and shadowed by mists and rolling vapours, yet not wholly wanting in rugged and tender beauties congenial to his spirit. In a well-known letter to Goethe, Carlyle describes his life at Craigenputtock. He says :

“Our residence is not in the town itself, but fifteen miles to the north-west of it, among the gaunt hills and black morasses which stretch westward through Galloway to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and bog our estate stands forth as a green oasis, a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, substantial dwelling. Here, in the absence of a professional or other office we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden ; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted, but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air are the best medicine for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only recreation, for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain—six miles removed from any one likely to visit me.”

Carlyle toiled hard in this temple of industrious peace. In

these obscure youthful years he wrote, read, and planned much, and made incursions into many domains of knowledge. Writing in December of 1828 to De Quincey of his occupations, he says :

"Such a quantity of German periodical and mystic speculation embosomed in plain Scotch peat-moss being nowhere that I know of to be met with. . . . We have no society, but who has in the strict sense of that word? I have never had any worth speaking about since I came into the world. . . . My wife and I are busy learning Spanish ; far advanced in *Don Quixote* already, I propose writing mystical reviews for somewhat more than a twelvemonth to come ; have Greek to read and the whole universe to study (for I understand less and less of it)."

In a bare, scantily-furnished room of the farmhouse, now shown with pride to visitors, he pursued this plan and wrote essay after essay, and did much of his best work. Here were composed his essays on Burns, Goethe, and Johnson, Richter, Heyne, Novalis, Voltaire, and Diderot. *Sartor Resartus* was composed here ; the manuscript to be laid aside until some other time. It was here, too, while, as Mr. Lewes remarks, Carlyle was rambing over the wild moors "with thoughts at times as wild and dreary as those moors," that he conceived the notion of sending to his master at Weimar a birthday present as a token of gratitude and affection on the part of himself and a few other English admirers of Goethe. The memento was a seal, designed by Mrs. Carlyle ; it was accompanied by a letter written by Carlyle himself. The epistle runs :

"We said to ourselves, as it is always the highest duty and pleasure to show reverence where reverence is due, and our chief and perhaps our only benefactor is he who by act and word instructs us in wisdom ; so we, the undersigned, feeling towards the poet Goethe as the spiritually taught towards their spiritual teacher, are desirous to express that sentiment openly and in common ; for which end we have determined to solicit his acceptance of a small English gift, proceeding from us all equally, on his approaching birthday ; so that while the venerable man still dwells among us some memorial of the gratitude we owe him, and we think the whole world owes him, may not be wanting. And thus our little tribute, perhaps among the purest that men can offer to man, now stands in visible shape,

and begs to be received. May it be welcome and speak permanently of a most close relation, though wide seas flow between the parties."

In this happy mountain home Carlyle was not wholly cut off from the world. Fame came to him, though thus secluded, and thither from time to time journeyed strangers desirous of seeing and holding converse with a man whose written words in the *Edinburgh* and *New and Foreign Quarterly* had made them feel that a new teacher had come into the world. Sometimes an Edinburgh man of letters would travel by coach to Dumfries, and walk or ride the fifteen long Scotch miles to Craigenputtock, making, perhaps, unexpected demands on the resources of the hospitable household, and compelling Mrs. Carlyle to mount a pony and set out in search of provisions. Thither came, among many other strangers, Emerson, who had read and admired in New England what Carlyle had written, and who went away full of amazement at his host's bright, vivid talk, full of lively anecdote and streaming humour, which flooded everything it looked upon.

Carlyle contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, which was still under the management of Jeffrey. The relationship was not perfectly smooth or entirely satisfactory to either editor or writer. It was difficult to adjust the boundaries of the respective provinces, Carlyle being apt to take offence at the ruthless hacking and hewing of his work in which Jeffrey indulged, and the latter being cut to the quick by the eccentricities of style displayed by his contributor, and surprised that Carlyle was not grateful for efforts to impart trim grace and polish to his articles. Jeffrey once told Charles Sumner, who had made some remark about the deterioration in Carlyle's style since the publication of the essay on Burns, that there had been, in fact, no change, and as much as suggested that the earlier writings owed their grace to his careful revision. In the recently-published correspondence of Professor Macvey Napier we can see the feeling of Jeffrey and Carlyle toward each other. It was by no means unmixed friendliness. "I fear Carlyle will not do," writes the Aristarchus of Craigcrook to his sorely-bullied and much-suffering successor in 1832; "that is, if you do not take the liberties and pains with him that I did, by striking out freely, and writing in occasionally. The misfortune is that he is very obstinate, and, I am afraid, very

conceited." "It is a great pity, for he is a man of genius and industry, and with the capacity of being an elegant and impressive writer." Carlyle was, alas! never fated to become the "elegant writer" whom Jeffrey saw in his critical mind's eye. Jeffrey lived to see his awkward contributor take rank as a classic, but that consummation of elegant authorship which he desired he was never to behold. With Professor Napier, on the other hand, Carlyle's dealings were much to his satisfaction, and he preferred to write for the *Edinburgh*.

Sartor Resartus, that unique collection of meditations and confessions, passionate invective, solemn reflection, and romantic episodes from his own life, was composed at Craigenputtock in 1831. It had a difficulty in seeing the light. It is not a little astonishing that this book, every page of which is stamped with genius of the highest order, failed at first to find admirers or appreciators. The publishers would have nothing to do with it. One declared that the author lacked "tact," which was probably true. Another pronounced the humour too Teutonic and heavy—a piece of criticism not without point. Even John Stuart Mill, who afterwards delighted in the book, admitted that when he saw it in manuscript he thought little of it. The general impression seemed to be that much genius and German had made the author mad. He himself was at times a little disheartened by repeated rebuffs. "I have given up the notion," he says of *Sartor* in 1832, "of hawking my little manuscript book about any further; for a long time it has lain quiet in a drawer waiting for a better day. The book-selling trade seems on the edge of dissolution; the force of puffing can no further go, yet bankruptcy clamours at every door; sad fate! to serve the Devil, and get no wages even from him! The poor Bookselling Guild, I often predict to myself, will, ere long, be found unfit for the strange part it now plays in our European world; and will give place to new and higher arrangements, of which the coming shadows are already becoming visible." Not for seven years after its composition did *Sartor* appear as a volume. It "had at last," says its author, "to clip itself in pieces, and be content to struggle out, bit by bit, in some courageous magazine that offered."

Strengthening and helpful and rich in fruit were these years in his Nithsdale hermitage. They were the seed-bed of his future achievements. There he unravelled the tangled skein of

his thoughts. There he laid up stores of knowledge, of health, of high resolutions for the work lying before him. There, in a solitude peopled only by books and thoughts, and the companionship of his wife, and converse with some congenial stranger, he laid the sure foundations of a life which was destined to be so complete. But the time came for him to leave Craigenputtock. A historian, a critic, a biographer must needs have libraries within his reach. He must know men if he is to instruct them; and on a hillside or bleak moor he cannot find to his hand all the materials which are necessary when he essays to write the history of the French Revolution. Some ties which bound Carlyle to Dumfriesshire had been severed. His father had passed away full of years, and it became fit, and even necessary, that Carlyle should leave his mountain seclusion and betake himself to London. He settled in Cheyne Row, in a small three-storied house, which he never afterwards quitted. The part of Chelsea which he chose had associations interesting to him as a man of letters. Dr. Smollett's old house, Don Saltero's coffee-house, and Nell Gwynne's boudoir were close at hand. He had Leigh Hunt as a neighbour. He was, as he himself says in a letter written shortly after he went to his new home, encompassed by a cloud of witnesses—good, bad, and indifferent.

Chelsea has changed much since 1834. Let any one recall the enthusiastic terms in which Leigh Hunt speaks of his escape from the noise and dust of the New Road to the repose and quietude of a corner of Chelsea, where the air of the country came to refresh him, and where only pastoral cries of primroses and cowslips were to be heard in the streets. Carlyle lived to know Chelsea in very altered circumstances. The fields which he could see from the windows of the attic, which was his study and place of work, were swallowed up by all-devouring brick and mortar, and hideous noises, which came with increase of population, vexed and distracted him, and were among the serious discomforts of his life.

Carlyle was a man of mature years when he removed to London. He had then done comparatively little. His intellectual growth had been far from surprisingly fast. He was born a few months before Keats, and by 1821 Keats had sung his last song, and was at rest in his grave at Rome; Shelley, born only three years before Carlyle, had made himself an

immortal name, and passed away in 1822. Had Carlyle died thus early, what would he have left but the memory among a few friends of brilliant but uncertain promise? His genius was a fire which, slowly lit, slowly died. The first year, after his coming to London were the most fruitful of his literary life. Essays, histories, lectures, biographies poured from his brain with surprising rapidity. No book-hack could have surpassed the regularity and industry with which he worked, late and early, in his small attic. A walk before breakfast was part of the day's duties. At ten o'clock in the morning, whether the spirit moved him or not, he took up his pen and laboured hard until three o'clock; nothing, not even the opening of the morning letters, was allowed to distract him. Then came walking, answering letters, and seeing friends. One of his favourite relaxations was riding in an omnibus. In the evening he read and prepared for the work of the morrow. Success did not visit him at once. His form of genius, not being readily classed under any of the established categories, repelled ordinary readers of the time; he was not the mere populariser of ideas already accepted; he had a gospel of his own to preach and disciples to convert and teach before it could be spread abroad.

His best books were by no means instantaneously successful. Even the *French Revolution*, with all its brilliancy and captivating *élan*, had to wait for a publisher. His "broad Brobdingnagian grin of true humour" was not relished. One *North British Reviewer* seemed inclined to take southern opinion before committing himself to being amused. Another writer pronounced *Sartor Resartus* a "heap of clotted nonsense." Carlyle's style was held up as a fearful warning. He found his first warmest admirers on the other side of the Atlantic. The enthusiasm which his works excited in a few minds was not always tempered with intelligence, and we have come across an American literary periodical of those times which warns its readers that the author of *Sartor Resartus* is "not to be confounded with Mr. Carlisle, now deceased, who was a confident and avowed champion of infidelity." Before fame in its common form had come to him, men whose private opinions were to be future public opinion had conceived the highest notion of his powers and the future before him; and the little parlour in Cheyne Row had become the gathering-place, the favourite haunt of many literary men.

At different times between 1837 and 1840, Mr. Carlyle delivered at Willis's Rooms and Portman Square courses of lectures on some of his favourite subjects—"German Literature," "The History of Literature," "The Revolutions of Modern Europe," and "Heroes and Hero-Worship." Each of these lectures was a considerable event in literature. Their effect was such as it is difficult now to conceive. The audience included most of the chief men of letters of the day. "The accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise, something of what is best in England, have listened patiently to my rude words" is his own account of his hearers. They were alternately shocked and entranced. There was uncertainty whether his burning words, delivered in an odd sing-song and unquestionable Doric, were wild rhapsodies or the sublime mutterings of a true prophet, who had a message to deliver to modern society. But, at all events, it was a man of a wholly new order who spoke, and people of all shades and schools—the Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites of London—were amazed. Crabb Robinson, who attended the whole of one course, says of a certain lecture, "It gave great satisfaction, for it had uncommon thoughts, and was delivered with unusual animation." "As for Carlyle's lectures," writes Bunsen, "they are very striking, rugged thoughts, not ready made up for any political or religious system, thrown at people's heads, by which most of his audience are sadly startled." "Attended Carlyle's lecture," writes Macready, "'The Hero as a Prophet,' on which he descanted with a fervour and eloquence that only complete conviction of truth could give. I was charmed, carried away by him. Met Browning there."

The *French Revolution*, the first work to which Mr. Carlyle put his name, appeared in 1837. It would have been published sooner but for the famous disaster which befell the manuscript of the first volume. The author had lent it to Mr. John Stuart Mill; the latter handed it to Mrs. Taylor, his future wife. What became of it was never exactly known. Mrs. Taylor left the manuscript for some days on her writing-table; when wanted it could nowhere be found; and the most probable explanation of its disappearance was the suggestion that a servant had used the manuscript to light the fire. Carlyle at once set to work to reproduce from his notes the lost volume; he swiftly finished his task, but he always thought that the first draft was the best. Though welcomed, as it deserved to be, by Mill and Sterling,

the *French Revolution* was not at once successful. The bulk of readers did not hail it as the great prose poem of the century. They were not enraptured by the Iliad-like swiftness and vividness of the narrative, the sustained passion, as if the whole had been written at a sitting, the full flow of poetry, with touches of grandeur and tenderness; and those pages, like the pictures from Salvator Rosa's brush, in which a flash of lightning reveals, side by side, the horrors of Nature and her pastoral sweetness. Landor, indeed, hailed the *French Revolution* as the best book published in his time, and recognised the coming of a new literary potentate; but his vision was exceptionally acute. The incongruities, monstrosities of style, and the author's disdain for what an admirer called the "feudalities of literature" struck all readers, and it was only some of them who thought much more of the intrinsic beauty of the jewel than of the strange setting.

About 1839 began a new phase of activity. Mr. Carlyle had imbibed a deep distrust and even abhorrence of all the somewhat mechanical expedients for the amelioration of society then in fashion. The favourite schemes of social reform were then even more crude than they generally are; Mr. Carlyle despised them all. The philanthropists whom he met with were not the most practical or the wisest of their kind; Mr. Carlyle thought them, for the most part, mealy-mouthed, engaged in ineffectual dallying and parleying with the stern, invincible verities of life, and coaxing and coddling those upon whom Nature had pronounced her irreversible sentences of extermination.

From the depths of society, from torchlight meetings held by Chartists in Birmingham and other towns, from the agricultural counties, where "Swing" was burning ricks or throwing down toll-gates, from Ireland, where an overgrown population no longer found potatoes enough to satisfy its simple wants, came sullen mutterings of discontent, ominous signs of commotions to come, perplexity, tribulation, and distress among nations. There was no lack of nostrums or social doctors. Mr. Carlyle pronounced them one and all vain and unprofitable. In a series of works published from 1839 to 1850—in *Chartism*, *Past and Present*, and *Latter-day Pamphlets*—he poured unmeasured scorn and contumely on the false teachers and blind guides of the time. It was the kernel of his

philosophy that legislation, reform or ballot bills, statutory measures of social improvement of any kind, would do of themselves next to no good. Reforms to be effectual must go deeper than an English Parliament, of whose perfect wisdom he had grave doubts, was likely to tolerate. "Christian philanthropy and other most amiable-looking, but most baseless, and, in the end, most baneful and all-bewildering jargon"; "philanthropisms" issuing "in a universal sluggard and scoundrel protection society"; the crowds of amiable simpletons sunk in "deep froth oceans of benevolence"; Bentham, a "bore of the first magnitude," with his immense baggage of formulæ, and his tedious iteration of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number"; the political economists mumbling barren truisms or equally unfruitful paradoxes about supply and demand; Malthusians preaching to deaf ears the most unacceptable of gospels; so-called statesmen collecting with impotent hands information about the Condition of England Question which they could not apply, and letting things slide to chaos and perdition; Ireland sluttishly starving from age to age on Act of Parliament freedom; the braying of Exeter Hall; the helpless babbling of Parliament; and liberty made a pretext, in the West Indies and elsewhere, for flying in the face of the great law that, if a man work not, neither shall he eat—these were some of the butts of his scorn and contempt.

It would be scarcely worth while to try to measure the exact value of these jeremiads. Mr. Carlyle was much too eloquently wrathful. His criticisms were often grotesque caricatures. They abounded in contradictions, and it was always pretty clear that Mr. Carlyle found it much easier to rail at large than to suggest any working substitutes for the systems which he despised. De Quincey was unanswerable when he said to Carlyle, "You've shown or you've made another hole in the tin kettle of society; how do you propose to tinker it?" Harsh and crude judgments are to be met with in almost every page, and much of the teaching, so far as it is intelligible and consistent, is preposterous and impracticable.

But, dismissing all expectation of finding precise suggestions, it is astonishing to note how, under uncouth, rhapsodical phraseology, lie many ideas which are now the common property of most educated men. The novelties and paradoxes of 1840 are, to a large extent, nothing but the good sense of 1881.

Who would not now echo Mr. Carlyle's protests against the supposed omnipotence of Parliament or of the possibility of saving nations by the use of the ballot-box? Who now believes that men can be instantaneously reformed in battalions and platoons, or that human nature can be remade by any order of the Poor Law Commissioners? Who does not own that the change in our colonies from servitude to idleness and squalor, temporary it is true, was not an unmixed blessing to those most concerned? If all wise men are now haunted by a sense of the impotence of legislation to effect deep changes for good, and of the necessity of working out reformatations really worth anything in the souls of individuals, to whom do they owe this so much as to Mr. Carlyle? Who recognised the duty of spreading education earlier and more clearly than he? We say nothing of the keen eye for the detection of rogues and impostors, under all disguises, which Mr. Carlyle's political pamphlets reveal; or of those ingenious epithets of his which, attached to some blustering, swelling piece of fraud, acted like a stone tied to the neck of a dog flung into deep water. It is enough to say that again and again he reminded, in his own way, his generation of stern truths which it was in danger of forgetting.

In 1845 he published *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations*. The work was well received. It passed rapidly through several editions. In a petition addressed in 1839 to the House of Commons on the subject of the Copyright Bill, Mr. Carlyle had said of his literary labours that they had "found hitherto, in money or money's worth, small recompense or none," and he was by no means sure of ever getting any. His *Oliver Cromwell*, however, was at once widely read; and in his preface to the second edition he thought proper to admit that, contrary to his expectations, "the work had spread itself abroad with some degree of impetus." No one could fail to see how the great Protector, as he really was, had at last been disinterred from beneath Pelions and Ossas of calumny and rubbish, heaped upon him by generations of detractors. We are familiar enough by this time with the process of historical whitewashing. None of the attempts of the kind have, however, stood the test of time so well as Mr. Carlyle's. From the gibbet on which Cromwell had hung for nearly two centuries he has been taken down for ever. In 1850 appeared the *Later-day Pamphlets*.

Mr. Carlyle's next work, published in 1851, was the life of

his friend, John Sterling, one of the most charming biographies in the language. Why Sterling's life should have been again written, after Archdeacon Hare had told the simple, uneventful story, was *à priori* anything but clear, but posterity would not willingly lose this record of a beautiful friendship. Carlyle had first met Sterling accidentally at the India Office in company with John Stuart Mill. The talk on this occasion laid the foundations of a lasting intercourse. Sterling's mother took to Mrs. Carlyle in a kindly maternal way, and the two families formed many ties. "We had unconsciously made an acquisition which grew richer and wholesomer every new year, and ranks now, even seen in the pale moonlight of memory, and must ever rank, as among the precious possessions of life." The personal feeling which guided Mr. Carlyle's pen gave a lighter touch and more genial glow to the style; the book is full of sunny sketches of men and things; and a benign fate, similar to that which descended upon young Edward King, the hero of *Lycidas*, has given to John Sterling in these pages an immortality which his fugitive writings and his amiable virtues and beautiful endowments would not have procured him.

Between 1858 and 1865 appeared the ten volumes of Mr. Carlyle's laborious *History of Frederick the Great*. On this work Mr. Carlyle spent more time and trouble than on any of his other books. It is a marvel of industry. He has not been outdone by the German writers on the subject—and Ranke, Preuss, and Droysen are in the field—in minute and painful investigation. Every accessible memoir and book bearing on the subject was read and collated. Mr. Carlyle went to Germany in 1858 for the sake of his book. He visited Zandenburg, Leuthen, Liegnitz, Sorr, Mollwitz, Prague, and many other places famous in the wars of Frederick; and the vivid descriptions to be found in the later volumes—for example, the description of the scenes of the battles of Chotusitz and Dettingen—we owe to this journey. In none of his works is more genius discernible. Nowhere does his humour flow more copiously and brilliantly. Who that has read his *Tobacco Parliament* will ever forget it? The figures of Wilhelmina, Old Papa, Excellency Robinson, Old Dessau, and a dozen other characters move about vividly as they did in life.

And yet the ten volumes are painful to read. Peculiarities of diction, embarrassing in others of Mr. Carlyle's books, have

grown to be wearisome and vexatious; little tricks and contortions of manner are repeated without mercy; miserable petty details are pushed into the foreground; whole pages are written in a species of crabbed shorthand; the speech of ordinary mortals is abandoned; and sometimes we can detect in the writer a sense of weariness and a desire to tumble out in any fashion the multitude of somewhat dreary facts which he had collected. When he visited Varnhagen von Ense in 1858, he told his host, as we gather from Von Ense's *Tagebücher*, that his *Friedrich* was "the poorest, most troublesome, and arduous piece of work he had ever undertaken." "No satisfaction in it at all, only labour and sorrow. What the devil had I to do with your Frederick?" As to which Von Ense observes, "It must have cost him unheard-of labour to understand Frederick," adding in his snappish, cantankerous way, "if he does understand him."

Since his *Friedrich* was published Mr. Carlyle had undertaken no large work. But he had not been altogether silent. During the American War was published his half-contemptuous, we had almost said, truculent, account of the issues in his *Iliad in Nuce*, enunciating his old predilection for the peculiar institution. In 1865 he was elected Rector of Edinburgh University. Next year he delivered an address to the students on "the choice of books." It was full of serene wisdom, the apt words of one who looked benignly down from the summit of a life well spent on the beginners in the struggle. Those who remember the old man's appearance, as he talked to the lads before him with amiable gravity of manner, his courageous, hopeful words, did not expect that in a few hours exceeding sorrow would befall him.

During his absence from London his wife died. Her death was quite unlooked for; while she was driving in the park she suddenly expired. When the coachman stopped he found his mistress lifeless. Carlyle might well say that "the light of his life had quite gone out"; and the letters which he wrote to his friends are full of exceeding sorrow, and were at times the voice of one for whom existence has nothing left. "A most sorry dog kennel it oftenest all seems to me, and wise words, if one even had them, to be only thrown away upon it. *Basta, basta*, I for the most part say of it, and look with longings towards the still country where at last we and our beloved ones shall be together

again. Amen, amen." "It is the saddest feature of old age," he wrote just a year after the death of his wife, in a letter to his friend, Mr. Erskine of Linlathen, "that the old man has to see himself daily growing more lonely; reduced to commune with inarticulate eternities, and the loved ones, now unresponsive, who have preceded him thither. Well, well, there is blessedness in this too, if we take it well. There is grandeur in it, if also an extent of sombre sadness which is new to one; nor is hope quite wanting, nor the clear conviction that those whom we most screen from sore pain and misery are now safe and at rest. It lifts one to real kinship with all, real for the first time in this scene of things. Courage, my friend, let us endure patiently, let us act piously, to the end."

In 1867 the discussions about Parliamentary reform revived in Mr. Carlyle his old thoughts about democracy, and he published in *Macmillan's Magazine* "Shooting Niagara, and After?" Through our columns he gave to the world, in 1870, his trenchant views on the Franco-German War, denouncing "the cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and afflicted France," and expressing his opinion that it would be well for her and everybody if Bismarck took Alsace and so much of Lorraine as he wanted. Mr. Carlyle's last published writings were some contributions in 1875 to *Fraser's Magazine*, on John Knox's portrait. His active literary life had thus extended over about half a century.

Mr. Carlyle has shunned many literary honours which were always within his reach. He did not accept the Grand Cross of the Bath, and on the death of Manzoni, in 1875, he was presented with the Prussian Order "for Merit"—an honour given by the Knights of the Order and confirmed by the Sovereign, and limited to thirty German and as many foreign knights.

It was knowing Mr. Carlyle imperfectly to know him only by his books. One must have talked with him, or, to be more accurate, allowed him to talk, in order to understand how his influence had burnt itself so deep into all men who knew him well. In his prime strangers of all sorts came from the ends of the earth to the little house at Chelsea, just to hear this genial Timon inveigh and harangue against shams, wiggeries, and other customary themes. His talk was in many respects like his writings—equally picturesque, vehement, lit up with wayward flashes of humour, abounding in song-like refrains,

rarely falling into those ingeniously grotesque entanglements of phraseology which disfigure his later pages, and set off by his homely Scotch accent, rugged, peasant-like as the day when first he quitted Nithdale. There were not many greater pleasures than to sit by his arm-chair and hear him tell, as he loved to tell, when years came on, of old Annandale folk and ways, or descant on his favourite themes, turning round sharply every now and then upon the listener while he uttered some crashing dogma, such as "Lies—lies are the very devil." There have been men of more astonishing powers of talk—men with more varied information at their command; men who could quote chapter and verse in a way which was not distinctive of him. But Mr. Carlyle's talk had a charm of its own which no one could resist. He put so much genius, so much of himself, so much aggressive fervour into a talk with a friend or a stranger who was to his mind. It was natural to him, as natural as it was to Dr Johnson, to talk well. Let us quote on this head the testimony of Margaret Fuller, herself no mean talker, and, with all her admiration, a little vexed, as we may see, at Mr. Carlyle's inability to let others shine. In spite of its transcendental twang, the description will serve to show how he looked in 1846 to a clever woman:

"His talk is still an amazement and splendour scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse, only harangues. Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, irresistible in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, raising his voice and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. This is not in the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others; no man would more enjoy a manly resistance to his thought. But it is the impulse of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase. . . . He sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroic, critical Poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up near the beginning some singular epithet which serves as a refrain when his song is full. . . . He puts out his clun till it looks like the beak of a bird of prey, and his eyes flash bright instinctive meanings like Jove's bird."

Scarcely less interesting than his talk were his letters. They are models of what letters ought to be. Even those which were

written in his old age were little infected with the vices of manner which spoiled his public writings. We have lying before us letters written in as pure and liquid a style as that of the essay on Burns or on Goethe. They will no doubt be gathered together; and if, as is understood, he has had more than one possible Boswell, who knows that his memory may not have the fate of Johnson's—his pithy sayings being remembered and quoted when Carlylese is forgotten as much as Johnsonese? He was a copious letter-writer, and answered readily and with rare forbearance the frequent miscellaneous appeals made to him. His clever young countrymen, coming to London with unborn projects in their heads, were apt to believe that they had a prescriptive right to lay before him their difficulties and plans, and to claim full and precise counsel. He rarely failed to respond with affectionate solicitude; and many a young author has owed to him wise advice which saved him from making shipwreck. Mr. Carlyle's purse was open, but his charity was of a rarer kind than that which is content with occasionally subscribing a few pounds. He would enter into details and give counsel at once precise, minute, and judicious.

In early life he was a swift writer. Later, however, his habits of composition changed. It is said that the sight of the manuscript of a well-known author, with numerous interlineations and erasures, was a revelation to him of the pains which were necessary for the best workmanship. Certain it is that he corrected and re-corrected his later works; pieces of manuscript were interpolated or pasted in, and the finished production was sometimes very wonderful in appearance.

This is not the fit time to try to measure Mr. Carlyle's services or the worth of his works. They have stood many years before the world; each one has long ago had his say about them; the general judgment of mankind on their shortcomings and faults has been pronounced. It will scarcely be questioned that the quantity of the oil of pure truth to be extracted from them is small. Precise definitions, reservations, and qualifications are not in his way; he is too eager and too much afire to be particular about these things; he will not tarry over the niceties of attorney logic. He does not travel by the common highways; he is on the wing; and there is neither obstacle nor boundary thought of in his flight. Justness of view as a critic is not to be expected of him. His prejudices

have always been immense and wayward. You must not look for sober, well-ordered reasoning; for him the time of argument is always past; his business is to make good his victory, to force upon you his conviction.

As Johnson refuted Berkeley by "striking his foot with mighty force against a stone," so with equal cogency Mr. Carlyle has disposed of many disagreeable theories by dubbing their authors M'Crowdy or M'Quirk. His books are a sort of puritanical syllabus, not less condemnatory of the modern spirit than that which issued from the Vatican. His social and political theories are, in the main, but aspirations after impossible ideals—vain attempts, heroic, but ineffectual, to bring back the past and yet to retain the richest fruits of progress. His extravagances of style lie on the surface and his disciples have found it easy to copy and outdo his tricks and foibles of manner and his recurring touches of grotesqueness. They have not always copied also the sound sense which made atonement and which controlled all that he did. Many historians have fancied that they were following in Mr. Carlyle's footsteps because they pooh-poohed the operation of general causes and principles, paraded some trumpery scrap of information about the clothes or "property" of their heroes, ostentatiously cleared up a wretched date, or struck out a new mode of spelling an unimportant name. We have seen clumsy imitators who cumbered their pages with meaningless and garish details, or interpolated laboured rhapsodies which were feeble reminiscences or hollow echoes of Sauerteig. The commonplaces of Mr. Carlyle have been the stock-in-trade of a terribly wearisome group of writers, who assumed the nod of Jove, but could not hurl his thunderbolts. Unfortunately they aped other and graver faults, and supposed that they were animated by Mr. Carlyle's spirit when they applauded every exhibition of brute force and insulted the weaker but not less noble elements of human nature.

Mr. Carlyle is responsible for much in modern literature which it is not pleasant to look upon; and some of his own pages, with their exultant *væ victis* over fallen causes, are not edifying. But what are these defects to the good which he has done? To whom has he not been a salutary teacher? Kingsley, Froude, and Ruskin have sat at his feet, and a host of others, scarcely a leading mind of our time excepted, have felt his influence. Wherever, in truth, men have turned their minds

for the last quarter of a century to the deep relations of things his spirit has been present to rebuke frivolity, to awaken courage and hope. No other writer of this generation ever cast so potent a spell on the youth of England. They might outgrow him; they might travel far from the region of his thoughts; they might learn to see in the teacher of their early days only the iconoclast whose work was done. They could never wholly get outside the circle of his spell, and to take up one of his books and read but a page or two was sure to recall a flood of old memories and influences even as will the sound of distant bells or a snatch of a once-familiar song. To many he was always a teacher. He brought ardour and vehemence congenial to their young hearts, and into them he shot fiery arrows which could never be withdrawn. What Hazlitt said of Coleridge was true of him—he cast a great stone into the pool of contemporary thought, and the circles have grown wider and wider. He was early enough in the field to deal the last blows to expiring Byronism. It was his fortune to be for most educated Englishmen the discoverer of the literature of Germany. In what state did he find literary criticism here? What did it not become under his hand? How many heaps of dry bones in history have been quickened and made to rise and walk? How many skeletons have been clothed with flesh at his touch? And yet in all his varied activity, from first to last, he was something of the inspired peasant. The waves of London life came up to and about him; but they had never overwhelmed him or had power to alter him one jot. With all his culture and nearly fifty years of residence in the south, he was to the end substantially unchanged; his ways were his forefathers' ways; his deepest convictions were akin to theirs; and it needed but a little stretch of the imagination to suppose him a fellow-worker with Knox or the friend and companion of Burns.

LEADING ARTICLE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1881

Great Britain, and America, and Germany will be affected with the sensation of a shock by the announcement that Thomas Carlyle is dead. Death at the age of eighty-five cannot be deemed premature. But death at ten or death at ninety must always seem an equally strange and mournful phenomenon

to those who have loved and lived with the departed. That relation of close and affectionate intimacy has bound his readers to the biographer of Schiller, and Sterling, and Cromwell, and Frederick, to the historian of the French Revolution, to the philosopher of *Sartor Resartus*. He has not written so much as spoken; his biographies and histories have pictured not their heroes alone, they have reflected yet more clearly the chronicler. The wide world of his admirers throughout the Teutonic world has for years past accepted the melancholy fact that the spark of life was flickering in its illustrious moralist. So long, however, as he breathed, in every page they could listen to his voice; as each new crisis was developed in human affairs, they could conjecture and surmise how the oracle, when it should at length be heard, would pronounce upon its issues.

He and his works have ever been one and the same; as his personality had inspired their life into them they repaid the debt; their perennial freshness and vigour forbade their students to associate decrepitude and mortality with the author. No such individuality has been felt in the republic of English letters since the grave closed over Dr. Johnson. Whether men agreed, as sometimes, or disagreed, as often, with his verdict, he was a touchstone to which truth and falsehood were necessarily brought to be tried. The young man coming to London esteemed himself fortunate in being permitted to consult Thomas Carlyle on the course he should pursue. Numberless pilgrimages have been made to Cheyne Row to look at the windows of the unpretending house in which he dwelt. Fragments of the mystical hieroglyphics in which he concealed his thoughts have been counted among the choicest treasures. As he was seen taking his sober ride or sauntering in the parks, crowds would gladly have gathered round and hung upon the lips of the nineteenth-century Socrates discoursing Doric instead of Attic thought. When, as of late, the accustomed figure ceased to be encountered in common resorts, the feeling could still be cherished that, though unseen, Thomas Carlyle was reviewing the current of events as it flowed; that his judgment, should it be needed, continued to be available for the guidance of his countrymen.

He has been the preacher of his generation, always in the pulpit, and always audible, though not always opening his mouth. He owed much to his age and to circumstances, and he gave much in return. In the course of his eighty-five years

he saw the old era of European history closed, and the new era opened and matured. He was a grown man before the Reform Act signalised the advent of the people to power. A whole period of literature had dawned and set before his own mark was made.¹ His birth was so far back that a mind less open-eyed than his had time to have received a stamp which would have kept it insensible to the meaning of the agencies revolutionising modern society. Being what he was, he constructed from his memories of the interregnum between the rise of Napoleon and of Louis Philippe, between the end of the school of Pope and the culmination of the school of Byron, merely independent standing-ground whence he could survey and judge the epoch of the steam-engine, and trade unions, and social equality. No thinker has been so intensely modern while maintaining a freedom so absolute from the ideas he exactly gauged and appraised. He followed the current of opinion with an extraordinary keenness of insight. He grappled with the exhausted swimmer sinking in the stream; but he remained himself on the bank. He threw himself into the turmoil of social revolution with an eager zest in confronting each new argument and impulse as it rose. Yet his attitude in the contention revealed a profound personal calm, won a consciousness of a standard positive and unalterable, however various the points of view he might take up in wrestling with what he condemned as fallacy and folly. He stood ready to teach any who asked how to feel and to think. His scathing denunciations of wealth without sympathy, of strivings after equality without self-respect, of mobs without leaders, of life without an aim, might have proceeded from a martyr on his way to the stake.

If, however, men would not awake and listen, he had done his part; he himself lived on. Flashes of anger at the self-deceptions he witnessed indicated not so much despair as indignation at the contrast of the poor thing men made of their opportunities with the inward contentment of his own scheme of existence. In his essays he set himself to demolish errors, not to propound a theory of life. In his histories and biographies his purpose was to clear away encrusting earth and rust, not to mould an ideal. Nevertheless the charm of this most confident of assailants, this most destructive of critics, is that the serene self-reliance showed scars of an ancient and bitter conflict with the spectres of doubt and scepticism; that behind the icono-

clasm could constantly be perceived a process of creation ; that his disciples had faith in his will and his power, if they assisted at his levelling of shams and impostures, to disclose to them the eternal verities beneath. So vehemently he struck that not seldom he chipped off a nose or a toe from the precious statue he was disinterring. In his hatred of rhetoric and fine postures without progress, he betrayed himself into an apotheosis of brute force. At times he was so absorbed in the beauty of the image he beheld in the remoteness beyond that he did not detect how earthly were the lineaments of one or another deity he summoned the world to adore at hand. The clothing of words which he gave to his meditations was frequently harsh and uncouth. Students of English could not be advised to give their days and nights to the diction of Thomas Carlyle. The singularity of his place in letters and thought is that men may dispute his conclusions, yet learn from them to refashion their own ; that they may be wrathful at his one-sided censure, yet love the censor ; that they may refuse to worship his idols, yet be impelled by their very monstrosities to search for the noble and lofty attributes of humanity they caricature ; that they may smile at his crudities of Anglo-German expression and resent his iterations, yet be fascinated by the picturesqueness of his declamation, by the homely sweetness of his aphorisms without sententiousness, as if every pebble of rugged speech were a diamond in disguise.

The secret of the ascendancy Thomas Carlyle has exerted over his countrymen, and more than his countrymen, has been that he had educated himself in his art of low-living and high-thinking before he presumed to educate them. In the lonely farmhouse among the grim hills of Nithsdale he learnt to know himself, and found or refound his own faith before he mounted the philosopher's desk. When he had become famous, as while he was obscure, he never taught the world lessons which he had not first made part of his own being.

Everybody has heard the story how, when by a friend's carelessness, the manuscript of the *History of the French Revolution* was used to light a fire, its writer sat down, and chapter by chapter rebuilt from the very foundation the whole wondrous combination of fiery passion and patiently-accumulated facts. He had but to look back within himself, and there he found it all. A sense of this living power within, of which his greatest works were

only a sample, has, more than all he has done, been the right divine by which he has reigned in literature. Had he done nothing but open the treasure-house of German literature to these islands, he would have earned the gratitude of his generation. He was a missionary of the new spring of intelligence which Goethe and Schiller had struck. Had he composed nothing but the *History of the French Revolution*, he would have carved for himself a distinct niche in literature. Had he occupied a rank several degrees lower in a scale of letters and philosophy, the correspondent of Goethe, born while Burns still breathed, the friend and comforter of Edward Irving, the fellow-worker with Lamb, and Hazlitt, and Jeffrey, and De Quincey, the confidant of John Stuart Mill, the honest and courageous, the compassionate, helpful, and kindly counsellor of all the new lights which have risen and set in literature for half a century, must always have been a venerable link with the past, a monument to be regretted and mourned at its disappearance.

But of larger dimensions than his achievements, more interesting than his narratives and reveries, has always been their doer and author. His readers have sought persistently to discover him behind his subject, to turn biography into autobiography. Long as he had lived, years after he himself, mourning "the light gone out of his life," craved for another sphere of existence, the abundance of his vitality has always remained too dominant over his survivors for them to care to use him as a measure of the distance the world has traversed since he took his post in the procession. Though long ago he had accomplished a full life's labours, his contemporaries have never grown tired of his presence or accustomed to do without him. Thus to be missed after a career of eighty-five years is the best epitaph he could have desired. A gap remains, and will not easily be filled up. The world seems duller, and colder, and darker that one gray old man at Chelsea has faded away from among us.

ALEXANDER II.

OBITUARY NOTICE, MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1881

It is impossible to foresee how posterity, founding its opinion to a great extent on materials which are a sealed book to the present generation, will ultimately judge the character and activity of Alexander II., but there is no doubt that his reign will always be regarded as one of the most memorable epochs of Russian history. Though possessing neither the transcendent genius and Herculean energy of Peter the Great, nor the wonderful intelligence and far-sighted political wisdom of Catherine II., he did, perhaps, as much as either of those great sovereigns towards raising his country to the level of West-European civilisation. His early life gave little indication of his subsequent activity, and up till the moment of his accession no one ever imagined that he would one day play the part of a great reformer. In so far as he had any political convictions at all, he seemed to be animated rather with the retrograde spirit which was predominant in Europe at the time of his birth, when his uncle, Alexander I., who had begun life as a sentimental Republican, no longer indulged in the liberal, benevolent aspirations of his youth, and was striving, in conjunction with Metternich, to lay the terrific spectre of revolutionary liberalism which he had himself done so much to raise.

In 1825, on the occasion of Nicholas's accession to the throne, an explosion of this revolutionary spirit took place in St. Petersburg. A secret society, composed chiefly of young men belonging to the first families of the Empire, organised a military insurrection, with the intention of exiling the reigning dynasty and introducing a Republican form of government, and chose the

day on which allegiance was to be sworn to the new sovereign for putting their designs into execution. Soon after sunrise the great square between the Winter Palace and the Senate was filled with mutinous troops shouting the word "Constitutia" (Constitution), which the ignorant soldiers connected with the name of Constantine, the lawful heir, who had voluntarily ceded his right of succession to his younger brother. As very little was known as to the organisation and force of the secret society, there was a panic in the palace, and the event must have left a deep, lasting impression on the mind of the young heir-apparent, then a child of about seven years of age. If he did not actually see, he must have heard how his father rode out at the head of his staff; how the brave Miloradovitch, the Governor of the city, was shot down while haranguing the mutineers and endeavouring to recall them to a sense of duty. How the aged Metropolitan, in full canonicals, was warned not to approach lest he should meet with a similar fate; and how the new Emperor, finding exhortation useless, had to clear the square with grape-shot. The young Alexander Nicolaevitch must have heard, too, how the leading conspirators were tried by special commission, how five of them were hanged in the fortress, the grim, massive walls of which are seen from the Imperial apartments on the opposite side of the deep, dark-blue, swift-flowing Neva, and how the remainder were sent as convicts to Eastern Siberia. As he grew up to manhood he experienced unconsciously the indirect effects of this foolish attempt to bring about a radical political revolution.

In the early years of this century the educated classes in Russia had been seized with a passionate enthusiasm for civil and political liberty, for intellectual and moral progress, and, in short, for everything that was desired by the vague, high-strung rhetorical liberalism of the time. Freed suddenly from the ultra-despotic, capricious rule of the half-mad Emperor Paul, and agreeably surprised by the ultra-liberal utterances of his youthful successor, Young Russia fondly imagined that a political millennium was at hand, and dreamed of putting into practice in an improved form the principles and theories which had found imperfect expression in the great French Revolution. Practical difficulties and unforeseen events—especially the French invasion of 1812 and the burning of Moscow—cured many of their new-born enthusiasm and profoundly modified

the character and policy of the Emperor ; but a large section of the young nobles clung to their convictions, resisted the reactionary current, and, meeting with opposition on the part of the Government, became political conspirators. The abortive attempt at a revolution above alluded to opened the floodgates of reaction.

Alexander I., whose sensitive nature and dreamy temperament had shrunk from vigorous repressive measures, and who had never entirely divested himself of his early aspirations, had half closed his eyes to the latent revolutionary tendencies, but his brother Nicholas had no reason or inclination to be equally indulgent. By nature and training a soldier, he had always shown a profound contempt for philosophers and philosophising, and his natural antipathy to liberalism was intensified a hundredfold when he found that "the dreamers" tampered with the fidelity of the troops and aimed at transforming by force of arms the Empire of the Tsars into a Federative Republic. From that moment he became the avowed implacable enemy of Liberalism and Democracy, not only in his own country, but all over Europe, and he at once proceeded to introduce that system of police supervision and repression with which his name and that of Metternich are generally associated.

Under the influence of this supervision, reinforced by the remembrance of the ill-advised attempt which had removed some of the most brilliant *causeurs* to a Siberian exile, the tone of the higher circles of St. Petersburg society completely changed. Political subjects were studiously avoided in general conversation, and the philosophical opinions and phrases which had lately been current dropped out of use. A few months previously it had been fashionable to criticise severely all action of the Government, and to dabble in revolution—if not practically, at least in theory ; now every one strove to appear "well-intentioned" (*blagonamérenny*), a phrase which denoted, in official and common parlance, abhorrence of revolution and insubordination in every form, and a habitual, unctuous acquiescence in everything said or done by the legally-constituted authorities. All foreign books in which the most keen-scented press censor could detect the least odour of political or religious freethinking were vigorously excluded from circulation, and the native press was placed under strict control. With regard to political intelligence, the newspapers were allowed to

publish the promotions in the public service, the decorations and other rewards plentifully conferred on those who were supposed to have merited well of their country, and brief garbled accounts of any great events which took place in Western Europe; but all paragraphs had to be written in a thoroughly "well-intentioned" tone, and no shadow of criticism was allowed on the acts of the home Government or on those of allied sovereigns. This restriction held good for all departments and all degrees of the official hierarchy. The common policeman or the insignificant scribe in a public office was protected against public censure as effectually as the powerful minister or the august member of the Imperial family, for the whole administration was regarded as one and indivisible, and an attack on the humblest representative of the Imperial authority was construed into an indirect attack on the fountain from which that authority flowed.

On the ground that the theatres were "Imperial" institutions, actors and actresses enjoyed the same immunity as policemen and scribes. A bold critic, who ventured to declare that some garden-chairs in one of the Imperial parks were not in accordance with his æsthetic principles, was severely reprimanded for his want of respect for the Imperial taste. Civil society was, in short, organised on the principles of military discipline, and the Emperor acted as commander-in-chief of his subjects. Public education was modified to suit this system. The universities, regarded as one of the chief sources of revolutionary ideas, were placed under the direction of military men known to be strict disciplinarians, and the number of students in each faculty was limited to what the authorities considered the requirements of the public service. The professors were enjoined to avoid such dangerous subjects as philosophy and the history of Rome under the Republic, and to inculcate the sound doctrine that autocracy and Eastern orthodoxy were two of those fundamental principles of Russian nationality which were destined to save the Russian people from the subversive ideas which had brought Western Europe to the brink of political and social dissolution. Young and old were to be inspired with the unquestioning belief that—as the chief of the newly-organised political police expressed it—"the past history of Russia has been most glorious, the present magnificent, and the future beyond anything that human imagination can conceive."

Such was the moral atmosphere in which young Alexander Nicolavitch, the heir-apparent, grew up to manhood. He received the education commonly given to young Russians of good family at that time—a smattering of a great many subjects and a practical acquaintance with the chief modern European languages. Like most of his countrymen, he displayed decided linguistic ability, and learnt to speak and write French, German, and English with perfect fluency and correctness. His quick ear caught up even peculiarities of dialect, and in after-life he sometimes surprised Scotchmen by addressing them in the language and accent of an “auld nurse,” to whom he had been much attached in his childhood. During the thirty years of his father’s reign there is little for his biographer to record. His life was that of an officer of the Guards, modified by the ceremonial duties incumbent upon him as presumptive heir to the throne. In 1841 he married Maximilienne Wilhelmine Marie, thenceforward called Marie Alexandrovna, daughter of Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the marriage secured for him during many years a domestic life which, though not altogether free from passing clouds, was, on the whole, much happier than the majority of crowned heads enjoy. He did not travel much abroad, as Russian Grand Dukes are now in the habit of doing; for his father, in accordance with his principles of excluding as far as possible from Holy Russia the subversive ideas current in Western Europe, disapproved foreign tours, and could not consistently encourage in his own family what he did all in his power to prevent by personal influence and expensive complicated formalities among the rest of his subjects. Nominally, he held the post of director of the military schools, but he did not introduce any important changes into these institutions, and left the ordinary work to his assistant, General Rostoffsew, who afterwards played a leading part in the emancipation of the serfs.

In one of the six commissions constituted successively in the reign of Nicholas for the purpose of improving the condition of the peasantry attached to the soil, Alexander acted as president, but he did not then give any indications of gaining one day the title of the Tsar emancipator. The labours of the Commission have never been published, but it would seem, from a short official paper preserved in the archives of the Council of the Empire, that the president did not take a very active part in

the proceedings, and that his sympathies lay rather with the proprietors than with those who wished to curtail their rights. Altogether he remained in the background during his father's lifetime, and there is in this fact nothing that need astonish us.

The Csesarewitch in Russia has always played an ornamental rather than a practical part in public affairs, and Nicholas, who loved to be autocratic in the full sense of the term, and regarded all independence and private initiative as culpable and dangerous insubordination, was not disposed to admit any departure from that rule. His son's inactivity met, therefore, with his tacit approval; but there was one trait in the young man's character which displeased and disappointed him. He himself was every inch a soldier. In his character, his education, his habits, and his amusements the military instinct had ever been predominant, and he could never feel much respect for a ruler who was not a stern disciplinarian like himself. He could not but experience profound regret in finding that his eldest son and presumptive heir had little love of soldiering, and did not possess any of the qualities necessary for a martinet. On the contrary, the youth showed a certain kindness of disposition and tender-heartedness which were considered much out of place in one destined to become a military autocrat. As these qualities were likewise displayed by his uncle, Alexander I., we may suppose that he inherited them from his grandmother, Maria-Theodorewna, the high-minded, benevolent wife of the capricious, irascible, eccentric Emperor Paul. Whatever tendencies of the kind he may have had were fostered by his tutor Zhukofski, the amiable humanitarian poet and metrical translator, who first made the Russian public acquainted with the productions of the German romantic school. Besides this, the young Prince, like many older and less diffident personages, was always cowed in the majestic, imposing presence of his Imperial father, and involuntarily concealed the energy, courage, and perseverance which his character contained. It is not surprising, therefore, that Nicholas should have so far misjudged him and so far misread the future as to say, "My son Sasha is an old woman (*baba*); there will be nothing great done in his time." Little did he suspect that the tender-hearted "*baba*" would one day execute gigantic reforms which he himself, with all his energy and indomitable will, did not venture to undertake.

The rule of Nicholas, which had ruthlessly sacrificed all other interests to that of making Russia an irresistibly strong military power, was tried by the Crimean War and found wanting. When the struggle was still going on, but the issue was no longer doubtful, the "Iron Tsar" died, humiliated and broken-hearted, and Alexander II. reigned in his stead.

The reign of Alexander II., like that of Alexander I., began with an outburst of reform enthusiasm in the educated classes. Between the two cases there is a considerable analogy. In both of them the reform enthusiasm was a natural reaction against the preceding tyrannical, corrupt *régime*, and in both of them the educated public indulged in dreams about the immediate future much too grand and beautiful to be realised. But underneath this superficial resemblance we can easily detect important differences. In the latter period the educated public was much larger and composed of more varied elements. At the beginning of the century the higher secular education was confined almost exclusively to the upper ranks of the nobles, and the reform aspirations did not extend much beyond the social circles which had more or less intimate relations with the Court society. Fifty years later a large miscellaneous educated class had been formed—drawn to a great extent from the ranks of the small proprietors and from the families of the village clergy. The ideals of such men were naturally very different from those of a *jeunesse dorée*, and, consequently, the enthusiasm for reform assumed in their minds an entirely different colouring.

Besides this, a great change had taken place in the political conceptions, ideals, and aspirations of Western Europe, and, by reflection, in those of the Russian upper classes. Seventy years ago, when the spirit of the French Revolution was still dominant, radical reformers put their trust in ingeniously-devised constitutions, while among the political philosophers influenced by the old aristocratic traditions there was a tendency to confound national prosperity with the high culture of a privileged few, and to consider true civilisation as consisting in the possession and production of great works of literature and art. At the time of the Crimean War the so-called advanced thinkers held other views. Eschewing romantic conceptions and worshipping utilitarian principles, they held that national prosperity consisted in the material wellbeing of the greatest possible number, and that all real, durable political reforms must be accompanied by

radical changes in the existing social structure. In short, during the interval between the two epochs social science and socialist philosophy had come into existence and were eagerly seized on by the "Young Russia of the time"—a class which included, be it remarked, probably three-fourths of the educated men of the country. Nearly all who had any pretensions to enlightenment freely recognised and openly declared that the country had been exhausted and humiliated by the war, and that the only way of raising it to its proper position in Europe was to develop its natural resources and to reform thoroughly all branches of the administration.

Thus, when the Government had concluded peace by the Treaty of Paris, it found in the public at large a new-born force sufficiently strong to enable it to carry through without difficulty any reforms it might wish to undertake. It was well for Russia that her destinies were at that moment confided to a man like Alexander II., who was impressionable enough to be deeply influenced by the spirit of the time, but who had sufficient prudence and practical common-sense to prevent his being carried away by the prevailing excitement into the dangerous region of Utopian dreaming. Unlike some of his predecessors, he had no grand, original schemes of his own to impose by force on unwilling subjects, and no pet crotchets to lead his judgment astray, and he instinctively looked with a suspicious, critical eye on the panaceas which more imaginative and less cautious people recommended.

These peculiarities of his character, together with the surrounding circumstances, determined the part which he was to play. He moderated, guided, and in great measure realised the reform aspirations of the educated classes. Though he carefully guarded his autocratic rights and privileges, and rigorously suppressed all attempts to push him farther than he felt inclined to go, he acted for several years almost the part of a constitutional sovereign of the Continental type. At first he seemed slow to move. Some of the most irksome repressive measures of the previous *régime* were at once abrogated, but many months passed without any apparent preparations for radical changes, and the impatient would-be reformers, chafing under the delay and seeing that considerable alterations were being made in the uniforms of the troops, began to speak of the young Tsar as the "military tailor." On one occasion, it is said, the nickname

reached the ears of the Tsar himself, and he contented himself with administering to the person who used it a gentle reprimand. This indicated that the new reign was to be very different from the one which had preceded it, for Nicholas would have certainly visited with exemplary condign punishment any one found guilty of such a misdemeanour.

In reality, however, little time was lost. Soon after the conclusion of peace important changes were made in the legislation concerning commerce and industry, and as a consequence of this limited liability societies sprang up like mushrooms. Partly for the purpose of developing the natural resources of the country, and partly for the purpose of increasing its powers of defence and attack, preparations were made for constructing a great network of railways in the European portion of the Empire. At the same time the serfage question, which Nicholas had always treated most tenderly, was raised in a way that indicated an intention of dealing with it boldly and energetically. Taking advantage of a petition presented by the Polish landed proprietors of the Lithuanian provinces praying that their relations with their serfs might be regulated in a more satisfactory way—meaning, of course, in a way more satisfactory for the proprietors—the Emperor authorised committees to be formed in that part of the country “for ameliorating the condition of the peasants,” and laid down the general principles according to which the amelioration was to be effected. A very cursory glance at these principles sufficed to show that the aim of the Government was not the consolidation of the proprietors’ rights, but the gradual emancipation of the serfs. This was a decided step, and it was immediately followed by one still more significant. His Majesty, without consulting his ordinary advisers, ordered the Minister of the Interior to send to the Governors all over European Russia copies of the instructions forwarded to the Governor-General of Lithuania, praising the supposed generous, patriotic intentions of the Lithuanian landed proprietors, and suggesting that, perhaps, the landed proprietors of other provinces might express a similar desire. The hint was, of course, taken, and in all provinces where serfage existed emancipation committees were formed.

We need not here describe in detail the emancipation of the serfs, but we may indicate briefly the part which the Emperor played in the great work. The idea of freeing 20 millions

of peasants from the arbitrary rule of irresponsible masters, many of whom were unworthy to possess authority of any kind, was thoroughly in accordance with his humane, generous instincts, and instances of cruelty and misrule which were officially reported to him or accidentally came to his knowledge made him impatient to see the evil swept away. In public he concealed this impatience, but in private he often gave it free expression. One evening, for instance, he came into the Empress's *salon* at the usual hour, evidently much excited, and, showing a paper which he held in his hand, remarked with a vehemence little in keeping with his usual quiet manner, "Here is a description of the inhuman treatment a proprietress has been inflicting on her domestic serfs. I shall never sleep calmly till I have put a stop to all that!"

There were, however, serious difficulties in the way. The emancipation was not merely a humanitarian question capable of being solved instantaneously by an Imperial ukase. It contained very complicated problems affecting deeply the economic, social, and political future of the nation, and in such matters generosity and humanitarianism could not supply unaided the required solutions. Alexander II. had very little of the requisite special knowledge, and had to restrict himself to choosing between the measures recommended to him. It was universally admitted that the peasants should not be ejected from their homes, though their homesteads belonged legally to the proprietors; but there was great diversity of opinion as to how much land they should in future enjoy, by what tenure they should in future hold it, and how the patriarchal, undefined authority of the landlords should be replaced. Some proposed that the Government should make the peasants completely independent of their former masters by giving them an amount of land sufficient for their sustenance and conferring on them a very liberal system of communal self-government. Others, and among them several influential Court personages, maintained that the landlords should not be deprived of any portion of their property, and should receive in view of their undefined patriarchal authority the direction of the reorganised rural administration.

Thus the main point at issue was whether the serfs should become agricultural labourers dependent economically and administratively on the landlords, or should be transformed into a class of independent communal proprietors. The Emperor

gave his support to the latter proposal, and the Russian peasantry acquired privileges such as are enjoyed by no other peasantry in Europe. There still remained a host of minor questions, all of which were submitted for Imperial decision. His Majesty examined each of them separately and carefully, and never decided without consulting both parties. As a rule, he leaned rather to the side of those who were known as the Liberals, but he never went so far as they desired, and always sought some middle course by which conflicting interests might be reconciled. At one moment he formed the resolution of submitting the whole scheme for revision to a National Assembly to be convened for the purpose, and he gave publicly something very like a promise to that effect; but when he found that some of the proprietors were prepared to offer decided opposition to some of the principles which had received his approval he adopted a more autocratic method of procedure, and at the last meeting of the chief central committee reminded Michael Muravieff, one of the chief obstructionists, in a very dictatorial tone, that in Russia the will of the Tsar was law. On the 3rd of March 1861 the law received the Imperial signature, and during the next two years its numerous provisions were put into execution by landed proprietors named by the Government.

The beginning of radical reforms is like the letting out of water. One change necessarily entails a great many others; and this was universally felt in Russia at the time of the emancipation. During the long years of serfage the peasants had retained their old communal institutions, so that for the villages an administrative organisation was ready to hand; but it did not suffice for the recognised wants. The existing tribunals were radically corrupt, and had shown themselves very inefficient even when one-half of the peasantry, being under the uncontrolled authority of the landed proprietors, lived outside the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts. The local administration and rural police, which had since the time of Catherine II. been entrusted to the landowners, were likewise in a very unsatisfactory condition. The same could be said of the municipal institutions, which were a lifeless imitation of those of the mediæval free towns in Germany. The administrative barriers which existed between the different social classes had to be removed and new judicial and administrative institutions had to be created, applicable equally to all sections of the population.

The Emperor accordingly appointed various Commissions, and personally directed and controlled the labours of them all. The chief results of these labours were a judicial organisation on the French model (including justices of the peace, *Tribunaux d'Arrondissements*, *Juges d'Instruction*, courts of appeal, and a *Cour de Cassation*); a new penal code and a greatly simplified system of civil and criminal procedure; a system of local self-government in which each district and province had its elective assembly possessing a restricted right of taxation; a new rural and municipal police under the direction of the Minister of the Interior; and new municipal institutions more in accordance with modern notions of civic equality. All these and many other changes of less importance were introduced in the space of a few years. Though the new institutions have not proved as miraculously effective and beneficent as a sanguine, inexperienced people expected, there is no doubt that they have done much good and are incomparably better than the old, effete, corrupt institutions which they replaced. It would be unfair of course—and we should always bear this in mind when judging Alexander II. and his subjects—to compare these institutions with those of Western Europe, where the preparatory work has been going on slowly for many generations. To be just, we must compare them with the previous state of things, and remember that institutions which spring, Minerva-like, ready formed from the heads of bureaucratic legislators, though more logically perfect and symmetrical, cannot be so well adapted to practical wants as those which have grown up spontaneously or have been formed and fashioned by long years, or, it may be, centuries of experience.

We might reasonably have expected that the Russians themselves, at least, would have borne this in mind, and that even the most liberal of them would have been satisfied with the extent and radical character of the reforms. In reality, such was not the case. Comparisons were made, not with the past, but with an ideal, theoretical state of things, which has never anywhere had an objective existence. The natural consequence of this was a feeling of disappointment which acted on different natures in different ways. Some were cured of their reform enthusiasm and sank into a sceptical reactionary frame of mind; while others with deeper convictions or capable of more lasting excitement attributed the failure to the fact that only half-

measures and compromises had been adopted by the Government. The former tendency appeared chiefly in the Court society and the higher ranks of the official hierarchy, and the latter in the young generation, who were still passing through or had lately quitted the higher educational establishments. Thus appeared at one end of the educated classes a group of discontented Conservatives, who recommended a return to a more severe disciplinarian *régime*, and at the other end a group of discontented Radicals, who would have been satisfied with nothing less than the adoption of a complete, thorough-going, Socialistic programme. Between these two extremes was the great mass of the discontented Moderates, who indulged in grumbling and vituperation without seeing very clearly how the unsatisfactory state of things was to be remedied.

For some years Alexander II., with his sound, practical common-sense and strong dislike to exaggerations of all kinds, held the balance fairly between the two extremes. While rigorously suppressing the extreme Radicalism which took the form of secret societies and seditious proclamations, he resisted the pressure of those who urged him to adopt a decided policy of reaction. Gradually, however, his faith in reform weakened, and his fear of revolution proportionately increased. A decided change in this respect occurred in 1866 and 1877, when he narrowly escaped assassination. One of the most important manifestations of the reactionary policy was the reorganisation of the educational system. At the beginning of the reform period there had been much enthusiasm for scientific or, as it was called, "real," as opposed to classical education. Russia required, it was said, not classical scholars, but practical, scientific men capable of co-operating in the great work of developing the vast natural resources of the country. The Government, adopting this view, had encouraged scientific studies, both in the secondary schools and in the universities, and had founded several special establishments for the purpose; but it gradually discovered to its astonishment that there was some mysterious link between natural science and revolutionary tendencies. Many of the young people who were supposed to be studying chemistry, anatomy, biology, and similar subjects, spent a great part of their time in considering how human society in general and Russian society in particular could be reconstructed in accordance with the most recently-discovered biological, physio-

logical, and sociological principles. With the impatient, unreflecting impulsiveness which is a prominent trait of the Russian national character, some of these young philosophers wished to put their crude notions immediately into practice, and as their desire to make gigantic experiments did not meet with the approval of the Government, they fell into disagreeable relations with the agents of the so-called "Third Section"—that is to say, the secret political police.

Thus arose a struggle between the youthful, hot-headed partisans of revolutionary physical science and the zealous official guardians of public order—a struggle which has made the strange term Nihilism a familiar word in Western Europe. To cure the evil it was thought necessary to strike it at the root, and Count Tolstoi undertook, as Minister of Public Instruction, to execute the task. In the teeth of much opposition and popular clamour, but receiving constantly the support of the Emperor, he re-established discipline to some extent in the schools, and made classical studies the chief element of public instruction. Whether his efforts will attain the object in view and cure Young Russia of its revolutionary tendencies remains to be seen.

Another important manifestation of the change which the Emperor had undergone was the fact that very little was done towards executing the much-needed financial reforms. Soon after his accession he had established a tolerably efficient system of controlling and auditing public accounts, and the first Controller-General had so far introduced order into the financial administration that it was possible to construct a yearly budget. Besides this the Custom House had been in some measure cleansed, and a revised tariff, conceived in a protectionist spirit, had been adopted. But the old system of direct taxation, including the poll-tax, guild dues, immunity of the nobles and clergy, and other peculiarities which have been condemned by modern statesmanship, still existed. A Commission laboured for years on the subject and produced a vast quantity of materials in more than twenty volumes, but the proposed reform was never undertaken.

The truth is that Alexander II., disappointed with the result of previous efforts, had lost much of his reforming zeal, and seemed desirous that the remainder of his reign should present little for the future historian to record. This desire was not to

be realised. In South-Eastern Europe events were already preparing which were to rouse him—much against his will—from his well-earned repose. This brings us to consider the foreign policy of Russia during the last twenty years, in so far as it throws light on the character and political aims of the late Emperor.

Alexander II. came to the throne with a peace policy imposed upon him by circumstances. The Crimean War was still going on, but there was no doubt as to the issue, and, accordingly, he concluded peace with the allies as soon as he thought he could do so consistently with the national honour. Prince Gortchakoff could then declare to Europe, "*La Russie ne boude pas ; elle se recueille*"; and for fifteen years he followed this policy of avoiding foreign complications, so that the internal strength of the country might be rapidly developed.

Twice, indeed, during that period he made a show of being ready to fight, if necessary; but on both occasions he was convinced that hostilities would be avoided. The first occasion was in 1863, when the Western Powers seemed disposed to interfere in the Polish question. After some hesitation he determined to resist strenuously all foreign interference in the so-called "Kingdom of Poland," and wrote his famous despatch to Lord John Russell in that sense. The despatch had the desired effect without provoking war.

The second occasion was during the Franco-German War of 1870-71. Considering the moment propitious for annulling one of the most obnoxious stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, he boldly laid down the doctrine that treaties were binding only so long as both parties were agreed to respect them, and informed the Western Powers that Russia did not intend any longer to submit to the restriction of having no naval armament in the Black Sea. The announcement took Europe by surprise, and for a moment it seemed likely that this departure from the traditional principles of international law would produce a rupture with England; but the storm-cloud passed without bursting, and Russia had the satisfaction of feeling herself liberated from what she regarded as a humiliating restriction on her liberty of action. On both of these occasions Prince Gortchakoff had received, of course, the consent and support of the Emperor, but in both cases the success must be attributed to the Chancellor rather than to his Imperial master.

On the third and last occasion on which Russia abandoned her attitude of *recueillement* the rôles of these two personages were changed. Here His Majesty played decidedly the first part. The Chancellor attempted to calm the Slav agitation, and, in common with the Minister of Finance and other members of the Cabinet, did all in his power to keep the country out of serious complications, while the Emperor, taking the reins of government into his own hands, yielded to the pressure and acted contrary to the advice of his Minister for Foreign Affairs in a way that eventually led to war. This seems at first sight a strange anomaly in the Imperial career.

Alexander II. had never, as we have said, shown any love of soldiering, and even his most malignant enemy could not accuse him of military ambition. He had, therefore, none of the temptations to which great generals and crowned heads aspiring to become such are exposed. Endowed by nature with a spirit of caution rather than a love of adventure, he had reached an age at which even adventurous spirits appreciate the wisdom of the old proverb about "a bird in hand." Many of his best-laid schemes had ended, if not in failure, at least in disappointment, and much of his physical buoyancy and capacity of perseverance had been exhausted by uninterrupted mental tension and anxiety. With bellicose Slavophilism he had little sympathy, for he had never adopted Slavophil doctrines, and had so little Slavophil sentiment that he was privately denounced by some leaders of the party as deficient in what they called, when speaking French, "*la fibre nationale*." Thus in the family circle he habitually spoke French in preference to Russian, and on one occasion he scandalised some enthusiastic, simple-minded patriots by asking why a man who wore what professed to be the national costume made such a ridiculous scarecrow of himself. He had no desire to exchange his character of European Sovereign for that of a Muscovite Tsar, and had no intention of sacrificing the welfare of his Empire on the altar of vague pan-Slavist aspirations. Why, then, it may be asked, did he embark in the "Bulgarian adventure"? Surely that does not show him to have been the prudent man and the enemy of all fanatical extremes which he appeared to be in the work of internal reform.

Paradoxical as the statement may seem, it is unquestionably true that it was precisely this prudence and desire to steer clear

of extremes that led him into war. On the one hand, he was firmly resolved not to embark in a wild adventure that must inevitably raise the terrible Eastern Question in its entire extent, and might possibly bring about a great European war. He willingly concurred, therefore, in the Andrassy Note and the Berlin Memorandum, refrained from openly espousing the cause of Servia and Montenegro, and instructed his representatives at the Conference of Constantinople to make the largest possible concessions. But, on the other hand, in order to avoid the opposite extreme, he considered it necessary to obtain some satisfaction from the Porte, and some guarantees, at least on paper, against the recurrence of those scenes of bloodshed and suffering which had produced so profound an impression throughout Europe in general and among his own subjects in particular.

We may form some conception of the amount of excitement in Russia at that period by recalling to mind how much excitement was produced in England, and by remembering at the same time the great difference in the amount of inflammable material in the two countries. The English are not easily excited, and all their traditional ideas and beliefs tended to cool their natural sympathy with Rayah grievances in Turkey at a moment when there was a strong probability of Russian intervention. The Russians, on the contrary, are an easily-excitabile, impulsive race, prone to act on the spur of the moment without counting the cost, and all their traditional conceptions urged them to magnify rather than palliate the enormity of the "atrocities" which had been committed. Besides this, nearly all Russians who regarded the facts from the political point of view believed that their humanitarian and Slavophil sympathies were in thorough harmony with the political interests of their own country, and, accordingly, they called upon the Government to adopt towards Turkey a vigorous, aggressive line of policy. Any one who ventured to counsel prudence, pointing to the danger of grave European complications and to the sacrifices which even a war with Turkey alone would inevitably entail, was held up to public scorn as a pusillanimous, unworthy son of the fatherland, who did not know the inexhaustible resources of the country and the unbounded patriotic devotion of the people.

The popular feelings naturally found their way to the

Emperor through numerous unofficial channels. Every morning His Majesty read the fierce diatribes of the press, and afterwards heard them re-echoed in fainter, more respectful tones by those with whom he conversed, especially in the vicinity of the Empress and the Cesarewitch. Had he been a man of the Peter the Great or the Nicholas type he might easily have silenced these instigations and have adopted the policy which prudence recommended, but being a friend of compromise, with little independent, well-marked individuality, he shrank from such strong measures and endeavoured to find a middle way.

In his defence much may be said. Though a Russian Tsar is theoretically autocratic, and in questions of internal policy can act pretty much as he pleases, he is, in foreign affairs, when the honour and vital interests of the country are supposed to be at stake, very far from being an entirely free agent. Russian autocracy draws its real force from the deep-rooted popular conviction that it is the safe depository of the national honour and the powerful executor of the national will, and no Tsar who thinks of the interest of his dynasty would willingly disturb this traditional belief; for though he might have little or no reason to fear immediate revolution, he would certainly by so doing diminish the strength of the existing political organisation. In any case Alexander II. was not the man to take such a step—all the more as he perceived under the vague rhetoric a certain amount of valid argument. Much of the influence of Russia in European politics is derived from her traditional policy of protecting the orthodox Christians of Turkey and from her undefined hegemony among the Slav races, and this influence would have been greatly diminished if she had remained inactive or played merely a very subordinate part in the crisis which was produced by the insurrection in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and which was intensified by the "Bulgarian atrocities" and the Servian War.

When noisy demonstrations were being made and large sums of money were being collected in England, which was considered as the political antagonist rather than the friend of the Slav races, it was hardly possible to prevent similar movements in Russia—the country which professed to be the defender of the orthodox faith and the natural protector of the Slavonic nationalities. The Russian press was therefore allowed to continue its inflammatory teaching, and the Slavonic Benevolent Society

continued to collect money for the sufferers. Gradually the benevolence of this latter institution took a bellicose form, and the Executive Committee despatched General Tcherniaieff to Servia with a certain quantity of munitions of war. This was plainly an infraction of international law, and here the Emperor might have made a stand; but, instead of giving effect to his first impulse, he gave way to the influence of those around him and officially took no notice of the incident. *Facilis descensus Averni*; one international delinquency soon led to another. Many officers of the Guards received indefinite leave of absence and went to fight in the ranks of the Servians. At the same time the Moscow Slavonic Society was allowed to enrol volunteers and send them to General Tcherniaieff.

Russia was thus unofficially engaged in the struggle, and it was very difficult for her to withdraw from it without obtaining some tangible results. Thinking, probably, that Turkey would yield to diplomatic pressure and menace, the Emperor made his famous Moscow speech, in which he declared that if Europe would not secure a better position for the oppressed Slavs he would act alone. The diplomatic pressure failed through the short-sighted obstinacy of Midhat Pasha and his colleagues, and war became inevitable.

There is no need to relate here the history of the campaign. The Emperor did not assume the command, and refrained from interfering with the plans of those who were responsible for the result; but he accompanied the army during its march southwards and remained with it till after the fall of Plevna. During the long months of despondency, discomfort, and disaster which he passed at Gorny-Studen he showed at once the more tender and the sterner traits of his character. The sick and wounded who saw him during his frequent visits to the hospitals had many tales to tell about his sympathy and kindness, and applied to him with all the appearance of sincerity terms such as "Martyr" and "Guardian Angel," which may seem to us now strange, mystical exaggerations.

These tales spread rapidly through the country, and he became in the popular imagination not the great conqueror, but the great sufferer. He did not allow, however, his sympathy with suffering to influence much his political plans. Among his advisers there were some who despaired of success, and urged him to conclude peace on almost any terms so as to avoid

greater disasters ; but to all such suggestions he turned a deaf ear, and as he had been slow to make up his mind, so he was slow to change it. The forcing of the Balkan passes and the complete collapse of the Turkish resistance justified his obstinacy in continuing the struggle, and then the impulsive counsellors urged him to solve the Eastern Question in accordance with Russian interests and pan-Slavist aspirations without paying any attention to the wishes or menaces of England and Austria. Like the previous suggestions of despondency, these counsels of inordinate self-confidence were firmly withstood, and the Treaty of San Stefano was concluded on the basis which had been laid down at the commencement of the war, and which had been communicated shortly afterwards to the British Government. When it was found that this treaty did not meet with the approval of Europe, the Tsar, resisting the popular clamour and excitement of his subjects, made such concessions as were necessary to prevent a great European struggle. In executing the Treaty of Berlin, which was the result of these concessions, he allowed his subordinates to nullify certain important stipulations ; but he insisted that the engagements he had undertaken should be as a whole carried out, and he withdrew his troops from the occupied territory within the appointed time.

With the Berlin Treaty, the fire of Nihilism broke out into a flame. The trial of Vera Sassulitch and her companions was only the prelude to a series of the most daring attempts having for their avowed object the assassination of the Emperor or his officials. In February 1879 Prince Krapotkin, Governor of Kharkoff, was shot by an assassin, having been condemned to death by the secret tribunal of the Nihilists. In April a man named Solovieff fired four shots from a revolver at the Tsar, who fortunately escaped unhurt. A panic reigned at St. Petersburg. A state of siege was, by Imperial ukase, proclaimed in the capital and other large towns of the Empire. In St. Petersburg the owner of every house was obliged to keep a porter stationed day and night at his door. No precaution, however, could prevent the placarding of revolutionary manifestoes and the circulation of revolutionary journals. The discovery and seizure of secret printing-presses did not check the supply of Nihilistic literature.

One of the chief characteristics of the organisation was the hold which it had obtained among the educated and refined classes. Nihilism, the product of the attempt to maintain an Oriental

rule over spirits the most wild, the most daring, and of the most materialistic tendencies in Europe, was peculiarly attractive to the educated classes. Among the Nihilists arrested by the police were noblemen and ladies of good family. From no circle was suspicion absent. Incendiarism, too, became rife, and added to the public terror. The horizon, in fact, both domestic and political, became sadly clouded over for the Emperor during the year 1879. In the East the Russian army was repulsed and crippled before Dengel Tepe in Central Asia. In the West the rumours of an Austro-German alliance caused much anxiety in Russia. The Nihilists were soon at work again. In November an explosion occurred on the Moscow railway, by which one of the vans of the train which preceded the train by which the Tsar travelled was blown to pieces. A mine had been laid under the rails and fired from a neighbouring house by the would-be assassins. The atrocious attempt was followed up by a revolutionary proclamation avowing the attempt and denouncing the Emperor as "the personification of a despicable despotism, of all that is cowardly and sanguinary." The blow was met by more arrests and increased vigilance on the part of the police. A reaction seemed to have set in; and the hope began to be cherished that the malignance of the disease had been quelled.

Early in 1880 a slight complication between France and Russia arose from the arrest of Hartmann, the person alleged to be concerned in the attempt to blow up the Emperor's train; but his extradition excited considerable opposition, and Hartmann came to England. In February the hand of Nihilism again struck heavily at the life of the Tsar. The dining-hall in the Winter Palace was wrecked by an explosion proceeding from the cellars beneath. Several soldiers in the intervening guard-room lost their lives. The Emperor himself probably owed his life to a breach of his usual punctuality, the company not having yet sat down to dinner. All this took place amid the minutest precautions, and within a perfect cordon of sentries. At this very time, and in the Winter Palace itself, the Empress was lying in a precarious state of health, from which she never rallied. She died in June. Increased rigours on the part of the Government followed the Winter Palace explosion. General Gburko, the Prefect of St. Petersburg, was succeeded by General Loris Melikoff, whose stern strictness was tempered by reasonable concessions to the liberty of the press. The measures of repression

adopted by Melikoff seemed successful beyond those which had preceded them. The seizure of many printing-presses checked to a considerable degree the circulation of revolutionary literature, and the police tracked out many of the leading Nihilists. But it is impossible to crush an organisation the members of which are willing to lay down their lives in the execution of its commands. The series of attempts which began in 1866, when the Tsar narrowly escaped with his life from the attack of a hot-headed youth, followed in the next year by another shock to his system in Paris, in the Bois de Boulogne, has now reached its culminating point in the tragedy which we record elsewhere.

LEADING ARTICLE, MONDAY, MARCH 14, 1881

The desperate revolutionists who have so often attempted the life of the Emperor of Russia have at last succeeded in the perpetration of the atrocious crime which they have hitherto failed to accomplish, and have furnished another and terrible illustration of the reality of the perils by which despotic authority is surrounded. As will be seen from the account which we publish elsewhere, the Emperor was returning from his drive when a percussion shell, thrown from among the crowd of spectators, wrecked his carriage, and a second shell, which exploded at his feet as he alighted, shattered his legs below the knee. He was conveyed to the Winter Palace in a state of unconsciousness, and survived his injuries only about two hours. All Europe will be thrilled with horror at the intelligence of this tragic termination of a career which was so full of promise at its commencement, and which was marked in its earlier stages by great achievements.

The future of Russia, for anything of real grandeur which it may attain, will date from the emancipation of the serfs; and this emancipation was almost the sole and personal work of the ruler whose life has long been embittered, and at last has been sacrificed, by the restless ingratitude of a section of conspirators among his subjects. For some years past, to the eyes of impartial and distant observers, the Tsar has presented the spectacle of one who was struggling with events beyond any single human grasp in their complexity and their extent, who was the nominal head of a machine which it was impossible for him to control, and who was held to be responsible, by many of those under

his rule, for events which were never brought to his knowledge, and which, even if he had known them, he would have been powerless to remedy or to prevent. Alone in the utter solitude of his Imperial state, surrounded by officials who were too often interested in deceiving him, dishcartened by the apparent failure of his benevolent intentions, melancholy by natural temperament, and haunted for years by the ever-present expectation of sudden and violent death, the life of the Tsar has been a sad example of the gilded sorrow which may oppress the wearer of a crown. To his subjects generally, he was a remote and inaccessible ideal, a potentate placed upon a pinnacle to which ordinary men were not privileged to reach, an abstraction rather than a living fact. To those who were admitted to his intimacy he was a kind-hearted and courteous gentleman, desiring the welfare of his people, and labouring for it to the extent of his powers and his opportunities. In this country especially, where it has long been felt that the antagonism of his Government to English policy was to a great extent opposed to his personal wishes, and where his daughter has found a husband and a home, the grief of those who mourn him will meet with sincere and universal sympathy.

The practice of assassinating monarchs has, unhappily, been only too common in Russian history, and political conspiracy has been rife there since the beginning of the century. The people labour under the disadvantage of having come late into the race of civilisation, and have, therefore, been deprived of the priceless advantage of a gradual education to its privileges and its duties. The lower classes, or even what may be called the mass of the people, are scarcely more advanced than the English peasantry of the Wars of the Roses, while the dwellers in great towns live in an atmosphere of the boldest religious and political speculation. A lad who in his native village has learnt little more than a superstitious belief in the saints of the Greek Church comes to Moscow or to St. Petersburg as a student or as an artisan, and finds the bookstalls loaded with translations of the writings of Communists and materialistic philosophers—writings which promise unattainable benefits as the results of the adoption of political changes, and the fallacies of which he is too ignorant to discover and too credulous to suspect. In contrast to the millennium of the self-styled reformers, he is in daily contact, even in daily collision, with

a corrupt and tyrannical bureaucracy, with a system of universal police *espionnage*, with secret arrests and arbitrary punishments, with the sufferings of the innocent and the impunity of the guilty. Of the superstitions inculcated in his youth he probably retains only one, in the shape of a belief that the Tsar, as he is the nominal, so is he also the real head of the Government of the country, and that a blow struck at the Imperial person may redress some of the evils which this Government is the means of inflicting upon the people.

Hence the programme of destruction of the Nihilists, and hence their desperate resolve to arrive at reforms by the path of murder, and to employ, nominally in the cause of humanity, means from which humanity would recoil. It seems to be established, however, that these political fanatics are few in number; and there is much evidence that the Russian people, on the whole, are making steady and even rapid progress in the direction of intelligence and enlightenment. To millions of his subjects the assassination of the Tsar will be a terrible shock, which may well serve to call their attention to the true nature of the conspiracy which they have suffered to grow up in their midst. If it should do this, and should teach them that liberty must be gradually earned by steady advances in the power of self-government, the august life so cruelly taken away will not have been spent in vain.

The changes in the political situation which will follow from the demise of the Russian Crown will afford ample room for speculation and conjecture. It is believed by many that the personal regard existing between the Emperor of Germany and the murdered Tsar has been an important factor in many European questions, and that it has served to prevent collisions between the two countries, even when their aims and interests were apparently opposed. The Crown Prince of Germany is believed to be somewhat anti-Russian in his sympathies; the Csesarewitch is in like manner said to be anti-German. He is less of a courtier or of a diplomatist than his father, is prone to speak his mind without reserve, and is accustomed to express strong leanings towards the so-called patriotic and Slavophil parties in the country. As a counterbalance to these leanings, he is also credited with the possession of strong common-sense, a faculty which implies amenability to the logic of facts.

It is trite to observe that heirs-apparent are usually addicted

to coquetting with a party in opposition, and that, when they attain to thrones, they are generally committed to the policy and hampered by the acts of their immediate predecessors. The late Tsar, there can be little doubt, contemplated reforms much in excess of those which he was able to accomplish, and had intended the emancipation of the serfs to be only his first step in the direction of liberalism and of constitutional freedom. His people were not prepared to use with discretion the boons which he would have been ready to give, and he was forced by events to change his domestic policy for one of repression and reaction. His successor will be fettered in a somewhat similar manner, and will be compelled to regulate his rule at home and his attitude in relation to foreign powers in accordance with the pressure of surrounding circumstances. Even the Nihilists, we should hope, will not attempt to make him the subject of their diabolical enterprises—at least until he has had time to take possession of the reins of government, to determine, as far as he may be able to determine, his future course of action, and to disappoint, by keeping within the bounds of possibility, some of the more unreasonable of their expectations.

The spirit of murder, however, is one which it is very difficult to control; and among conspirators of a certain order the practice of assassination will always find admirers and advocates. However wise, however just, however beneficent he may be, the ruler of Russia must be prepared to carry his life in his hand, to surround himself with harassing and vexatious precautions, and to set off against the almost idolatrous devotion of millions the bloodthirsty and unscrupulous hatred of a few. Through this turmoil and darkness it will be his province to guide the slow advance of his subjects to peace and light; but this advance, unless checked by some revolutionary outbreak, appears at last to be well-nigh assured. It will be a happy day for Emperor and people when the latter have at length prepared themselves for the enjoyment of a temperate and well-ordered freedom, and when the bureaucracy which has been so fertile a source of crime and conspiracy has at last been superseded by more legitimate methods of control.

LORD BEACONSFIELD

OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1881

YESTERDAY came to an end one of the most extraordinary careers recorded in our political annals. It is hard to say what makes the great man ; conceptions of greatness differ so widely when gauged by individual ideas. Lord Beaconsfield's own definition was "one who affects the mind of his generation ; whether he be a monk in his cloister agitating Christendom, or a monarch crossing the Granicus and giving a new character to the Pagan world." The definition has the advantage of being somewhat vague, for there are moral influences, indirect as well as direct, through which every veteran politician of commanding position must obviously have acted on the mind of his nation.

But whether the late Premier may fairly be called great or not, the achieving pre-eminence in political life in the face of exceptional obstacles is the infallible test of a remarkable man. The career of a statesman who was emphatically a partisan can scarcely be dispassionately criticised when he has just departed. His character as well as his conduct, his actions, in their motives as in their consequences, will be considered more or less leniently or harshly according to the bias of those who judge them. It was Lord Beaconsfield's fortune to lay himself more open to unfavourable construction than most of his contemporaries, even in an age when charges of inconsistency are bandied freely and plausibly among the most eminent of our statesmen. It must be remembered, however, that in the most generous concessions of the Conservative leader to Liberal impulse he invariably asserted his consistency, appealing, in

proof of the harmony of his convictions, to writings that embodied the professions and indicated the progress of his political faith. How far he did justice to himself or received hard measure at the hands of others we shall inquire later. There can be no question, at least, about the force of character and brilliancy of talent which assured him a lasting triumph over obstacles that are matters of fact and history ; which placed him in a position to defy, if not to vanquish, prejudices of inborn feeling ; which secured his leadership of a party who regarded him distrustfully till he dazzled them with his latest triumphs, and yet followed him docilely, if doubtingly, to divisions the most eventful.

Lord Beaconsfield was of alien, although not obscure, extraction ; he came of the separate people, which, since it has been scattered from a land of its own, has been persecuted or ostracised by Christian intolerance. His family was ancient ; allied, it is said, with that high Hebrew aristocracy of Spain that embraced individuals of the stamp of his own Sidonias, it traced its descent through merchant princes of Venice to a stem that had been transplanted from the East in very early days. But, like other privileges, such claims of blood came under the head of Jewish disabilities, and did less than nothing to help him in the struggle towards a position that seemed practically beyond his dreams. Now that he has pioneered the way for his people, blunting in fifty years of hard fighting the prejudices that at every step opposed themselves to his own advance towards power : now that Jews sit as matter of right among the representatives of the country, legislating for interests in which they have a common concern with their fellows—it is difficult to measure the distance that then divided the young aspirant from the Premiership of England.

Nor was his birth his only obstacle. His training had been directed to less splendid destinies. It is true that by literature his father and grandfather had made their names known far beyond literary circles, and, as events showed, the subject of our notice inherited their cultivated tastes with more than their literary talents. But his father, who intended him for a Government office, only gave him a private education, and early articleed him to an attorney by way of preliminary preparation. Born in 1805, he was sent into the City when those who became his contemporaries in public life were

matriculating at the universities. In place of being educated, he very much educated himself, although it may be questioned whether what must have been a loss to many did not in the end prove a gain to him. The irresistible bent of his inclinations soon burst the bonds of circumstances ; the consciousness that it must rest with himself to create his future hardened him into a man while most men are still boys. He not only knew his value, and perhaps overrated it, but he had the happy faculty of impressing the sense of it on others. The art of making himself indispensable was the secret of his successful life. Imperturbable self-sufficiency, founded on a profound consciousness of equality or superiority, was the talisman by which an able man might force the doors that were held against him. The tactics which gave Vivian Grey a fabulous supremacy with mythical celerity became, when gradually modified by sense and experience, precisely those with which Disraeli anticipated the lofty patronage of Whig leaders, and asserted himself later with his colleagues of the Tory aristocracy. The clever book gained its author the ear of the novel-reading public and attracted the attention of society. In 1827 he made a classical tour in Italy and Greece ; in 1830 a religious pilgrimage to Syria and the Holy Land, where he found or fed the Oriental fancies that inspired his fantastic romance of *Alroy*. Then, also, he travelled through the sacred scenes which he revisited afterwards with Tancred and Lothair.

He came back to England to find the country in the vortex of the Reform agitation. With the old landmarks being swept away before the rising flood of democratic feeling, with his ambition catching fire at the prevailing excitement, one has only to read *Coningsby* to conceive the eagerness with which he panted to make his way into the arena. He set himself with characteristic determination to enter public life. Few men, starting from nothing to win everything, have met with more discouragement at the outset. His first attempt was on the Buckinghamshire borough of High Wycombe, and the names of his sponsors are vouchers sufficient for the principles on which he stood. Joseph Hume and Daniel O'Connell promised and vowed on his behalf ; yet a Whig held his ground against the Radical, and the name and interest of the Hon. Charles Grey carried the election against Disraeli.

Sent back to private life during the eventful year of the

Reform Bill, he occupied his leisure and energy in the production of *Contarini Fleming*, pronounced by Heine one of the most original of works. *Contarini Fleming* was followed speedily by *Atroy*, and by *What is He?* an answer to a question asked half-contemptuously in political clubs, and in which, appearing as a political pamphleteer, he gave evidence of those powers of sarcasm which did him and his party such service afterwards. Next his versatile talents turned themselves to poetry, and the *Revolutionary Epic* was, perhaps, the only failure he never tried to redeem. In 1836 he appeared on the hustings at High Wycombe with no better fortune than before, and in the following year, standing for Taunton as a Conservative, was defeated by Mr. Labouchere. When he alluded later to the easy politics of his early years, he dismissed them lightly as the wild oats of his political life.

Yet Mr. Disraeli all along enunciated ideas of his own as to the natural alliance of Toryism with democratic progress. In his *Vindication of the English Constitution*, published in 1831 and dedicated to Lord Lyndhurst, he struck the keynote to the explanations he afterwards consistently offered of all his apparent inconsistencies. In that *brochure* he boldly averred that since 1831 the political power of the Tories had only "been maintained by a series of democratic measures of the greatest importance and most comprehensive character." Compelled to accept a Reform Bill, they insisted forthwith upon widely extending its operation. They rescued the freemen of England from threatened political annihilation, and they organised societies throughout the country for the general promotion of registration, "three great democratic movements quite in keeping with the original and genuine character of Toryism." The plain comment on such rhetorical subtleties is that, in detaching words from the ideas popularly attached to them, they must strike at the very roots of the system of government by party; that their logical results must be party struggles for place on identical principles, and that in voting Liberal measures the practice of professing Conservatism may keep pace with the proposals of Radical reformers.

That the practical deductions which came naturally from such assertions may prove dangerous was demonstrated in the history of Mr. Disraeli's own Reform Bill, when the unexpected flexibility of the Government of the minority carried the moderate

men of the majority much farther than they intended. That some years after the passing of the Bill the Conservatives secured a brilliant electioneering victory proves nothing in favour of its author's principles, whatever it may say for his tactics. Granting that the measure was wise in itself, yet, coming from the Conservatives when it did, it strained and discredited our Parliamentary system. Granted that the Conservative leader had shrewdly foreseen that the new distribution of forces might prove a positive gain to his friends on their next appeal to the country, that is but the argument of an electioneering agent, unworthy to weigh with a patriot or statesman.

But Mr. Disraeli's was just the mind to let itself be persuaded by some ingenious sophistry of its own, when yielding conviction to it would chance to forward his views. Whether in action or in speech, a paradox had always a charm for him. A consummate and versatile tactician, he was quick to see his party's advantage in some sudden evolution of surprise, as he was skilful to reconcile the startling move to the consciences of his followers. But, however this ingenuity might contrive to reconcile the apprehensions of Toryism with the encroachments of democracy, he was sufficiently consistent through life in his dislike and denunciations of the Whig oligarchy. Political convictions apart, it was natural enough that an ambitious and unfriended young politician should feel little attraction towards the exclusive caste which regarded Government posts as its inalienable birthright—as so many close seats transmitted by descent. In the *Letters of Runnymede*, contributed to the *Times* and republished in 1836 with a dedication to Sir Robert Peel, he passed the leaders of the Whig party in fierce and unflattering review.

It was in 1837 that he took his seat in the House of Commons. Instead of studying to conciliate prejudice, he set himself to provoke and defy it. Chalon and Maclise have preserved that striking exterior, strongly suggestive of foreign blood and foreign taste, that St. Stephen's has since had time to familiarise itself with. The matter of his speech seemed almost as affected as its manner to an audience accustomed to the severe simplicity and unimpassioned delivery of model English orators. It was in the debate on the Irish election petitions that the member for Maidstone rose, to break down

in his famous maiden speech. He followed the Irish Liberator, his former patron, now his bitter personal enemy. The scandal of their recent quarrel, an encounter of shillelaghs rather than a passage of rapiers, was still fresh in every one's recollection, and, as was generally the case with those who fell foul of O'Connell, the Irishman had had the last word and left his adversary the ridicule. The Tory candidate for Taunton had gone out of his way to make a violent attack on the Agitator in an election speech. The latter had retorted with that bitter surmise as to his assailant's descent from the impenitent thief, and, for once, Disraeli's usually impassive nature had been stung into madness. Disraeli had vowed revenge "when they should meet at Philippi," and now the meeting had come and he had his opportunity. When O'Connell resumed his seat it was the new member who caught the Speaker's eye. The story of his failure has been often told.

In spite of the habitual consideration of the House for a novice, the orator's style and manner were irresistible. Smiles broke into laughter, and at last the oration came to a premature standstill amid shouts of merriment—so far as it went, an almost unparalleled episode; but the peroration of that maiden failure was the most remarkable of the many telling perorations delivered by the speaker, for it contained the secret as well as the promise of his long series of triumphs. "I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now; but the time will come when you will hear me." To think this and say it next day would have been nothing. To say so, not so much in the petulance of temper as with the calm earnestness of conviction, at a moment when most men would have been crushed helplessly under the load of ridicule, and stung beyond power of reflection by the disappointment of cherished hopes, gave evidence of unexampled strength of will and presence of mind and of the overweening self-confidence it went so far to justify.

As it did not crush him, it is probable that first mishap helped him. The House was disposed to listen with interest and even favour to a man who showed he had reason for his audacious defiance of its judgment. During the next few years Mr. Disraeli spoke at intervals, and was listened to with growing attention as he learnt to tone down his style and gestures in

deference to the sentiment of his critics. But he kept himself before the public rather as a writer than a speaker, and added more to his literary than his political reputation. It was then he wrote some of his most successful fictions, till at last in his *Coningsby*, a political novel of the day, he embodied the doctrines of a new school of political thought. In it he criticised the great party leaders, and with brilliant epigram, metaphor, and antithesis delineated their party strategy from his own sarcastic point of view. Rigby, Tadpole, and Taper were recognised everywhere as telling portraits, and few but those supposed to have stood for them were prepared to set them down as caricatures. If in other sketches the resemblances to individuals were occasionally vague, there could be no question of their being vivid reproductions of representative types. In Lord Henry Sydney, Buckhurst, Milbank, the group of rising talent and advanced thought which clustered round *Coningsby*, men might study the "Young England" party with whom the clever author acted. One of the band, at least, has since sat more than once in the same Cabinet with his leader. It is worth while reverting to *Coningsby*, because in the guise of fiction it gave deliberate expression to opinions, and this is the definition by the future Conservative leader of the Conservatism of Sir Robert Peel :

"Conservatism was an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of Government, and to maintain the negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called Government connections. Conservatism discards Prescription, shrinks from Principle, disavows Progress ; having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future. It is obvious that for a time, under favourable circumstances, such a confederation might succeed ; but it is equally clear that on the arrival of one of those critical conjunctures that will periodically occur in all States, and which such an impassioned system is even calculated ultimately to create, all power of resistance will be wanting ; the barren curse of political infidelity will paralyse all action ; and the Conservative Constitution will be discovered to be a *caput mortuum*."

The attacks which Disraeli, as a member of the "Young England" party, made on the Premier, commenced in 1844, the year in which *Coningsby* made its appearance. It must be

confessed the ground he then took up was more in harmony with the language of his novel than with the positions towards which he executed his daring strategical movement—when he made himself the mouthpiece of the Protectionist malcontents. In 1844 he attacked the Premier rather for illiberality in commercial and religious matters than for over-advanced ideas on those questions; and it is difficult to believe that, had his choice been unbiassed, his intellect would not have enlisted him as an advocate of Free Trade. Undoubtedly both his natural feelings and his personal circumstances disinclined him to anything like bigotry.

Twice he came to what might have been a turning-point in his career, opening to him, perhaps, a shorter cut to a more solidly-established eminence than he even attained in 1874. Twice, certainly, the fortunes of a great party depended on the attitude of this comparatively obscure member of the House. The first time was when Sir Robert Peel succeeded to power in 1841, the second in 1846, when Disraeli went into systematic opposition to the Minister. On the first occasion the option did not rest with him, and it is doubtful whether the Premier ever seriously entertained the idea of offering the member for Shrewsbury—Disraeli had exchanged Maidstone for Shrewsbury in 1841—a position he might not unreasonably have aspired to. Had Disraeli been given some minor post in the Ministry, his action must have been fettered by party ties; gratified ambition and the responsibilities of office might have conspired with his natural leanings to make the Thersites of Protection the Ulysses of Free Trade.

But Peel had no presentiments, and few sympathies with his future enemy. There was little in common between the grave sense and cumbersome fluency of the one and the subtle speculation and volatile brilliancy of the other. Peel probably undervalued talents so antithetical to his own, for there can be no doubt he, of all men, would have shrunk from the wearing struggle before him could he have foreseen the danger he provoked. Peel, in his intense conscientiousness, provoked that which gave the sting to his enemy's attacks. No man was more sensitive on the point of public as of personal honour; and whatever the pressure which had modified his convictions, he knew he had come into power the pledged champion of Protection. To be presented or misrepresented to men whom it

had been his pride to lead, to whose opinion he was still keenly susceptible, as an unscrupulous renegade and the organiser of "the organised hypocrisy" was unspeakably bitter to him. He might retort, or repeat explanations, but reiterated charges were addressed to ears ever ready to receive them—to the men who had seen their trusted leader pass over to the enemy at the critical moment of the campaign.

Disraeli had chosen his points of attack with that instinctive judgment which made his enmity so damaging; yet the audacity which singled out for unremitting hostility the Minister "who played on the House like an old fiddle," although characteristic enough, was, perhaps, more apparent than real. Addressing himself on plausible grounds to passions fiercely excited, to principles unexpectedly scandalised, and prejudices rudely ruffled, to a party smarting from the sense of having been hoodwinked and betrayed, he awoke the enthusiastic sympathy that ensured success to his philippics, and he bid for the support of a formidable following.

We have said the fate of a party twice depended on his attitude. The second time was when Sir Robert formally intimated his conversion and the impending doom of the Corn Laws. Party ties were dissolved, the Premier's change of views and schemes offered high precedent for the imitation of humbler men, and Disraeli stood less committed than most. The ground he had taken hitherto was one on which he was as little as possible committed, circumscribed, or embarrassed, and any one of three paths lay open to him. He had often held language that might be construed into leaning towards free trade in corn and liberty in religion, and he might have easily waived unimportant differences and tendered his support to Peel. But such welcome as he might reasonably look for was hardly likely to tempt him to the sacrifice of more ambitious hopes. At best, he must have been content to remain the lieutenant of a man whose nature had little in common with his own; while in choosing differently he might aspire to lead either a Whig or Tory opposition. His avowed democratic inclinations might, with slight violence, have softened into decorous Liberalism, and he would have had to step little out of his way to attach himself to the Whigs.

But, putting principle out of the question, his objections to that course sprang from feeling as much as calculation. De-

testation of the Whigs appears to have been among the most deeply-rooted of his sentiments, and the Reform Bill of 1867 was only the last of a long series of deadly moves directed to the discomfiture of his natural enemies. As matter of calculation he saw their front rank formed of men of high Parliamentary reputation, although the party might be weak in rank and file. Before pitting himself against their great opponents he must force his way to the front through a line of dangerous rivals, leaving himself exposed to side shafts from a party whose notorious vice was jealousy of stranger talent. Casting in his lot with the Protectionists, pre-eminence was assured him at once. They were a scattered mob hesitating between desperate and timid counsels; but they offered the nucleus of a formidable force to a leader who knew how to rally them. They had position, consideration, and wealth, and at their back was an amount of feeling in the country inadequately represented even by their considerable numbers. They were struggling silently with the bitter indignation that sought an utterance. Hope for the moment was gone, but, as Disraeli has told us himself in his memoir of Lord George Bentinck, their longing was for vengeance. That vengeance he could offer them and count on their gratitude. Their support would be given as a matter of course to the man who made himself necessary to them, and their instrument must inevitably become their leader. The story of an express bargain between him and his future supporters—a compact that he should attack while they should applaud—is improbable, if not incredible. From the moment he made his decision the arrangement was natural and necessary; the success of his studied sarcasms was assured in advance, and when the orator shaped the feelings of his faction into winged words, each man behind him cheered his own sentiments to the echo.

It is a question still whether Conservatives or Liberals have most cause to be grateful to him for his choice of sides. It is certain that, at a critical moment, he saved his party from dissolution, and commenced the training that carried it through some fruitless victories to a very substantial one. It is equally certain that he acquired that undemonstrative but irresistible influence which completed its Liberal education with a measure so democratic that Conservatism seemingly had little left to preserve, at least according to its old notions, whoever might be the constitutional advisers of the Crown. The Moltke of his

party, his prompt facility of resource and rare talent of strategical combination were speedily recognised by the chiefs he acted with and the leader they followed. To him must be ascribed the tactics which, on the theory that young whelps need to be blooded, won the Treasury benches for the "large-acred squires and men of metal" to whom place was comparatively indifferent, and his must be the credit of the measures that kept them there, very often to the scandal of their constituents. Thus the first speech the member for Shrewsbury launched at Peel's reconstructed Cabinet of December 1845 marked an epoch in our political history.

One of the most graphic and characteristic chapters in the *Political Biography* is that in which the writer describes the opening of the debate on the Corn Laws, with the speech in which the Minister announced his intentions. The matter-of-fact trivialities by which Peel made his approaches to the crushing climax—embodying what half his hearers regarded as their sentence of ruin—his leading up to the duties on corn through soap and candles, by boot-fronts and shoe leather—the emphatic pathos of his declaration, "I believe it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of promoting the fattening of cattle"—all lend themselves to Mr. Disraeli's happiest vein of irony. But in his narrative of the events, in which he might say "*Pars magna fui*," the violent language of his philippics as the Protectionist champion finds no echo. His own reorganisation of his party and his displays in the House, his energy, his eloquence, and their pregnant results, are either passed over in silence or subordinated almost unfairly. His book is a frank and generous tribute to the merits of his self-sacrificing friend and colleague. The vindication of the tactics he directed demanded the impeachment of Peel, and we have no leisure now to analyse the justice of his indictments; but he closes with a graceful tribute to that statesman's memory.

Shiel said, with some justice, that the sudden death of Sir Robert left Disraeli in the position of an anatomist whose subject has been snatched away. Politically, it was true; morally it gives a false impression of his character. Doubtless Disraeli lost a convenient object which was always there to serve for an effective declamation; he missed the ladder by which he had mounted to the place he filled. But he left his party enmities behind him at St. Stephen's; he delivered and received

thrusts of debate as matters of business, like the gladiator who carouses in friendship with his fellows while in training for the deadly combat, and goes back from the arena, should he survive, to pledge them amicably in the wineshop. Few men, it must be confessed, have dealt more freely in exchanges of personalities, and yet we only recall two instances where he showed any sign of soreness on the morrow. The one was when he challenged Mr. Maurice O'Connell for the savage sarcasm of O'Connell the elder; the other when he wreaked old wrongs, in *Lothair*, on the head of "the Oxford Professor." On the other hand, not a few can vouch for the cordiality with which he used to grasp the hands of his opponents in many a fierce faction fight when they met after the recess on the eve of fresh combats. Be it to his credit or the reverse, we must record our opinion that, amid all the virulence of his attacks on Peel, few men in the House were likely to construe more leniently the Premier's conduct; he fiercely assailed the politician without a shade of malice to the man.

We have remarked that, like a man of spirit and shrewdness, in his writings as in his speeches, Disraeli boldly prided himself on his Jewish descent and the glories of his race. Jews rich in gifts as in gold are the mythical heroes of the Utopias in his fictions. But the most eloquent defence of his people against the prejudices of Christendom is to be found in that chapter of the *Political Biography* which precedes the explanation of Lord George Bentinck's conduct with respect to the Jewish disabilities. In ingenious arguments, more sophistical than satisfactory, he seeks to demonstrate that these prejudices are neither historically true nor dogmatically sound, and urges characteristically that we owe the Jews a large debt of gratitude for becoming the instruments to carry out the great doctrine of the Atonement. That he felt more than natural sympathy, that he took a genuine pride in his people, there can be no doubt whatever, and as little that he had no bigoted prejudice against religious emancipation in the abstract. Yet, when Lord George Bentinck resigned the leadership of his party rather than countenance its intolerance on the question of Jewish disabilities, when he not only voted, but exerted himself, under great physical suffering, to address the House on behalf of the Jews, Mr. Disraeli took a different view of his duty. It is impossible not to suspect that here, as elsewhere he sacrificed conscience and

inclination alike to what he considered as the paramount claims of party.

In 1847 Mr. Disraeli had obtained the seat for Buckinghamshire he retained till his elevation to the peerage. It was in 1849 he succeeded his friend Lord George Bentinck in the leadership of the country party. In 1852 his genius for opposition had succeeded in landing that party in power, and the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was the post assigned in the Derby Cabinet to one whose reputation was rather brilliant than solid. In July of that year his speech at Aylesbury had committed him to "new principles and new policies." As Chancellor of the Exchequer he set himself to redeem his pledges in a Budget that satisfied neither friends nor enemies. It was rejected with the "new-fangled" novelties it contained, although the speech in which it was introduced and defended unquestionably evidenced the attention its author had bestowed on financial questions since he had held a responsible position.

The faults and merits of the Budget were at least distinctively his own; had he studied more the feelings and opinions of his party in its composition, its reception might have been different even on the part of his enemies. It contained a series of startling surprises, and Englishmen are slow to be surprised out of old habits of transacting money matters. The Ministry of the minority was outvoted, but February 1858 saw it again in power. On the former occasion the Government had been professedly provisional, avowedly sacrificing itself to patriotism when public affairs seemed at a deadlock. In 1858 the Conservatives had modified their action to accord with the only principles which promised them a lease of power. The feeling of the nation had pronounced in favour of a measure of Reform, as it had been loudly expressed before for an abolition of the protective duties. As it chanced, the Conservative leaders for the time had no strong motive for resisting the popular feeling. They had few scruples to overcome. Lord Derby had been a Liberal. Mr. Disraeli, as we know, had always preached the union of Toryism with Democracy, and declared that the soundest basis of the former was on substantial concessions to the latter. It was a question between power on sufferance and prolonged abdication. The choice was soon made where feelings argued plausibly in favour of expediency.

But it was the most transparent of fallacies to assert that

Conservative measures could only be carried by a Conservative Ministry when that Ministry took office to do the work the more moderate of its political opponents shrank from. When Lord Derby—or rather Mr. Disraeli—declared for Reform, the leverage in favour of a subversive measure became irresistible; for, once assured that the cause was prejudged, no man cared to damage himself by futile opposition to the claims of the inevitable constituencies. Even Liberals felt that the impulse came from the wrong side, that the bit had slipped out and was doing the work of the spurs. When Disraeli declared for Reform he challenged the other party to enlarge their views and increase their offers. When he tendered a £10 county franchise, Liberals were bound to outbid him. When the Conservatives comprehended disfranchisement in their measure, the Whigs could not possibly omit the schedules. The Bill of 1859 doomed Conservatism and condemned the Whigs. Execution on one or the other might be deferred, but it could not ultimately be evaded.

Mr. Disraeli had a theory of his own as to the conditions under which Reform could be safely conceded, a pet recipe for perfecting his favourite idea of a Democratic Conservatism. He was disposed to the amplest concession so long as the equilibrium between county and town could be preserved. His Bill of 1859 would have added materially to the registration rolls, but it attempted guarantees by which town votes should be polled only for town members. His "fancy franchises" were designed to enlist impecunious intelligence on the side of property. The practical objection to them was that they embarrassed general rules with invidious exceptions for results totally inadequate to their intention. He did not oppose the second reading of the rejected Reform Bill of 1860, but Mr. Gladstone's measure of 1866 was introduced under better auspices and threatened to be more formidable. As it struck at what Mr. Disraeli regarded as the essential Conservative element in Reform, and threatened to swamp the county constituencies in the rising tide of urban voters, he would naturally have opposed it, independently of party considerations.

Whether the Cave of Adullam would have filled as it did had its occupants foreseen the coming events that were beginning to cast their shadows, whether the refinements of reasoning that satisfied Mr. Disraeli would have convinced the logical judgment

and secured to the Conservative cause the incisive eloquence of Mr. Lowe, is another question. Next year Lord Derby took his leap in the dark, and there can be little doubt as to who had the chief share in urging him to it. It is certain Mr. Disraeli's enemies might have addressed to him the taunts he had himself levelled at the illustrious convert to Free Trade, and taxed him with running away with the Liberals' clothes while the wearers were bathing. It is not so sure he would have ventured to maintain that this fourth great democratic movement, the one of which he was the promoter, and which gave us virtual household suffrage, was altogether in keeping with the original and genuine character of Toryism. It might be so, but if it were, after all Mr. Disraeli had done to teach his party, they still remained hopelessly confused between old words and their new meanings. The memory of these events is still so recent that it is superfluous to dwell on them, or to recall the details of a campaign when the army were kept to their colours while made to manoeuvre in the dark ; where the officers had their instructions in cipher, or made solemn terms with the enemy only to have them disavowed. Never did the Conservative chief show such consummate strategy or so amazing a versatility of resource as in this appropriate crowning of a career whose triumphs were won by science against numbers. He took his orders from his adversaries with perfect taste, temper, and dignity, and gained one battle for himself while winning another for them. It was a triumph of the Conservative party and of the Liberal principles.

The resignation of the Disraeli Cabinet at the close of 1868 gave him the opportunity of paying a graceful tribute to one to whom he owed a debt of gratitude he was never slow to acknowledge. We did not interrupt our notice of his political career to chronicle his marriage, which took place in 1839. Mrs. Disraeli was the wealthy widow of Mr. Wyndham Lewis, his former colleague in the representation of Maidstone ; and to the fortune she brought him and the influence she exercised on his character and career, he was in no small measure indebted for his brilliant success. The glorification of the strength of woman's influence in *Lothair* embodied the fortunate experiences of the author, and the promise of conjugal sympathy in the union between Corisande and the hero had, notwithstanding a considerable disparity of years, been fully realised by Disraeli in his long wedded life. He could not yet spare himself from

the House where he had so long played a leading part, but the honours offered the retiring Minister were accepted for his wife, and Mrs. Disraeli was raised to the peerage by the style of Viscountess Beaconsfield.

In the meantime the next trick in the great game fell to Mr. Gladstone. If he did not trump Mr. Disraeli, he followed suit with disestablishment, rallying his party to the cry of justice to Ireland. The powerful majority of his rival, acting together generally with extraordinary harmony, gave Mr. Disraeli little opportunity for anything else than his familiar attitude of patient observation. He was forced to content himself with manœuvring for some insignificant concessions, until the blundering and the menacing activity of his opponents gave him an opening for the display of his special abilities. He had been chary of his words before, and now that he lifted his voice in grave warnings, he contributed greatly to the increasing unpopularity of the Ministry and to the growing uneasiness as to what they might do next.

A Government inclined to hurry too fast and too far, which had begun to live by the excitement of harassing and sensational measures, could scarcely have found a more formidable critic. Mr. Disraeli pounced upon the weak points of schemes that had gained on Mr. Gladstone's convictions after his ardent fancy had fallen in love with them at first sight. The epigrams and sarcasms he had always at command must often have done useful service afterwards, although at the time they seemed merely the sparkling fireworks of debate. The definition of the Irish Disestablishment as "legalised confiscation and consecrated sacrilege" was remembered at the ensuing elections when the friends of Church and property wanted a telling cry. Sarcastic sneers like that at the "sweet simplicity" of Mr. Lowe's transformed Budget of 1871 passed current among many people as certificates to the shortcomings, if not the incapacity, of prominent Liberals. Next year opportunities were multiplied for the stinging censor of the Government as champion alternately of the spirit and letter of the Constitution. The Collier appointment was followed by the Ewelme Rectory case, and the "Government began to live in a perpetual blaze of apology."

The session of 1873 may be said to have been a decisive one, although the dissolution was deferred to the following spring. Certainly it illustrated in striking contrast the

characters of the chiefs of the opposing parties Mr. Gladstone had proposed to complete a triad of measures for Ireland with his University Bill. Considering that it dealt with those religious questions which ruffle the susceptibilities of the least excitable politicians, and on which the various sections of his majority were almost irreconcilably divided, it was a delicate measure to carry at best. Playing into his opponents' hands and doing the last thing Mr. Disraeli would ever have dreamt of doing, he declared that a settlement of the question was vital to the honour and existence of the Government, and that he was resolved to stand or fall by the Bill. Then the Conservative leader felt assured of winning his waiting game. He had only to persist in his habitual tactics, to give his enemies rope enough and let them trip each other up. The Bill was a marvel of ingenuity and a startling illustration of its author's want of political tact. At first sight, and in theory, it seemed plausible; practically, it was impossible to please alike the Liberal Protestants and the Irish Catholics. Beaten by a narrow majority, Mr. Gladstone resigned, and expressed characteristic resentment at Mr. Disraeli declining to accept the logical consequences of his victory and accede to power.

Mr. Disraeli saw things were working in his favour, and that this last defeat of the once powerful Government on a vital question must precipitate the process of disintegration. He had no idea of being hurried to the country by way of softening the catastrophe the Liberal leader had provoked. With quiet irony he enunciated his views on the constitutional point. Neither constitutional doctrine nor Parliamentary etiquette compelled him to take office on the strength of an accidental majority due to the casual desertion of the Irish Roman Catholic irregulars from the ranks of the enemy. But he urged his most unanswerable argument in turning to his own purpose the taunts that had often been addressed to him. He had had some personal experience of Government by minority, and it had convinced him "that such an experiment weakened authority and destroyed public confidence." His arguments against the alternative of a dissolution were, perhaps, sound, as they were certainly plausible. His speech was a forcible exposition of constitutional principles founded upon long experience, and with his conduct it was an admirable commentary on his philosophy of Parliamentary tactics. In declining to have his hand forced, in restraining

the impatience of his jubilant friends, he showed his customary political prescience.

The tide of public opinion had fairly turned, and through the recess of 1873 it ran steadily against Ministers. One marked exception there was, and if a Liberal won the seat at Bath it was partly owing to an indiscretion of Mr. Disraeli. He addressed the famous Bath Letter to Lord Grey de Wilton, in which, strange to say, he appeared to crowd blunder on blunder, line after line, making the communication as much a mistake in point of policy as of taste. He gave the Conservative candidate a strong certificate to character, put impolitic pressure on the judgment of the enlightened electors of Bath, and denounced the Ministers and their course of "blundering and plundering" in language rather befitting a reckless Old Bailey counsel than the responsible chief of a great party at a critical turn of its fortunes. If the letter proved anything more than the truth that the most astute and self-controlled of men are liable to indiscreet impulses, it showed that Mr. Disraeli was more able in Parliament than out of it, and understood the feelings of parties in the House better than the temper of the country. But Liberal victories like Taunton and Bath had come to be regarded rather as accidents than otherwise, so universal and radical had been the change since Mr. Gladstone had entered on his Irish campaign in 1868 with his commanding majority. The returning a Conservative at Stroud in place of a distinguished member of the Liberal Government was the straw that broke the camel's back and wore out the waning patience of the Minister.

In 1874 Mr. Gladstone surprised the country with the Greenwich Letter, announcing a dissolution in mid-session for no obvious or immediate reason. Impulsively he put his fate to the test, and yet, at the same time, with what had the semblance of a short-sighted piece of astuteness, he tendered the electors a bribe in the shape of a promised remission of the income-tax. The answer of the country was unmistakable. It seemed to vindicate the shrewdness with which Mr. Disraeli had suspected the results of a household suffrage. No longer the Minister of a minority existing by sufferance, he found himself with a compact working majority of over fifty, and for the first time had the free control of his actions. With characteristic imperturbability, he declined to be pressed, he protested

against the theory that a new Ministry, surprised into the acceptance of office, is bound to be provided with "a cut-and-dry policy"; and he practically assumed that his mandate from the country meant the cessation of that "meddling and harassing," "thundering and plundering," which he had so consistently denounced, and which had wearied even restless spirits into a longing for repose.

As it happened, besides, domestic measures were subsequently thrown into abeyance by the state of affairs in Europe and Asia. The Prime Minister found himself face to face with the troubles that were speedily to reopen the Eastern Question and shake the Ottoman Empire to its foundations. The position of England was difficult and embarrassing in view of events that must nearly affect her. Her navy was formidable, though the late Mr. Ward Hunt on his accession to office had talked of a "phantom fleet"; but the army, distributed all over the world, had relatively shrunk into insignificance compared with the gigantic armaments of Continental Powers. Moreover, while the Gladstone Ministry was busy with home reforms, England had been steadily losing influence abroad, if not deliberately effacing herself. Nothing could show more unpleasantly the slight regard in which she was held than the independent action of the "Three Emperors," when their Chancellors decided on the terms of the Berlin memorandum, merely telegraphing to the Western Powers for their approval.

But Mr. Disraeli had determined from the first that England should play a part that became her, and not only speak, but be respectfully listened to. That he made mistakes when each step was beset with embarrassments can scarcely be denied, that he was less successful than he might have been is only saying that he was the constitutional chief of a divided Cabinet and that he had inherited from his predecessors a legacy of difficulties. But we believe that impartial historians will do him the justice of having been guided by a noble and far-sighted patriotism, and will make large allowance for the untoward circumstances which compelled him to alter or modify his plans. The line he took or desired to take was merely a return to traditions which had made the greatness or assured the safety of the Empire in times of general convulsion.

But a long continuance of tranquillity and prosperity had wrought certain changes in the national feeling. Responsible

politicians carried their advocacy of non-intervention to a point at which prudence became cowardice and folly ; while a noisy sect of popular orators clamoured for peace at any price. Action that would have appeared inevitable to a Chatham or a Pitt was denounced as a flashy display of "Imperialism." As the impression had been spreading on the Continent that nothing short of actual invasion would force England to fight, language of the kind was as dangerous as it was unseasonable. And the impression received some official confirmation when a member of the Cabinet in a most critical moment declared that England would never be guilty of another Crimean War. It is probable that the increasing indignation at the pretensions of Russia might have sufficiently strengthened the hands of the Minister to enable him to override such opposition. As events proved subsequently, he had touched the real pulse of the nation, and knew how it was beating. But then occurred those "Bulgarian atrocities," which brought philanthropy into conflict with patriotism and evoked an outburst of generous indignation. Horrible as they were, they were exaggerated by sensational writers, and the nation was misinformed as to their origin.

Lord Beaconsfield's sagacity saved him from the trap which a Russian envoy was believed to have prepared with cold-blooded astuteness. From the first he never doubted of the truth that the rising that was so savagely suppressed had been provoked by foreign agents. It was a deplorable accident, but it ought not to outweigh the considerations that had hitherto governed our policy in the East. The truth was that, while a great body of Englishmen had their minds full of the misdeeds of the Turks, Lord Beaconsfield had his eye on the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The excesses of some bands of savage irregulars were no sufficient reason for sacrificing the interests we had hitherto defended. We had never fought for Turkish misgovernment, but for the barriers that were opposed to the ambition of Russia. But Turkey's attitude of stolid resistance made it as difficult to help as it was impossible to sympathise with her. She did her best to put those who would have befriended her in the wrong when she rejected the concessions that Europe recommended, and Lord Beaconsfield had to do the best he could in difficult and most embarrassing circumstances.

His last utterances in the House of Commons were in August

1875, when he was questioned upon Eastern affairs immediately before the close of the session. Next day came the announcement of his acceptance of the peerage, which he had declined for himself when his wife was ennobled. We may regret that the Lower House lost a leader so admirably fitted to deal with the Obstructionists, but no doubt he felt that his party could spare him, since his leadership had given them a commanding majority, and he had well earned the comparative repose of the calmer atmosphere of the Lords. There the brilliant debater and orator chiefly distinguished himself by his reticence, and even his enemies must admit the dignified self-control which submitted in silence to misconstruction and was content to wait for justification by results. Not only had he to face the legitimate criticism of fair opponents who differed from his measures, but he was fiercely attacked in the press and on the platform with a rancour embittered by honest, though perverted, philanthropy. His motives were misconstrued, as facts were frequently misrepresented; and even Mr. Gladstone deigned to indulge in language which is happily exceptional in recent political warfare. Very few men could have been capable of such calm self-restraint, and it is especially remarkable in a character like Lord Beaconsfield's. For his political credit was as the breath of his nostrils to him, and the verdict of his countrymen could hardly have been flattering had he died while his policy seemed a humiliating failure.

Yet all the time his increasing popularity showed even the worldly wisdom of the course he had pursued. The answer he had waited for was the revised terms of the Treaty of Berlin, and these were received no doubt with exaggerated enthusiasm. But meantime the Russians had declared war, and, after many checks and humiliating discomfiture, were threatening Erzeroum and advancing on Constantinople. Whether Lord Beaconsfield, if he had been in the position of a Bismarck, would have boldly taken the bull by the horns and openly sided with the Turks is a question. Had he done so, it is probable the Russians would have drawn back; it is certain that with English generalship on the Danube, the Turks would have anticipated the invasion of Roumania, and changed the whole course of the war. But, in fact, considering the excitement of the country over the Bulgarian massacres and the feelings of some influential members of his Ministry, he had no choice in the matter. As it was,

much of his apparent vacillation was doubtless due to the presence of Lord Derby in the Cabinet. When Lords Derby and Carnarvon seceded later, he paid a touching tribute to the necessity which compelled him to break with the son and political heir of his former friend and patron.

The presence of the English fleet in the Bosphorus which followed the secession of the dissenting statesmen went far to impose moderation on the Russians. It was a sign that England was ready to act, and the vote of the six millions for military preparations showed that it was at least possible that we might repeat the "guilt and folly" of the Crimean War. The bringing a contingent of the Indian army to Malta was a characteristic, but far more questionable, piece of policy; and it was promptly answered by the counter-stroke which involved us in hostilities with Afghanistan. But in the meantime it had sensibly lowered the tone of the Russian press, and we heard no more of privateering cruisers to be fitted out in American ports. From the time the British squadron passed the Dardanelles, Lord Beaconsfield was forced forward into the proud position of champion of neutral Europe and the rights of nations. The independent foreign press unanimously approved his conduct; and though they may have written with some selfish *arrière-pensée*, yet they must have expressed the dispassionate judgment of Europe.

It was owing in great measure to our vigilant watching of the negotiations that the exorbitant pretensions of the Treaty of San Stefano were submitted to revision in the Congress of Berlin. Lord Beaconsfield decided to represent the country in person with Lord Salisbury for his colleague, and we may suppose that nothing flattered him more in his long career than the cordiality of his reception by the admiring Germans. His task at Berlin would have been greatly simplified had their Chancellor sympathised with the popular feeling. But the understanding of the Emperors still subsisted, and no Continental Power had personal reasons for setting limits to the acquisitions of Russia in Asia. As Lord Beaconsfield reminded the House of Lords when defending the terms of the treaty, he had a delicate game to play with indifferent cards. Russia had lavished blood and treasure, and had a right to claim the fruits of her victories; while England had chosen to confine herself to despatch-writing. He hinted at the understanding between the

three Emperors, and maintained that, all things considered, we had good reason to be satisfied.

It is, perhaps, too soon even now to judge of the treaty by its results, and unquestionably it would have been more dignified to have gone to Congress with hands unfettered by secret engagements. But, on the whole, Lord Beaconsfield was justified in the memorable boast that the plenipotentiaries had brought back "peace with honour." The treaty restored to Turkey much valuable territory, did its best towards securing the independence of the detached provinces, and offered the Porte one more opportunity of saving what remained to it by necessary reforms. The most effective clause was that which, by bringing Austria into Bosnia and Herzegovina, opposed a counterpoise to Russian aggression beyond the Balkans. The private convention with the Porte was of more doubtful advantage, and gave some handle to those who declared that it was intended as a salve to English vanity. As for the acquisition of Cyprus it is difficult not to associate it with a passage in *Tancred*, and, at all events, the coincidence is curious. The passage runs thus:—"The English want Cyprus and they will take it as compensation. . . . The English will not do the business of the Turks again for nothing."

It might have been well for Lord Beaconsfield—as many people are of opinion that it might have been well for England and the world—had he made his appeal to the constituencies in the triumph of the return from Berlin. It is at least probable that he would have been sent back to power with an undiminished majority, and had the opportunity of shaping out the plans he had conceived and of continuing the alliances he had commenced. As it was, he was over-persuaded to delay, and we know how disastrous the delay proved to the Conservatives. We do not care to go back upon events which are fresh in the recollection of everybody; nor need we do more than make passing allusion to the Afghan and Zulu wars. The one was the legacy of our antagonism to Russia in the east; the other was imposed on a reluctant Government by the precipitate decision of a strong-willed subordinate. After the return from Berlin, the head of the Ministry, though never shrinking from responsibility for the policy he originated and directed, left its defence chiefly to the heads of the Indian and Colonial Departments. Since then, indeed, he has spoken seldom. But he

was moved for once from his usual apparent indifference to personal attacks by the fiery oratory of Mr. Gladstone when that right hon. gentleman brought his damaging indictments against Ministers in his famous Mid-Lothian progress.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding some discontent with the Afghan and South African imbroglios, and some disappointment with the slow settlement of Eastern affairs, the Conservative prospects seemed satisfactory in the beginning of 1880, as the Parliamentary strength of the party was unbroken. Few but those who are wise after the event had any suspicion of the surprise that was being prepared by the constituencies in answer to the appeal to them in the spring of the year. That it was a shock and bitter grief to Lord Beaconsfield in more ways than one we have no reason to doubt. It not only broke up the great majority that had rewarded him for the patient labours of many years, condemning him besides to absolute impotence while he saw the reversal of the plans he had most deeply at heart, but it must have shown him that he had been deluding himself when he cherished the belief that lowering the franchise might not be necessarily opposed from his particular point of view either to Conservatism or to the permanent interests of the country. Moreover, the revolution wrought by the elections demonstrated to foreign States that henceforward their understandings with England might be altered at any moment by the decision of a popular vote following on some party division. But Lord Beaconsfield when he resigned carried into his retirement the respect and admiration of the most honourable of his political opponents; nor can we do better than quote the graceful expressions of Lord Hartington in one of the happiest passages of his speeches in North-East Lancashire:

"It may be said that Lord Beaconsfield is ambitious. I should like to know what man who has attained the position which he has attained in the political life of his country is not actuated by feelings of ambition. No one certainly can attribute any mean or unworthy feelings to Lord Beaconsfield. We disagree with his politics, but we must admire the genius and talent which the man has shown under the disadvantages he has laboured under. I firmly believe that Lord Beaconsfield has had in view what he believes to be the greatness of his country and the power of the sovereign whom he serves."

And we may add that few statesmen ever deserved more

generous consideration at the hands of their opponents, since he never embarrassed them by the shadow of factious opposition when he felt the dignity or interest of the country to be at stake. A party leader before everything, on critical national questions he invariably rose superior to party ; and we may remember on a recent occasion, when he spoke and voted in the Lords against Mr. Gladstone's Irish Disturbance Bill, that the honesty of his action was amply vindicated by the rejection of the measure by the Liberal peers.

Had he never turned to politics Lord Beaconsfield must have made himself a brilliant reputation as a literary man. But, in truth, he was a born politician ; his most vigorous fictions took the shape of political manifestoes ; his women inspire his heroes to public actions and feats of oratory, and dismiss them from sighing at their feet to save their country and do battle with the dragon of faction. He went farther than Mr. Trollope, and not only held a Parliamentary career the necessary culmination of a distinguished Englishman's life, but, in his eyes, it was the only life worth living. The greater comprehended the less, and all minor ambitions merge themselves in that of making your mark in public. All his "men" were men of thought or speculation, of action or the capability of action. Like Vivian Grey, having nothing else to look to, they made ambition their profession, set their feet on the ladder before they had well left school, with their eyes riveted on the highest rung, and studied every human being they came across as possible foothold. Or like Coningsby, sustained by powerful connections and hedging on influential friendships, they afforded themselves the luxury of abnegation, and, sacrificing wealth and commonplace prospects to independence, found themselves rewarded with the possession of one and the other. Like the Young Duke, they vindicated their manhood by a heroic effort when they seemed hopelessly succumbing to temptations, tore themselves from the arms of sirens and left the gaming-table to shake the Senate. We might multiply parallel instances down to Lothair, who, having been well-nigh persuaded to discredit his Church by a perversion so notorious, redeems the passing weakness by consecrating his life and fortune to her support.

The inevitable result of the tone and spirit of the novels was to limit their popularity to a class. They were no mere stories of fashionable life, stories which none read more greedily than

those hopelessly beneath the charmed circles. They identified themselves only with the feelings and instincts of the high-born, the intellectual, and the ambitious, yet even by these they were severely criticised. They were too didactic for the many, expatiating on topics in which the masses do not care to be instructed; they were too speculative for the sagely practical; the tenets they advocated were too advanced alike for quiet-going Whigs and for Conservatives who thought their traditional thoughts and inherited family opinions. As pictures of society the earlier novels were cleverly painted by a brilliant young artist drawing freely on his imagination, although the colouring gradually sobered down, and in *Lothair* and *Endymion* at last came compositions from the life. Yet, from the first, there were the originality, lightness, and sparkle which will carry off any quantity of improbability or even absurdity, and a good deal of mysticism or dulness to boot. Few writers have succeeded better in hitting off a character in an epigram, in making a speaking likeness of a caricature.

Lord Beaconsfield was fond of seeking his models in well-known men, reproducing them with a realism sometimes repugnant alike to art and to good taste. We have alluded to the political portraits in *Coningsby*, and there could be still less mistake about the Byron and Shelley of *Venetia*. In *Lothair* his more cultivated judgment dealt in compositions rather than photographs; and, with a single exception, the characters were representative men more than the men themselves. In it, too, there was little or nothing of the satirist who relies on human weakness for his best effects. Rather you had the genial philosopher, who took for granted the evil of the world and its countless follies, but who had come to see there was good in everything and in most people, and who had learnt to take more pleasure in seeing things on their sunny side.

Lord Beaconsfield was less an orator than a debater, and his reputation as a speaker will diminish as death thins away the men who listened to him and saw him in action. Notwithstanding his lucidity of statement, brilliance of fancy, and marvellous command of language, his set speeches are comparative failures. Sarcasm and irony were his natural weapons; he never showed to more advantage than when forced to betake himself to them in repelling a sudden attack. He had the presence of mind that is seldom taken at a disadvantage, great

quickness of perception, a natural gift of detecting the flaws in his adversaries' armour, while few men knew better the weak points in his own or how best to cover them. With his imperturbable coolness of manner he could fight out a desperate campaign in a pasteboard visor, while to friends and foes he contrived it should show like tempered steel.

It had been his fate in the early part of his career to combat from a false position as well against as in favour of the great measures of his time. He advocated Protection when he had been to a certain extent compromised against it by his own admissions. He opposed Reform although he often avowed his sympathies with democratic progress; he had to champion it afterwards amid apologetic appeals to the opinions of his supporters. Proud of his race and lenient to its creed, he only tardily assented to the removal of its disabilities; and in Ireland he had to defend a Church doomed beforehand, which he had himself pronounced and doubtless believed an anomaly. Until the time arrived when he became the exponent of a definite foreign policy, and himself the chief actor in it, till his last accession to power we can scarcely recall a single great occasion on which he could have thrown himself without *arrière-pensée* and in the fulness of conviction into anything that rose above the nature of a party speech.

If earnestness is the soul of oratory, it would be strange indeed if we could bestow higher praise than brilliancy on most of the speeches of Mr. Disraeli. His character and special gifts plunged him into battle and cabal; his talents in council and skirmish would have rusted in peace, and were fatal to the dignity of repose. Few men's political character has been more harshly attacked, and few statesmen ever addressed their protestations of patriotism and principle to more distrustful ears. If we grant some justice in the common sentiment, we must recollect that there is much extenuation for the relaxation of political morality when authority was so often detached from responsibility. What power he exercised was during the greater part of his career in Opposition, and then it was chiefly critical or obstructive.

While on the Treasury benches, he had long to accept his impulse from Liberal opponents or conciliate the opposition of extreme Radicals. At length a time arrived when he could actually direct the national policy. With a powerful Parlia-

mentary majority and the absolute confidence of his sovereign, he may be almost said to have swayed for a time the councils of Europe. It is by his use of that ascendancy that posterity will chiefly judge him. Undoubtedly since then he has held a very different place in the public estimation. In his last Ministry the world recognised a resolute and consistent fulfilment of purposes deliberately formed and matured. It may be said of him, inverting the words of Tacitus, *Omnium consensu incapax imperii nisi imperasset*.

Whatever may be the estimate of his public policy, in his personal career he has left an example of successful industry and determination that should encourage every one who looks to work and progress as the rule and end of life. He has left his mark and set his name on great public measures, and now that he is gone and they have passed into history we can judge more charitably of motives to which his enemies frequently did grave injustice. We repeat again, what we said before, that often, where we believe him to have been mistaken and ill advised, often when he changed his ground with a celerity unusual even in these days of rapid conversions, a subtle power of self-deception was at work that kept his acts and conscience in honest harmony. This remark applies to his long and arduous labours as an English party-leader, by which he gradually converted a dismayed and disorganised mob into a successful army. His foreign policy needs no such excuse. That policy was a consistent effort directed towards definite ends, and having for its object the maintenance and augmentation of the Empire, avoiding even the appearance of weakness, and deliberately preferring the risk of war to making even trivial concessions if they could be represented as involving national humiliation.

LEADING ARTICLE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1881

Since the close of Lord Palmerston's long and memorable career no more conspicuous gap has been made in the circle of English political life than that caused yesterday by the death of Lord Beaconsfield. The late Lord Derby and the late Lord Russell had each of them filled a large space in the eyes of men, and had been associated with great measures, but they had finally withdrawn from active political leadership before they passed away, and their places had been at once taken by

successors at least their equals in ability and influence. But Lord Beaconsfield has been removed at a time when he was still the foremost statesman of the Conservative party, and while he attracted the attention of the country only in a less degree than Mr. Gladstone himself.

This is not the occasion for a cold and critical examination of Lord Beaconsfield's course in politics during half a century. Few leaders of parties have been the objects of so much denunciation and suspicion, and scarcely one can be named who, in the face of many and great obstacles, so steadily advanced to a commanding place in the State. But to-day censure will be generously silent. There was much that was dignified and still more that was brilliant in Lord Beaconsfield's career, and on those parts of it even his enemies, not always chivalrous in their attacks upon him, will prefer to dwell at the hour of his death. The doubts which sometimes tried the allegiance of his followers—though when the time for action came no leader was ever more loyally obeyed by a proud and powerful party—will be forgotten in regret for the loss of a chief who, whatever his faults, added many remarkable pages to the history of English Conservatism. No dissentient voice will break in upon the tribute of admiration, in which foes, we are sure, will cordially join with friends, that must be paid to Lord Beaconsfield's high courage, his unswerving purpose, his imperturbable temper, and his versatile mastery of Parliamentary tactics. His oratorical gifts, though not comparable for artistic effect and passionate power with those of Mr. Bright, or even with the accomplished fluency and skilful command of facts in which Mr. Gladstone is unrivalled, were, perhaps, rarer than either, and will not soon be matched again in the House of Commons. As a peer he had fewer opportunities for display, even when he was at the head of the Government, but the proceedings of the Lower House have lost a perennial source of interest since Mr. Disraeli quitted it, leaving none his like behind him.

The earlier part of Lord Beaconsfield's public career is that which most excites the wonder of superficial observers, but his gradual conquest of public opinion, first within the Conservative party and afterwards outside it, from the time when, in the darkest hours of its fortunes, he assumed its leadership in the House of Commons, is not less striking and much more worthy of study. It was, indeed, something more than remarkable that

half a century ago a young man, without advantages of birth or position—nay, with the crushing disadvantages of Jewish descent, of straitened means, of an education fitted rather for an attorney's clerk than for a budding statesman, of a reputation, half social, half literary, for consummate foppery and eccentricity—should have avowed and maintained an ambition to take a leading part in political life, and, in spite of repeated failures and of unsparing obloquy, should have placed his foot firmly on the first rung of the ladder before completing his thirty-third year. Not less remarkable is it that the orator who could not even obtain a hearing in the House of Commons in 1837 was the man whose powers of sarcasm and invective dealt the heaviest blows only nine years later at the strong Administration of Sir Robert Peel, drove deep the wedge which rent the Conservative party asunder, and placed the point of steel upon the heavy and unskilfully-directed lance of English Protectionism.

But these achievements, astonishing as they seemed, have been paralleled in our Parliamentary history. Mr. Cobden had to contend in his rise with obstacles, different, indeed, from those which beset Mr. Disraeli's path, but not less formidable. Mr. Roebuck wielded a scourge as widely feared. But it was reserved for Mr. Disraeli to display far other and unlooked-for qualities as the chief of a great party in the State. Down to 1852, when he became Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, his position was uncertain, but, though his official career was on that occasion neither prolonged nor successful, no doubt remained at the close of it that he was and would continue one of the most important personages in English politics. Without Ministerial experience of his own, and almost without aid in the Lower House, Mr. Disraeli began the long single-handed battle, which he fought with unflagging spirit, against the most powerful confederacy of foes that ever party leader had to face since Pitt took office in 1784. Against him stood statesmen of the highest character, the largest official experience, the most varied knowledge of affairs, the most brilliant oratorical gifts. Doubtless the Conservative chief was unequal to many of his leading adversaries on their own ground. He had to cope at once with Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, with Mr. Gladstone and Sir James Graham, with Mr. Sidney Herbert and Sir George Cornwall

Lewis, with Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. But he was always ready and willing to parry and return their blows, and, upon the whole, the verdict of the nation was that, though he was defeated over and over again, his defeat was never disgraceful.

All the while, even down to the day when he was called to office by the voice of an unchallenged popular majority, his critics—especially those men of letters playing at politics, who never could forgive Mr. Disraeli for having been a man of letters himself—mingled with their vituperation of him incessant predictions and demonstrations that not only the country, but the Conservatives, distrusted him, and that the disruption by an open mutiny of the party he led was absolutely inevitable. Mr. Disraeli left the refutation of these attacks to events, and he was amply vindicated.

We are not now passing judgment upon the political or moral quality of Mr. Disraeli's statesmanship during the weary period of nearly a quarter of a century in which he led a minority, at first disorganised and hopeless, from point to point until the victory was won and the Conservatives had again earned the right to speak in the name of England. With admirable patience and bravery, with strategical prudence and public-spirited reserve, Mr. Disraeli persevered, and at length grasped the full reward of his efforts in 1874. The history of his last Administration is still too near us to be viewed in just perspective. But this at least may be said, without fear of contradiction, that the allegiance of the party in power from 1874 to 1880 was as loyal and unshaken to their chief as that of any body of English politicians who ever followed a Minister. The Conservatives, in their disasters as in their triumph, were true to the leader whose guidance had raised the broken and dispirited connection that had office forced upon them in 1852 to a position of authority and honour. The prophecies of mutiny and disintegration gave way to sneers, as inconsistent as they were unjust, at the unwavering discipline of the "mechanical majority."

Nor is it possible to deny that, for a while at all events, Lord Beaconsfield then spoke with the voice of England. In the official and responsible conduct of business it may be true, as has been often asserted, that his faults stood revealed to the world, that he showed his rooted incapacity for apprehending the ideas and anticipating the wishes of the majority of the

English electors, that his incompetence to master details became conspicuous, and that his inconsistency, the blame or praise of which he shares with most of our illustrious statesmen, was rudely unveiled. It is certain, nevertheless, that Lord Beaconsfield, despite his alien origin and the "detachment" of his intellect, was able at a momentous crisis in European affairs to stand forth as the authentic and courageous spokesman of the country he ruled.

We are not now concerned to show how and why it came to pass that before the general election of 1874 the impression came to prevail throughout the Continent that England had ceased to have a will and a voice in the settlement of the international difficulties of Europe. Enough that this exclusion was taken for granted—not affirmed with insolence, but assumed with contemptuous indifference. The Berlin Memorandum was a final proof of this judgment upon us, and it was evidently believed abroad that it would be accepted here as a matter of course. The refusal of Lord Beaconsfield's Government to acquiesce, as former Governments would undoubtedly have acquiesced, in this nullification of English influence, the fruit of long struggles and precious victories, was welcomed by the English people; and at this moment, though Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry has passed away and his policy is being reversed in many important particulars, the Administration which has supplanted him has inherited the authority he recovered, and is now taking such a leading part in the settlement of the Eastern Question as no British Cabinet would have been able or willing to take in 1873. The gain to England was permanent, if the advantage to English Conservatism was evanescent. Lord Beaconsfield lost, partly by his own errors and those of his colleagues, the dominion which beyond doubt was his on the morrow of the signature of the Treaty of Berlin. The causes of his failure might be easily shown, were the occasion fitting. But the fact remains that he won and wielded power as great as that of any of his predecessors, and that under him England once more became a potent factor in the policy of Europe. When defeat came upon him he knew how to bear himself with dignity and reserve, vigilant for the interests of his party, but never descending, as his bitterest assailants will admit, to factious opposition. It is the highest tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's influence upon those who were

closely associated with him that, since the disasters of the general election, his will, and even his name, rather gained than lost in potency over the great historical party which he led in the House of Commons for a quarter of a century, and of which he continued to be for thirteen years, down to the hour of his death, the undisputed chief.

DEAN STANLEY

OBITUARY NOTICE, TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1881

THE Dean of Westminster is dead. *Quemodo ceciderunt robusti et perierunt arma bellica!* These words, which, as the Dean himself has told us, are inscribed over the tomb of the Cid, will occur to many as they reflect on the sudden and premature removal of one who will be recognised by all as having been pre-eminently a strong fighter in a noble cause. The Dean has passed from among us after a brief illness at the comparatively early age of sixty-six. Though his death will be universally mourned, it is, nevertheless, almost a matter for congratulation, in the case of such a man, so vigorous in nature and in mind, that he has died in the fulness of his powers, and after a very brief period of suffering and weakness. To no one could the decay of mental and physical vigour, which comes too often with advancing years, have been a more painful trial than to a man of his temperament. Not less than his father, who died even more suddenly, though at a greater age, he might have said of his life and its end that it is better to wear out than to rust out. A life so full of activity and influence as his was, even though it had not reached the allotted span, can hardly be said to have been cut short before its work was done. His spirit is an abiding influence in the ecclesiastical life of the age, and, though he is now gone from among us, his name will long be honoured in the annals of the English Church.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was born in 1815. His father, the Rev. Edward Stanley, son of Sir John Thomas Stanley of Alderley, and younger brother of the first Lord Stanley of

Alderley, was for nearly thirty years incumbent of the family living of Alderley, in Cheshire, before he was appointed by Lord Melbourne to the bishopric of Norwich in 1837. His mother was Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leycester, Rector of Stoke-upon-Tern, in Shropshire. That the late Dean's father was a man of rare nobility of character will be recognised by all who have read the graceful memoir of his life, written by his son and originally prefixed to the small volume of his literary remains, though it has since been republished, with the addition of a memoir of his wife and some of his children. He was a liberal divine at a time when liberality in theological matters was very far from being as popular as his son's example and teaching have made it; he was a devoted and energetic parish clergyman, in the days of sporting parsons; and he was an active and exemplary bishop in the days of pluralities and non-resident incumbents.

He was, moreover, a man of wide tastes and varied interests; his sympathy with scientific inquiry was keen and unflinching; and he was himself a rural naturalist not unworthy to be ranked with Gilbert White. "His quick eye," says the Dean in his charming little memoir, "enabled him readily to observe, and his methodical habits accurately to register, the phenomena of the animal creation; and thus to acquire, without interfering with any graver pursuits, a very considerable knowledge of ornithology, entomology, and mineralogy. Ornithology, in particular, became his favourite study, and it was a constant source of amusement and interest to him in his parish walks and rides to notice the flights and habits of birds, to collect remarkable specimens of their organisation, and to gather from his parishioners stories of any peculiarities which they had themselves noticed." The result of these rural observations was given to the world in the Bishop's well-known *Familiar History of Birds—their Nature, Habits, and Instincts*, originally published in 1836 by the Christian Knowledge Society.

This is not the occasion to dwell on the details of Bishop Stanley's life, on the rare graces of his personal character, on his loving and loyal discharge of his incumbency, on his abundant energy, his comprehensive charity, his fearless liberality as a bishop. One memorable scene, however, in which he bore the chief part, is too characteristic to be passed over. It is described by his son in contrasting the temper of

the House of Lords on the occasion of the passing of the Subscription Act of 1865 with that exhibited when, in 1840, the Archbishop of Dublin presented and the Bishop of Norwich supported a petition on the same subject:—"There was at least one spectator present whose thoughts wandered back to a far different scene in the same House twenty-five years before, when a petition was laid on the table by Dr. Whately, then Archbishop of Dublin, signed by forty clergymen and laymen, in behalf of a modification of the existing forms of subscription. The petition included a prayer for certain changes in the formularies. But the debate turned almost entirely on the desired change in the form of subscription. Then, as on this occasion, the House was full. Bench after bench the bishops rose in serried ranks, but how unlike was all besides! The Archiepiscopal mover of the petition, stout-hearted as he was, and great in utterance as in thought, trembled from head to foot as he presented the alarming document and guarded himself by every precaution from the suspicion of directly advocating its suggestions. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, with a vehemence of voice and manner in singular contrast with the usual calmness and gentleness of his character and address, instantly rose to denounce the slightest concession to so uncalled-for and so dangerous a demand. One bishop alone ventured to state that the existing terms of subscription were more than could reasonably be exacted from so large a body of men as the English clergy, and for this assertion he was immediately attacked by the Bishop of London in a speech so full of the concentrated fire which characterised Bishop Blomfield's eloquence—so full of innuendoes against any, the least, whisper of hope to the complaining parties, that the debate abruptly closed, and the peers broke up as rapidly as if a burning shell had dropped into the House, which might explode if they waited another moment. Such was the difference of the House of Lords between 1840 and 1865. What in 1840 was thought so odious as to be trampled down without mercy was in 1865 thought so obvious as to be approved, not only without opposition, but almost without comment."

• The passage illustrates at once the character and lifelong purposes both of father and son. It would be difficult to say whether the remarkable change in the temper of the Church and the age here so eloquently described is due more to the unwearying

championship of the Dean than to the devoted courage of his father the Bishop. With such an example before him, and with the teaching of Arnold to guide him, it was impossible but that Arthur Stanley should devote his rare powers to the cause of Christian liberty.

The Bishop died in 1849. Mrs. Stanley, however, lived to see her son successively Canon of Canterbury and of Christ Church, and already ranking among the foremost men of his time. She had five children, only one of whom now survives, and was married in 1850 to Dr. Vaughan, the present Master of the Temple. She died in 1862, when her son was absent in attendance on the Prince of Wales on a journey through Egypt and Palestine. Of her, as of his father, the Dean himself has drawn a picture which no other biographer need attempt to rival:—"Catherine Stanley was thirteen years younger than her husband, and was married at the early age of eighteen. Throughout his course she was his constant stay and support, and in his influence and labours she took an unfailing interest and pride. She survived him for twelve years, during which the happiness and energy of her existence were concentrated on the son and the two daughters who were still left to her. She was one of those women of whom Wordsworth's well-known lines, with a slight variation, were singularly true—

"Nobly plann'd

To warn, to counsel, to command.

There was a quiet wisdom, a rare unselfishness, a calm discrimination, a firm decision, which made her judgment and her influence felt through the whole circle in which she lived. To the outside world she was comparatively unknown. It might well have been, therefore, that such a character should have passed away like a fragrance that nothing can recall. But it so happens that, especially in her earlier life, she left, in journals or in letters, remarks which have been thought worth preserving, not only as the genuine reflection of herself, but also as products of a culture, as in a simple country life the first years of this century could furnish. It was of her that Sydney Smith said, 'Hers is a porcelain understanding.' It is in this 'porcelain' delicacy of intelligence that the main interest of these extracts consists; and they will not be deemed less instructive because, like her husband's activity, her own spiritual insight belonged

to that larger sphere of religion which is above and beyond the passing controversies of the day."

Bishop Stanley was an early friend and admirer of the great Dr. Arnold, a man the extent of whose influence over the life and thought of his own and succeeding generations can hardly be over-estimated. The early education of young Arthur was superintended by his father, but in 1829, the year after Arnold's appointment to the Headmastership of Rugby, Arthur Stanley was placed under his charge, and he remained at Rugby till 1834, when he won a scholarship at Balliol and went into residence at Oxford. Thus began that long and devoted friendship which was brought to a tragic close by the sudden death of Dr. Arnold in 1842, and was consecrated in the beloved pupil's *Life and Letters* of his revered teacher—a work almost without a rival in modern biography both for the interest of its subject and the accomplished grace of its treatment.

A single trait in the friendship of the elder Stanley for the great schoolmaster may be quoted as illustrating at once the nature of their relation and the difficult temper of the times. "At the time," writes his son, "of the Bishop's elevation to the see of Norwich Dr. Arnold had reached the zenith of his career of usefulness; the great improvement which he had attempted in the administration of public schools had already been effected; and his pupils regarded him with that love and veneration which, through their means, had made itself felt even amid the hostile prejudices of a Conservative and High Church University. But in the clerical world generally the name of Arnold was still regarded as a byword of reproach; and in the higher ecclesiastical offices especially, except among his intimate and early friends, any public mark of favour or esteem to the author of the pamphlet on Church Reform would have been considered as a kind of treason to the Church. It was at this moment that the Bishop-elect of Norwich nominated him to preach his consecration sermon. . . . The boldness of the proposal was best proved by the result of its communication to the Primate, in whose chapel at Lambeth the sermon was to be preached. Archbishop Howley, whose natural courage of opinion contrasted strongly with his public caution, while expressing his respect for the individual, intimated that such a step would be so very ill received by the clergy in general that it could not be allowed, and requested the Bishop to appoint another preacher.

The Bishop refused to take any such step, and the sermon was delivered by one of the Archbishop's chaplains. No opportunity occurred again to enable the Bishop to show any token of respect equal to that which had been withheld by the prudence of the cautious Primate; but through the five remaining years which elapsed till Dr. Arnold's death he never neglected an occasion of exhibiting those marks of honour which, as a Christian prelate, he conceived to be due to one whose services required the highest acknowledgment which Church or State could pay."

Stanley's career at Oxford was a series of triumphs. He was elected Ireland Scholar in 1837, being placed in the first class in classics in the same year and winning the Newdigate Prize for a poem on "The Gipsies." In the same class list occur the names of Arthur W. Haddan, the ecclesiastical historian, and of Ryle, the first Bishop of Liverpool. In 1839 Stanley, already a Fellow of University College, won the Chancellor's Prize for a Latin essay on the suggestive theme for the future Secretary of the first Oxford University Commission, "*Quanam sint erga Rempublicam Academiae officia*"; and in 1840 he won the English essay on the question—"Do States, like individuals, inevitably tend after a certain period of maturity to decay?" as well as the Ellerton Theological Prize for a dissertation on the thesis, "Good works do spring necessarily out of a true and lively faith." He became fellow and tutor of University College, retaining the latter office for twelve years, until he was appointed Secretary of the Oxford University Commission—a body whose irksome and unpopular, but still most valuable and productive labours were materially assisted by the ready tact and suavity of its indefatigable secretary.

In 1845 he was appointed Select Preacher to the University. Twenty-seven years later the same office was conferred on the Dean of Westminster, but this time not without a protest from Dr. Goulburn, the Dean of his father's cathedral, nor the vehement opposition of a party, headed and marshalled for the occasion by that pugnacious divine the present Dean of Chichester. Dean Stanley's appointment was confirmed by a majority of 349 votes to 287. Thereupon the Dean of Norwich resigned a similar office to which he had been appointed in the previous year "as the most forcible protest he can give against what he must consider to be the unfaithfulness to God's

truth which the University manifested by its vote in favour of Dean Stanley." The results of Stanley's earlier appointment were given to the world in his first theological work, entitled *Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Ages*, in the preface to which he paid the following tribute to the memory of his great teacher and friend :—"If there are fewer references than might naturally have been expected to the name of one to whom, though not living, this, as well as any similar work which I may be called upon to undertake, must, in great measure, be due, it is because I trust that I may be allowed to take this opportunity of indicating once for all, for the scholars of Arnold, the privilege and pleasure of using his words and adopting his thoughts without the necessity of specifying in every instance the sources from which they have been derived."

From the time of Stanley's appointment to the Secretaryship of the Oxford University Commission down to the day of his death, he may be said to have been so much and so continuously before the world that the main outlines of his life and labours must be familiar to all who have watched the course of English letters and of English ecclesiastical progress. The former he has enriched in abundance by contributions of singular grace and sustained popularity ; in the latter he has throughout been an acknowledged leader and protagonist. To write his life in full would require a survey of English ecclesiastical history for more than a generation, as well as a contribution of no secondary importance to the recent history of English letters.

He was made Canon of Canterbury in 1850, and, besides publishing a volume of *Canterbury Sermons*, he found during his tenure of the stall a congenial literary task in his fascinating *Memorials of Canterbury*. No man was better fitted by taste, genius, and opportunity to evoke the brilliant and crowded memories of the English metropolitan church. "It is something to feel," he wrote in that loving spirit of imaginative sympathy with the great historic past which was perhaps his most conspicuous literary characteristic, "that we are servants and ministers, not of some obscure fugitive establishment for which no one cares or thinks beyond our narrow circle, but of a cathedral whose name commands respect and interest even in the remotest parts of Europe." What he then did for Canterbury he subsequently did, and more completely, for West-

minster ; and every Englishman must rejoice at the happy fortune which allotted the double task to a writer so abundantly and so exceptionally qualified to do justice alike to its merits and its demands.

In 1853 the Chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford became vacant by the death of Professor Hussey. Dr. Stanley was appointed to it, and shortly afterwards to the canonry at Christ Church, which had been attached to the Professorship by the University Reform Act. But before entering on his second residence in Oxford the Professor had, during the winter of 1852 and in the spring of 1853, undertaken that journey through Eastern lands, especially Sinai and Palestine which was not only to be recorded in what is probably considered by the majority of readers the most fascinating of all his works, but was destined to be an appropriate preparation such as he alone perhaps could have turned to such good account for his labours in the Chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. For Dr. Stanley was a man who pressed all his knowledge and all his experience into the study and exposition of history. History, especially ecclesiastical history, was to him a living drama, and no mere lifeless chronicle of opinions or events.

Lord Beaconsfield spoke once, with an obvious reference to Stanley, of men of "picturesque sensibility," and though the description is by no means exhaustive, it at any rate places in sharp relief one of the late Dean's most remarkable characteristics as a writer. It was this which gave a peculiar vividness to his description of sacred scenes, his narration of historical events ; it was as if he strove to make his hearers and readers see with their own eyes, not only all that he had seen with his, but all that his quick imagination, richly stored with memories and associations, could body forth in illustration of whatever he was describing. Sinai and Palestine, together with his other experiences in Eastern lands, formed the abiding background of all his readings in the history of the Jewish and Eastern Churches. These were the subjects which he chose for illustration during his tenure of the Chair of Ecclesiastical History, and he treated them in a manner which no one who was privileged to enjoy his teaching is ever likely to forget.

We have already mentioned that Dr. Stanley was chosen by the Queen to accompany the Prince of Wales in his Eastern

tour in 1862. In 1863, when the Deanery of Westminster became vacant by the nomination of Dr. Trench to the Archbishopric of Dublin, Dr. Stanley was appointed to the office. His appointment was made the subject of a controversy and a protest raised by the present Bishop of Lincoln, who was at that time one of the canons of Westminster. It is needless to dwell on the details of a painful and fruitless controversy, which was brought to a graceful termination by the just and eloquent tribute paid by the new Dean to the Canon in his inaugural sermon preached in Westminster Abbey.

In the same year the Dean was married to Lady Augusta Bruce, sister of Lord Elgin and for many years a personal friend and attendant of the Queen. His marriage gradually drew the Dean from the comparative retirement of his former life into the choicest circles of London society, intellectual, literary, political, and aristocratic. He was wont to say that he had never really lived until his marriage. His friends had always been among the leading spirits of the time, and his house at Oxford was renowned for his abundant and catholic hospitality. But in London he moved in a larger circle, and under the auspices of Lady Augusta Stanley the Deanery at Westminster became one of the most distinguished *salons* in London. Of the share borne by Lady Augusta in all her husband's labours and pursuits, of the assistance she afforded him in his great task of rendering the Abbey accessible to visitors, and enabling them to realise its historical associations in comfort and decency, we spoke on the occasion of her lamented death in 1876. The Dean himself thus chronicled his irreparable loss in a few pregnant words at the close of his memoir of his mother :—"That 5th of March"—on which his mother died—"was the Ash Wednesday of 1862, when her surviving son was absent in attendance on the Prince of Wales, on a journey through Egypt and Palestine. On another Ash Wednesday, the 1st of March 1876, he stood by the deathbed of her by whose supporting love he had been 'comforted after his mother's death,' and whose character, although cast in another mould, remains to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of his earthly experience."

After his appointment to the Deanery of Westminster, the outward circumstances of Dr. Stanley's life underwent no further change. It is probable that, had he been so minded, he might

have occupied a seat on the Episcopal Bench ; but he preferred the unique position in the Church for which he was so eminently suited that it is difficult to think of him apart from the Royal Abbey of Westminster or to think of any one else in his place. His professional career was thus a strangely exceptional one. Though he was successively a member of three Chapters and the conspicuous head of one, though his influence in the Church was hardly surpassed by that of any of his contemporaries, though he was one of the most eloquent and attractive preachers of his time, he never held a cure of souls, and his nearest contact with ordinary clerical life was probably found in his early experience as Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London.

But the brilliant Dean of Westminster had other and, for a man of his temperament and genius, higher work to do than that of devotion to the ordinary tasks of the Christian ministry. He became as of right a leader in the Church, though he never ceased to be an accomplished man of the world, in the best sense of the phrase. We have already dwelt on his rare literary gifts, and his fame as a preacher is so universal that it needs no comment and no extended chronicle. In his administration of the Abbey, again, his deeds speak for themselves. No Dean of Westminster has been more generous than he has in offering the coveted meed of sepulture within its precincts to the remains of great Englishmen who died in his time. He thought only of their fame and greatness, and never of their party, their sect, or their opinions. If he was thought by some to be somewhat too liberal in this respect, it will also be acknowledged that the fault was one which leaned to virtue's side, and that the task of selection was such that no man could hope to discharge it, as he did, without giving offence to some.

It remains to speak of the Dean in the character of an ecclesiastical leader. He could hardly have been the son of his father or the favourite pupil of Dr. Arnold if he had not stood forth from the outset of his career as the sturdy and fearless champion of freedom, toleration, and charity. Though he belonged himself to what is called the Broad Church party, though his attachment to it was such as often to engender suspicion among his opponents as to his adherence to anything which they would have regarded as precise and definite dogma, yet his eloquent voice was always raised, and rarely wholly in

vain, in favour of freedom, not only for his own party, but for each party in turn as it was assailed by its more determined ecclesiastical opponents. In his early days at Oxford he protested against the persecution of the Tractarians. In the almost forgotten Gorham Controversy he pleaded again for freedom. When *Essays and Reviews* were assailed once more, the brilliant *Edinburgh* Reviewer fought the battle of his own friends and ecclesiastical associates. In the later controversies of Ritualism—a system with which he had no sympathy, and whose pretensions he mercilessly exposed—he was faithful as ever to his cherished principles of toleration, charity, and comprehensiveness. His *Essays on Church and State*, in which are collected his chief contributions to the literature of passing controversy, are thus a noble record of his lifelong struggle in the cause of the Church and of liberty. Nor must we forget the stand which he constantly made on behalf of the same principles, often against overwhelming odds, in the Lower House of Convocation.

In spite of his personal gentleness and his abundant generosity of disposition, the Dean never put forth his full powers of controversy save in the face of almost crushing opposition. A temperament of this kind, inspired by a cause the reverse of popular, so far as popularity is reckoned by numbers, was certain to excite antagonism and mistrust, especially among those who only knew the Dean's opinion by hearsay and never came under the powerful spell of his engaging personality. His opinions were condemned by many who often scarcely knew what they were, and in many a simple country parsonage, where no uncharitable thought would have been consciously harboured against any man, the dignitary who had defended *Essays and Reviews*, who had admitted a layman to the pulpit of Westminster Abbey, and invited a Unitarian to partake of the Eucharist at its altar, was regarded as little better than an infidel. We have no mind to reopen these distressing controversies by the side of an opened grave. We prefer to look beyond them, and to contemplate that noble vision of the Church of the future which the Dean himself has foreshadowed in the latest and not the least interesting of his works. "Let us be firmly persuaded that error is most easily eradicated by establishing truth, and darkness more permanently displaced by diffusing light; and then, while the best parts of the High Church party will be

preserved to the Church by their own intrinsic excellence, the worst parts will be put down, not by the irritating and often futile process of repression, but by the specific and far more effectual process of enforcing the opposite truths, of creating in the Church a wholesome atmosphere of manly, generous feeling, in which all that is temporary, acrid, and trivial will fade away, and all that is eternal, reasonable, and majestic will flourish and abound."

PRESIDENT GARFIELD

OBITUARY NOTICE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1881

THE news of President Garfield's death has plunged in mourning two countries ; for the feeling of sympathy with the victim and his family and of indignation at the crime has been hardly less strong in England than in America. It was on the 2nd of July, in the railway station at Washington, as he was about to start for the north, that the President, entering the waiting-room on the arm of his Minister, Mr. Blaine, was shot twice by Charles Guiteau. He was at once conveyed back to the White House, where he lay during the greater part of his illness, attended by the highest medical and surgical skill that his country could furnish, and watched throughout by his wife, who was summoned from Longbranch to his bedside. At first it was not thought that the patient could survive many hours ; but he rallied so wonderfully that shortly there grew up a belief that by care and skill he might ultimately recover, though the illness must be in any case most tedious. The relapses, however, which the President suffered at intervals seemed to show that this belief was not well grounded ; and the fact that it was found impossible to extract the bullet was ominous. Towards the end of August his medical attendants felt that his last chance of recovery depended on his removal from the malarious climate of Washington ; and on the 6th of this month he was carried by train to Longbranch, on the Atlantic, in New Jersey, a temporary track enabling him to be lifted on to his car at the White House and off it at the door of the cottage by the sea. The change, though it seemed to revive him at first, has been of no avail ; and the telegrams which we have published during the

last few days must have prepared our readers for the sad news of yesterday. The hour of death was half-past ten on Monday night, by American time ; which is equivalent to half-past three yesterday morning by English time. The intelligence first reached London between four and five, and was published in a portion of our first impression yesterday, and, with fuller details, in our second edition.

The President of the United States is dead, and all the English-speaking race is in mourning, not merely for the magistrate, but for the man ; and yet, strange to say, a year ago the name of General Garfield was almost unknown in Europe. On 9th June 1880 we published the intelligence, by telegram from our American correspondent, that General James A. Garfield had been elected by the Republican Convention at Chicago to be the Republican candidate for the Presidency, against General Grant, the great leader in the Civil War, who had been received with acclamation throughout the world as the representative of American institutions, Secretary Sherman, who was hardly less well known than General Grant, and Senator Blaine. Mr. Washburne, Mr. Windom, Governor Hartranft, and Mr. Edmunds were also among the candidates, and the proceedings were being watched with curious interest, not only by Englishmen at a distance, but in Chicago itself by the Princess Louise and Prince Leopold, who were remaining in the city to observe the political movements. There had been nothing to prepare spectators in Europe for the result ; in the early ballots General Garfield had obtained but little support ; and when, in the thirty-fifth ballot, the Indiana votes were cast for him, he rose and declined to become a candidate. The *nolo episcopari* of the late President was of course inspired by no fear of such a calamity as that which has now fallen upon him. The crime which put an end to the honourable career of President Lincoln was not expected to repeat itself in American public life.

General Garfield, who was a frequent speaker in Congress and leader of the Republican minority in that body, was at Chicago the manager of the party who desired the election of Mr. Sherman as President. But when Sherman's success was seen to be impossible, all the parties opposed to Grant coalesced in favour of General Garfield, and the decisive vote gave 399 voices to Garfield against 306 to Grant. Senator Conkling, who had said that Grant's election could not be prevented by

human means, and with whom the late President was afterwards to have such serious differences of opinion, moved to make the nomination unanimous, congratulating the Republican party on the result ; and the motion was carried amid great enthusiasm. The main fact that was known about the new candidate was that he had risen like Abraham Lincoln himself from the humblest beginnings, having commenced life on the tow-path as driver of the mules which dragged his cousin's boat from Cleveland to Pittsburg and back on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal. He soon showed by his public action another claim to the sympathy of his fellow-countrymen in his refusal to be a party to the organised corruption which has been patronised by too many of the most highly-placed of American politicians.

James Abram Garfield was born less than fifty years ago, on 19th November 1831, in Orange Township, Cuyahoga, County Ohio, about eighteen miles from the city of Cleveland. Like the two Adamses, Fillmore, Pierce, Lincoln, Grant, and Hayes, he came from the Puritan stock of New England, which has given so many great men to the United States. His mother, who has lived to see her son, first installed in the White House, and then struck down in his prime by an assassin's hand, was a native of New Hampshire. His father was of Massachusetts stock, and traced his family back to 1635, when his ancestor, Edward Garfield, was one of the proprietors of Watertown, and came with Governor Winthrop to find freedom of conscience in New England. The President's father, Abram Garfield, settled in the Ohio forest a year before the birth of his youngest child, James Abram, bought a tract of wooded land, built a log-hut, and in three years had cleared a portion of the forest and begun the cultivation of the soil. When his corn was in the ear the neighbouring woods caught fire and threatened to destroy the ripening crop. Mr. Garfield, by great exertion, threw up a dyke of fresh earth between the corn and the fire. His crop was saved, but the farmer, overheated and wearied, became chilled while returning to his hut, and died of inflammation of the throat. The mother was left with two sons and two daughters, and passed through extraordinary struggles and privations. She tilled the land with the oxen which her husband had left her, made her children's clothing with her own hands, and clothed the children of a neighbouring shoemaker, who, in return, made boots for her little ones. In the winter,

when they could not labour in the fields, the children went to school.

President Garfield told one of his biographers that at from three to ten years of age he attended school daily, but after ten he worked in the summer on the farm. He gained his first prize at the age of four. It was a copy of the New Testament given to the best reader in the primary class. He eagerly read all his mother's scanty stock of books, learnt to recite by heart almost the whole of the *English Reader*, borrowed *Robinson Crusoe*, Josephus, Goodrich's *History of the United States*, and Pollok's solemn poem on the *Course of Time*. But his favourite work in Josephus was "The Wars of the Jews," and he was never tired of poring over accounts of battles and adventures by sea and land, tales of bold buccaneers, of Algiers and the Spanish Main. Much later in life, when he had become a distinguished member of Congress, he said :—"I tell you I would rather now command a fleet in a great naval battle than be anything else on this earth. The sight of a ship still fills me with a strange fascination."

He was strong in his boyhood and a great fighter, and was consumed by a burning passion to go to sea. At the age of sixteen he could do a man's work, and contracted with his cousin to cut 100 cords of wood for \$25. The task was performed in a tract of high woodland which commanded a view of the blue waters of Lake Erie and the shipping in the port of Cleveland. With his boyish love of nautical adventure freshly stimulated, he walked to Cleveland, and went on board a schooner lying at the quay to ask for employment. Fortunately the schooner reeked with unsavoury smells, the skipper tumbled up drunk, and dismissed young Garfield with a volley of oaths. An hour later he had accepted from another cousin an engagement to drive the mules which towed his canal boat. After his first "all round" voyage between Cleveland and Pittsburg, he was promoted to the post of bowsman, and flattered himself that now at length he was beginning to learn something of navigation. He had a successful fight, which became famous in the Presidential contest, with an older bargee named "Dave," but lost his money in the water, dived after it, felt the "ague-cake" in his side, and after three months on the canal was carried to his mother's home in Orange delirious with malarial fever.

His mother nursed him for five months, and in the course of

that illness and convalescence planted in his mind the seeds of a nobler ambition. The schoolmaster added his advice, and with \$17 scraped together by his mother and his brother Thomas, now a farmer in Michigan, James Garfield walked to Geauga Seminary, fourteen miles off, and began the study of classics and mathematics. He was now about eighteen. An insatiable thirst for study came upon him, he read the whole library of the Academy, took first place in all his classes, and even in the vacations divided his time between teaching children at their homes and earning a few dollars as an extra harvest hand upon some farm in Ohio. At the Geauga Seminary he joined the Campbellites, or "Disciples of Christ," who, while they believed in the New Testament, protest against imposing as a condition of church membership any human formula of Divine truth. The ministers and elders of this religious communion were trained at Hiram, a village thirty miles from Cleveland; there he became a student, and soon teacher; and it is to this period of his life that the story is ascribed of his being so poor that he had to lie in bed while his one suit of clothes was darned. When he betrayed his vexation, "You should not care about such small matters as that," said the landlady who gave him board and lodging, in exchange for the tuition of her children; "you will forget all about that when you come to be President."

From Hiram Garfield went to William's College, one of the places of learning in most repute in New England, at the head of which was the venerable Mark Hopkins. President Hopkins has since put on record his experience of the young man's college days. He came with an earnest desire for learning, he had great physical strength, was fond of athletic sports, learnt with facility and by honest and avowed work. There was no pretence of genius, or alternation of spasmodic effort and of rest, but a satisfactory accomplishment in all directions of what was undertaken, *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*. A class-mate said of him, "Garfield's greatness was to our young eyes enigmatical, but it was real. There was a good deal of him in body, soul, and spirit." He distinguished himself in the college debates and recitations, and wrote in the *William's Quarterly Review*. He graduated in 1856, after two years' study, being then at the age of twenty-five, and went back to Hiram as Professor of Ancient Languages and English Literature. Next year he became

President of the Faculty. Of this portion of his life Captain F. H. Mason, who was a student under him and afterwards an officer of his staff, writes :

"No one of the three hundred students who formed the classes at that time will forget the rich privilege which they enjoyed in hearing the morning lectures of President Garfield in the Chapel. There was first the assembly, then prayers and a chapter read from the Bible, and for the remainder of the morning hour an extemporaneous address by the Principal. Sometimes it was upon a topic chosen from the lessons of the day, oftener it was upon some fresh event in politics, science, or literature. One morning he read the "Three Fishers" of Charles Kingsley, which had just appeared in an English magazine ; anon a new idyll by Tennyson would constitute an enehanting theme ; and once the text was a newspaper paragraph relating the tragic fate of Hugh Miller, the lesson of whose noble life was set forth in words of eloquent and impressive eulogy."

President Garfield appears to have been a most successful teacher, to have communicated to his pupils some of his own resistless energy, and to have attracted their warm regard and admiration. At this time he was also a popular preacher, and engaged in a public controversy with a lecturer who sought to overthrow the Bible with the revelations of geology.

A month before Mr. Garfield took his degree the Free Soil party had nominated General Fremont as President, adopting in its platform a protest against the extension of slavery. Mr. Garfield made a few speeches in the neighbourhood of Hiram against the candidate of the Democrats, James Buchanan, who was subsequently elected. In the campaigns preceding the local State elections of 1857 and 1858 he made many more speeches ; and in 1859 he was elected a Senator of the State Legislature. The youngest member of the Senate, he took his place at the head of the Radical Republican wing as one of the "Radical Triumvirate," the other members of which were Senator J. D. Cox (afterwards Governor of Ohio and Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Grant) and Professor James Monroe of Oberlin College, member of Congress.

The election of Lincoln had been accepted by the leaders of the Pro-Slavery party as the signal for secession. They declared their purpose to withdraw from the Union, and the question in every Northern Legislature was whether they should be com-

pelled to remain. In January 1861 a Bill was discussed in the Ohio Senate to provide for raising 6000 militia; and in that debate Senator Garfield boldly declared the position which he always subsequently held. The supporters of the vote were stigmatised as coercionists. If by "coercion" it was meant, he said, that the General Government should enforce the laws, by whomsoever violated, should protect the property and flag of the Union, should punish traitors to the Constitution, whether they were ten men or 10,000, then he was a coercionist. Every man, he said, was a coercionist or a traitor. This was in January 1861. In April the Southerners cannonaded Fort Sumter; in July the Northern volunteers fled at Bull's Run. Seven days later Senator Garfield accepted an appointment as lieutenant-colonel of a regiment then formed at Camp Chase, near Columbus, the capital of Ohio. In a few days he was commissioned to organise as colonel a new regiment, the 42nd Ohio Infantry. Within a week a hundred students from Hiram College enlisted as a company in the regiment of their beloved President, and before the 20th of August the full number of the regiment was completed.

The Colonel read up tactics and strategy as he had worked for his degree at college. While the men were drilled and marched during long hours of exercise and set to read their manuals, he was learning the theory of the operations of war, the relative functions of the various arms—infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and the mysteries of transport and commissariat. He established a school at which the subordinate officers studied camp and picket duty, company and battalion tactics, and the cooking of rations in the field. In three months' time the regiment was ordered to Cincinnati to join in confronting the Confederate force of 5000 men under Humphrey Marshall. General Buell gave Colonel Garfield one night to submit a plan of attack, accepted it from the untried but confident officer (who had drawn it up in the small hours with the help of a map and a census report), and hurled him against Marshall in Eastern Kentucky, with four regiments of infantry and a battalion of cavalry. Garfield attacked with 1400 men; Marshall had 1600 men, as Mr. Jefferson Davis records in his *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*. The battle was fought at Middle Creek, and Marshall fell back seven miles to a spot, where he remained two days, and then slowly pursued

his retreat. So writes Mr. Jefferson Davis, who adds that the firing was kept up with some intervals for about four hours and was occasionally very sharp and spirited. He quotes Marshall's report, which considerably extenuates what was claimed by the historian of the 42nd regiment as the first substantial victory won on the Northern side during the war. According to Mr. Davis, Garfield was "said to" have fallen back fourteen miles to his opponent's seven, and Marshall wrote :

"The enemy did not move me from any one position I assumed, and at nightfall withdrew from the field, leaving me just where I was in the morning. . . . He came to attack, yet came so cautiously that my left wing never fired a shot, and he never came up sufficiently to engage my centre or left wing."

The second "left" is probably a slip of the pen for "right," and these statements appear to be inconsistent with Mr. Jefferson Davis's own account that the firing was very sharp and spirited. It is noticeable that the quotation does not give any particulars as to what Marshall did after nightfall. Marshall owned to a loss of ten killed and fourteen wounded ; and it is admitted that he retreated. The account of Captain Mason, who served on Garfield's staff, is that, after a sharp fight of five hours, the Confederates were driven over the hill, and at nightfall retreated, leaving their dead unburied, and recrossed the Cumberland mountains into Virginia. What his own Government thought of the affair is shown by the fact that, for his action at Middle Creek, Garfield was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He commanded the 20th Brigade under Buell at Shiloh, when the timely arrival of Buell's army enabled Grant to turn the tide of battle and win an important victory. He shared in the military operations before Corinth, rebuilt the bridges, and reopened the railway between Corinth and Decatur.

In February 1863 he joined General Rosencranz at Murfreesboro. "When Garfield arrived," General Rosencranz afterwards wrote, "I must confess I had a prejudice against him, as I understood he was a preacher who had gone into politics, and a man of that class I was naturally opposed to. I found him to be a competent and efficient officer, an earnest and devoted patriot, and a man of the highest honour." It was at Murfreesboro that Garfield organised the "Bureau of Military Information," similar to our own Intelligence Department. By using

the particulars he obtained of the opposing force he was enabled to force his chief to advance in spite of the objections of the seventeen principal officers of the army. The memorandum in which he answered their arguments is pronounced by Mr. Whitelaw Reid "the ablest military document submitted by a Chief of Staff to his superior during the war." General Crittenden rode up to him on the morning of the start and said, "It is understood, sir, by the general officers of the army, that this movement is your work. I wish you to understand that it is a rash and fatal movement, for which you will be held responsible." The Tullahoma campaign followed, and Garfield, the preacher and college lecturer, was justified against the trained soldiers of West Point. He was promoted to the rank of Major-General "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Chickamauga," in which by his advice the broken fortunes of the day had been in great part restored, and the army of the Cumberland saved from destruction. His report to the President and Secretary Stanton of the nine months' operations in Tennessee made so favourable an impression on Lincoln that Garfield, on coming to Washington with despatches, was pressed to remain and take his seat in the United States Congress, to which he had now been elected by his native State. The Cabinet at Washington was sorely in need of men who really knew the requirements of the army, and Garfield, at the urgent request of the President and incited by the military friends whom he consulted, gave up active service in the field, and accepted the seat in Congress which he was to hold, though not without an occasional contest, till he was raised to the Presidential chair.

General Garfield represented in Congress a district in the extreme north-east of Ohio, which forms part of the "Western Reserve," so called because it was ceded in early days to the Connecticut Land Company, and settled by a chosen company from New England, whose descendants have there reproduced the sober, reading, thinking, praying life of the old Atlantic States. He succeeded at twenty-eight years of age in the representation of this community Joshua Ciddings, who had been for nearly a quarter of a century one of the leading statesmen of America. Upon entering the House he was naturally assigned to the Committee of Military Affairs, and from the chairmanship of this committee he passed in 1869 to the head of the Com-

mittee on Banking and Currency. He also held a prominent place on the Committee of the Ninth Census, which gave the United States one of the most valuable works of statistical reference ever contributed to the history of a people, and set an example since followed by the publication of an admirable series of State papers unsurpassed by the similar literature relating to any country in the world.

In 1872 General Garfield was promoted to the chair of the Committee of Appropriations, which superintends all the expenditure of the Government. During the four years of his presidency of this committee great labour and responsibility were imposed upon General Garfield in completing the series of economies which reduced the expenses of the Government from \$1,297,555,000 in 1865 to \$287,133,000 in 1875. In the House itself General Garfield continued to uphold the rights of the freed negroes, and resisted every attempt to place them upon a lower level than the white citizens of the Republic. He was accused, indeed, of undue severity towards the conquered South. On questions of pure finance he took a resolute stand upon sound commercial principles, and vehemently protested against the delay in returning to specie payments after the war. In May 1868, when it was solemnly proposed to pay in inconvertible paper the debt contracted in gold, he opposed the proposition with more success, and when a like wrong to the public creditor was contemplated in a Bill to authorise the taxation of Government bonds he made another remarkable speech, in which he showed his faith in the future of his country, and that he had truly gauged the desire of the nation to adhere to strict commercial morality. In this speech, which was published and sent to leading statesmen in Europe, and procured for the author the honour of being offered election as an honorary member of the Cobden Club, General Garfield said :

"All these efforts to pursue a doubtful and unusual, if not dishonourable, policy in reference to our public debt spring from a lack of faith in the intelligence and conscience of the American people. Hardly an hour passes when we do not hear it whispered that some such policy as this must be adopted, or the people will by and by repudiate the debt. . . . I believe they will, after a full hearing, discard all methods of paying their debts by sleight of hand, or by any scheme which crooked wisdom may devise. If public morality did not protest against

any such plan, enlightened public selfishness would refuse its sanction. Let us be true to our trust a few years longer, and the next generation will be here with its seventy-five millions of population and its sixty billions of wealth. To them the debt that then remains will be a light burden."

Mr. Garfield opposed, but ineffectually, the Bland Silver Bill, the results of which have fallen so far below the expectations of its promoters. He thought that it was inopportune, and that the United States ought not to undertake alone and single-handed to rehabilitate silver. His declarations upon the tariff were rather contradictory and inconsistent, although his conduct was of a piece throughout. At college he pronounced, after hearing Professor Perry's lectures, "that as an abstract theory, the doctrine of free trade seemed to be universally true, but as a question of practicability in a country like the United States the protective duty seemed to be indispensable." His constituents in Ohio are largely engaged in mining and in iron-works, and General Garfield always adhered in practice to the latter in preference to the former of the two apparently inconsistent propositions which he formulated at college. He gave, however, an academical adherence to the doctrine of free trade by saying in Congress, "I am for a protection which leads to ultimate free trade," and he further explained his position by saying that duties should be high enough to enable the home manufacturers to compete with the foreigner, but not to drive him out of the markets altogether, and so establish a monopoly. He also supported the tariff by stating that it is in his opinion so important that the nation should be able from resources within its own borders to arm, equip, and clothe the people, that he would, if the result could be secured in no other way, vote to pay money out of the Federal Treasury to maintain Government iron and steel, woollen and cotton mills at whatever cost.

In the forty-fifth Congress he was the recognised leader of the Republican party, and opposed the Democratic majority of the House with remarkable boldness, judgment, and eloquence. He had accepted this post of honour at the request of President Hayes, and after holding it for two years was elected by a unanimous vote of the Republican delegates for Ohio to a seat in the Senate. But before he took his place, the Republican Convention was held, and he became a candidate for the Presi-

dency, standing against and ultimately defeating the Democratic candidate, General Hancock. It has been already intimated that he was chosen at Chicago on the ground that he divided the party the least, and his skill in political oratory, which was very generally felt at that meeting of 756 delegates, had probably also its effect in the selection. He had before this been frequently called in to aid Republican candidates at the hustings by his speeches; and had recently contributed by a speech made to a turbulent audience at Faneuil Hall to the defeat of Butler and the paper-money inflationists in Massachusetts in 1878. His command of persuasive utterance had also been exhibited in the Courts, where he held his first important brief as a lawyer in 1868, having studied law during his hours of leisure in the field during the Civil War. The result of the Presidential election was mainly determined by the vote of New York State, which, somewhat unexpectedly, declared itself for General Garfield, the Republican, by a majority of 20,000. Consequently General Garfield was elected with 219 votes against 185 given to his Democratic opponent, General Hancock.

Although elected in November, the American Presidents do not assume the duties of their office till the following March, and President Garfield has thus had but little time in which to give an indication of his policy. On certain points, however, he pronounced himself strongly. In accepting the nomination of the Republican Convention on 12th July of last year he sketched a full outline of his political creed in nine paragraphs, each containing one article of faith, of which the four following are the most important and characteristic:

“In reference to our custom laws a policy should be pursued which will bring revenues to the treasury, and will enable the labour and capital employed in our great industries to compete fairly in our own markets with the labour and capital of foreign producers. We legislate for the people of the United States, and not for the whole world, and it is our glory that the American labourer is more intelligent and better paid than his foreign competitor. Our country cannot be independent, unless its people, with their abundant natural resources, possess the requisite skill at any time to clothe, arm, and equip themselves for war, and in time of peace to produce all the necessary implements of labour. It was the manifest intention of the founders

of the Government to provide for the common defence, not by standing armies alone, but by raising among the people a greater army of artisans whose intelligence and skill should powerfully contribute to the safety and glory of the nation.

"Fortunately for the interests of commerce, there is no longer any formidable opposition to appropriations for the improvement of our harbours and great navigable rivers, provided that the expenditures for that purpose are strictly limited to works of national importance. The Mississippi river, with its great tributaries, is of such vital importance to so many millions of people that the safety of its navigation requires exceptional consideration. In order to secure to the nation the control of all its waters, President Jefferson negotiated the purchase of a vast territory, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. The wisdom of Congress should be invoked to devise some plan by which that great river shall cease to be a terror to those who dwell upon its banks, and by which its shipping may safely carry the industrial products of twenty-five million people. The interest of agriculture, which is the basis of all our material prosperity, and in which seven-twelfths of our population are engaged, as well as the interests of manufacturers and commerce, demand that the facilities for cheap transportation shall be increased by the use of all our great watercourses.

"The material interest of this country, the traditions of its settlement, and the sentiment of our people have led the Government to offer the widest hospitality to emigrants who seek our shores for new and happier homes, willing to share the burdens as well as the benefits of our society, and intending that their posterity shall become an undistinguishable part of our population. The recent movement of the Chinese to our Pacific coast partakes but little of the qualities of such an immigration, either in its purposes or in its result. It is too much like an importation to be welcomed without restriction, too much like an invasion to be looked upon without solicitude. We cannot consent to allow any form of servile labour to be introduced among us under the guise of immigration. Recognising the gravity of this subject, the present Administration, supported by Congress, has sent to China a Commission of distinguished citizens for the purpose of securing such a modification of the existing treaty as will prevent the evils likely to

arise from the present situation. It is confidently believed that these diplomatic negotiations will be successful without the loss of commercial intercourse between the two Powers, which promises a great increase of reciprocal trade and the enlargement of our markets. Should these efforts fail, it will be the duty of Congress to mitigate the evils already felt, and prevent their increase by such restrictions as, without violence or injustice, will place upon a sure foundation the peace of our communities and the freedom and dignity of labour.

"The appointment of citizens to the various executive and judicial offices of the Government is, perhaps, the most difficult of all duties which the Constitution has imposed on the Executive. The convention wisely demands that Congress shall co-operate with the Executive departments in placing the Civil Service on a better basis. Experience has proved that, with our frequent changes of administration, no system of reform can be made effective and permanent without the aid of legislation. Appointments to the military and naval service are so regulated by law and custom as to leave but little ground for complaint. It may not be wise to make similar regulations by law for the Civil Service, but, without invading the authority or necessary discretion of the Executive, Congress should devise a method that will determine the tenure of office and greatly reduce the uncertainty which makes that service so uncertain and unsatisfactory. Without depriving any officer of his rights as a citizen, the Government should require him to discharge all his official duties with intelligence, efficiency, and faithfulness. To select wisely from our vast population those who are best fitted for the many offices to be filled requires an acquaintance far beyond the range of any one man. The Executive should, therefore, seek and receive the information and assistance of those whose knowledge of the communities in which the duties are to be performed best qualifies them to aid in making the wisest choice."

His inaugural address on assuming office in March of the present year preached the abandonment of all enmities, dwelt with emphasis upon the emancipation of the negroes, treated the illiteracy of voters as a great danger to the Constitution, and enforced the duty of education. On the silver question the President said that gold and silver afford the only safe foundation for a monetary system; but that confusion had been

recently created by variations in the relative value of the two metals. He confidently believed that arrangements could be made between the leading commercial nations which would secure the general use of both metals. Following in the lines of the policy of President Hayes, Mr. Garfield declared that it was the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any inter-oceanic canal across the isthmus that connects North and South America as would protect the national interests. The Mormon Church was denounced so far as it interfered with the family relations and with social order; and the President added the following significant sentences, which appear to have been regarded by some of his official supporters as a declaration of war, although full notice of his opinions on official corruption had been given in his acceptance of the nomination as President:

"The Civil Service can never be placed on a satisfactory basis until it is regulated by law for the good of the service itself. For the protection of those who are entrusted with the appointing power against the waste of time and the obstruction to public business caused by the inordinate pressure for place, and for the protection of the incumbents against intrigue and wrong, I shall, at the proper time, ask Congress to fix the tenure of the minor offices of several executive departments, and prescribe grounds upon which removals shall be made during the terms for which the incumbents have been appointed.

"Finally, acting always within the authority and limitations of the Constitution, invading neither the rights of States nor the reserved rights of the people, it will be the purpose of my administration to maintain authority in all places within its jurisdiction, to enforce obedience to all the laws of the Union in the interests of the people, to demand rigid economy in all expenditures of the Government, and to require honest and faithful service of all the executive officers, remembering that their offices were created, not for the benefit of the incumbents or their supporters, but for the service of the Government."

Mr. Garfield's Cabinet was apparently such as to content all sections of the Republican party. Mr. Hayes had incurred odium by nominating members of his own State. Mr. Garfield chose no one from Ohio. Mr. Blaine, as famous a worker of

the "political machine" as Mr. Conkling or Mr. Cameron, was made Secretary of State. A son of President Lincoln, an Illinois lawyer, became Secretary for War. Mr. Sherman was left out; Mr. M'Veagh, a conspicuous opponent of the "Third Term" sought by President Grant, was appointed Attorney-General. While considerable independence was thus manifested of the Senatorial ring, Mr. T. L. Jackson, a nominee of Senator Conkling's, was appointed to the Post Office. This peace-offering did not, however, prevent the differences between the President and Mr. Conkling from proceeding within a few weeks to an open rupture. The question turned on the old political maxim of "the spoils to the victors." The anti-reform section of the Republican party contend that the President should be a mere instrument for giving all offices to the nominees of the Senators from each State when they belonged to his own party. President Grant and President Hayes struggled in vain against the rule, which puts the person responsible for the due discharge of executive functions in a most unfortunate position. President Garfield disregarded Mr. Conkling's recommendation, and appointed Mr. Robertson to the New York Collectorship, a post said to be worth £20,000 a year, from the share of goods seized at the Custom House. It is already famous in the war about the offices, Mr. Arthur, the new President, having had to retire from it in the term of Mr. Hayes. As a protest against President Garfield's appointment of Mr. Robertson, Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt resigned their seats in the Senate and sought re-election. This happened just before Guiteau's murderous attack; and any chance that the retiring Senators might have had of re-election vanished in the strong public sympathy manifested for the President, who had been struck down by one who proclaimed himself a "Stalwart," or a member of the Conkling party. President Garfield's latest public act was to utter a valedictory address to Sir Edward Thornton, so long our Minister at Washington, and to congratulate him on the happy relations between the two countries.

Mr. Garfield was more than six feet in height, with broad shoulders, massive head, and robust, muscular frame. He began life with a sound constitution, which was well developed by his outdoor labour in his youth. In his temperate and well-ordered existence the only form of dissipation was in long vigils over his books. Reading was his great passion and

relaxation. He consoled himself for hard work as Chairman of Appropriations by studying the loves of Pericles and Aspasia, and comparing them with those of Abelard and Héloïse. *Pickwick* he often began but never finished, because he wished to keep some part of it fresh and untouched for the future. Throughout the world he carried Horace in his pocket, and in his recently-published correspondence are long letters written from the scene of military operations, discussing minute shades of construction in the poet who left his shield behind him. He learnt French while in Congress to study the financial history of the *assignats*, etc., and was a tireless student of English etymology. Although he was accused during the Presidential contest of sharing in the *Crédit Mobilier* plunder, of the "back-pay salary grab," and of corrupt participation in paving contracts at Washington, the charges melted away on examination, and the President was not rich, having only a small house in Washington, which he built with money borrowed from his brother, and a farm of 120 acres in Ohio. This is at Mentor, where the President was accustomed to spend all the time he could spare from Washington, and to labour with his hands and direct his men. The farmhouse is a low old-fashioned building of a story and a half high, but has been supplemented by out-buildings, one of which General Garfield used for office and library purposes. A drive of two miles through the woods from the Garfield farm brings the visitor to the lake shore and the bathing place among the breakers. At the Geauga Seminary, when sixteen years of age, he met a studious girl named Lucretia Rudolph, who ten years later became Mrs. Garfield, and is now known and honoured in every English-speaking household for her unwearied devotion to her husband. She has borne him four sons and one daughter, who survive to mourn with her their irreparable loss.

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